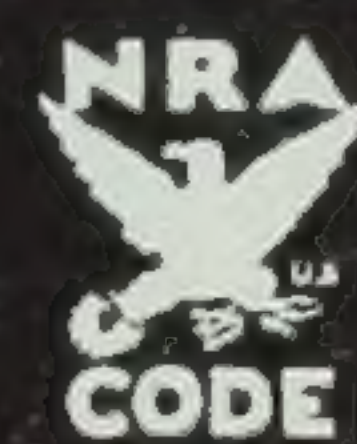


PHOTOPLAY

APRIL
25 CENTS



LILIAN
HARVEY

Painted by
Georgia Warren



THIS LITTLE GIRL A HAND by ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

For beauty of lips
and neck-line enjoy
Double Mint gum. Every
day! Wherever and
whenever convenient! It
is a sure beauty exercise.



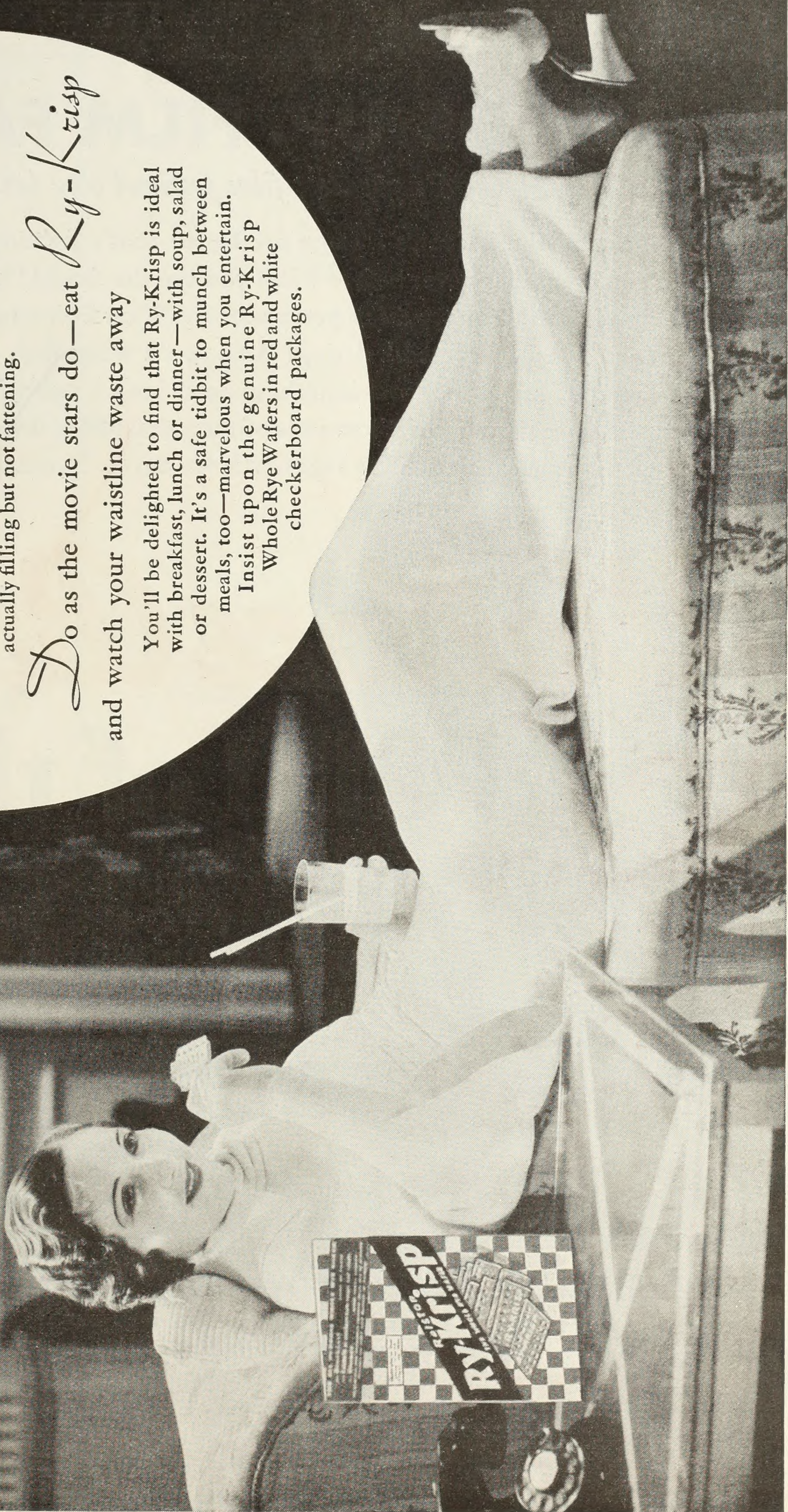
June Clayworth—

lovely Broadway actress now starring in the Universal production, "Strange Wives"—takes a moment off between scenes to appease her hunger without danger to her figure. Like most other famous stars, Miss Clayworth has learned that Ry-Krisp is a valuable beauty secret as well as a delicious food—because these temptingly crisp whole rye wafers are actually filling but not fattening.

Do as the movie stars do—eat *Ry-Krisp*
and watch your waistline waste away

You'll be delighted to find that Ry-Krisp is ideal with breakfast, lunch or dinner—with soup, salad or dessert. It's a safe tidbit to munch between meals, too—marvelous when you entertain.

Insist upon the genuine Ry-Krisp
Whole Rye Wafers in red and white
checkerboard packages.





HEADS UP, FILM FANS!

... for M-G-M's greatest film festival o'er land and sea!

Now all the heaven's a stage for Uncle Sam's fighting, flying men. You'll thrill as never before when you see the famed "Hi-Hats" wing into action! You'll grin as you watch the West Pointers getting a P G course in courage and daring! And you'll weep with the girls they leave behind as they soar into the skies to keep a date with the angels!

It took six months, thousands of men, \$50,000,000 worth of equipment to make this exciting saga of the sky devils. You'll never forget it!

Wallace Beery

in

WEST POINT of the AIR

with

ROBERT YOUNG
LEWIS STONE
MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
JAMES GLEASON

A Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer Picture



The two old-timers who sat around...and wore out their brains!



The three mosquiteers of Randolph Field
... whose cradle was a cockpit!



The girl who loved as they lived...dangerously!





WINNERS OF PHOTOPLAY
MAGAZINE GOLD MEDAL
FOR THE BEST PICTURE OF
THE YEAR

- 1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"7th HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE
WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"
1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"
1933
"LITTLE WOMEN"

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PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

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WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

VOL. XLVII NO. 5

APRIL, 1935

HIGHLIGHTS OF THIS ISSUE

Close-Ups and Long Shots . . . Kathryn Dougherty	23
They're in the Stretch	32
Cal York Gossip	34
Ziegfeld Would Have Said "Throw Her Out"	
. Frederick L. Collins	43
Don't Love Me (Part II)	48
There's Gold in Those Frills Ruth Rankin	56
Photoplay Fashions	57
Meandering Mitzi Mitzi Cummings	67
Hollywood My Hollywood Scoop Conlon	70
Real Heart-Breakers of Hollywood . Dorothy Spensley	72
Where Is My Wandering Playwright?	
. Patterson McNutt	74
Sylvia Sets the Standard for Facial Beauty . . Sylvia	76
Photoplay's Hollywood Beauty Shop	
. Carolyn Van Wyck	78

PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS REVIEWS

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures	8
The Shadow Stage	52

PERSONALITIES

That Little Hall Home in the West	14
They Gave This Little Girl a Hand	
. Adela Rogers St. Johns	26
On Location with Charlie Chaplin	28
My Companion Said "I Would Just Love to Dance with Fred Astaire" Kirtley Baskette	30
He's a Simon-Pure Count—Not a Hollywood Rebuilt William F. French	46

INFORMATION AND SERVICE

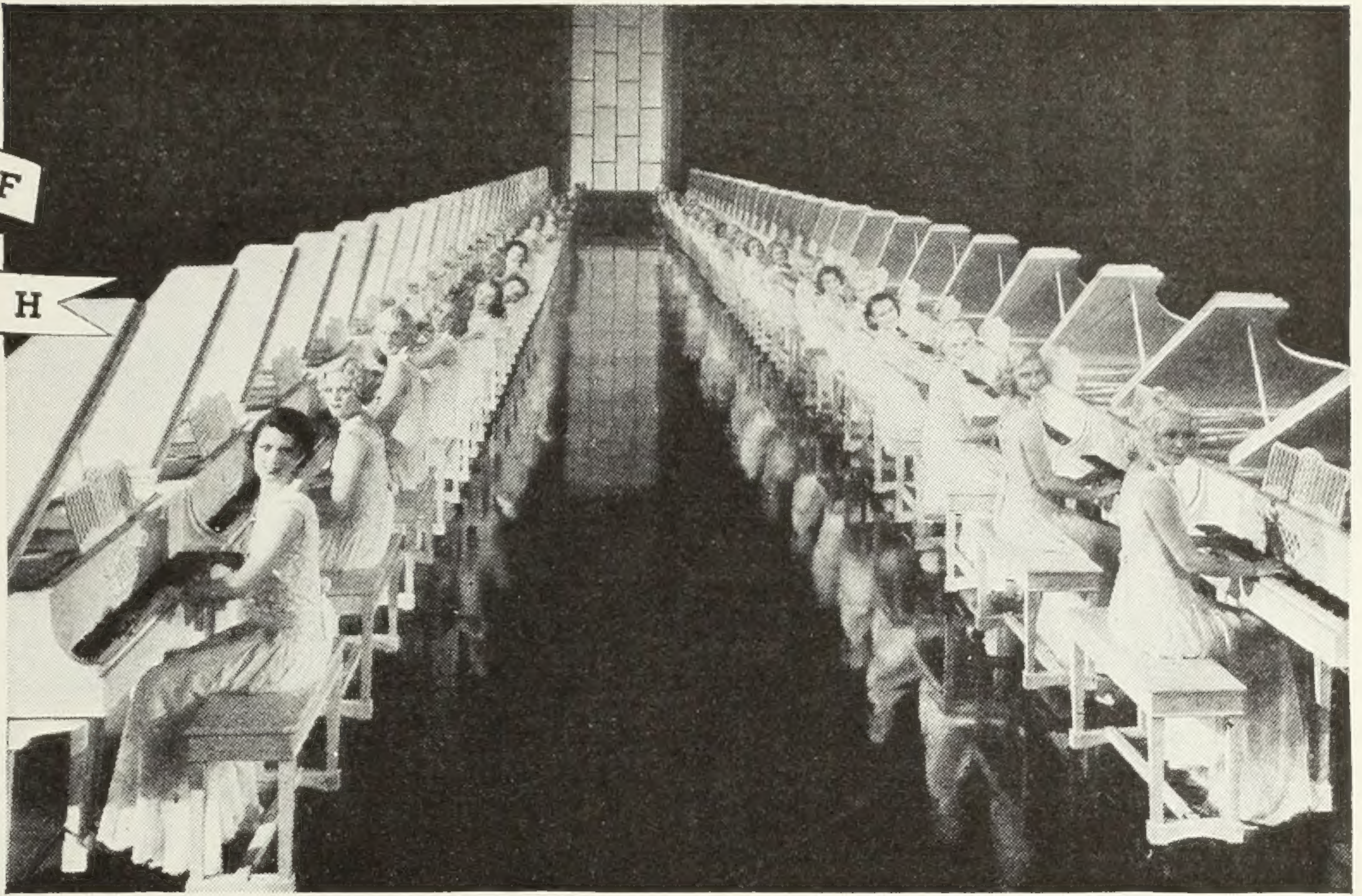
Letters	10
Hollywood Menus	85
Ask the Answer Man	90
Screen Memories from Photoplay	112
Casts of Current Photoplays	118
The Fan Club Corner	119
Addresses of the Stars	120



● The beauties of San Gabriel canyon caught up Marian Marsh and Wallace Ford in their majesty, as they paused between scenes in Columbia's "Devil's Cargo." Even Wally's great Dane is held by the spell

THE PICTURE OF
THE MONTH

At Last, After Two Years of Preparation, Warner Bros. Have Completed the Sumptuous Successor to the World-Famous "Gold Diggers of 1933"—a Show so Indescribably Stunning that We're Tempted to Change Our "Picture of the Month" Rating Right Now to "The Picture of the Year"!



In dance numbers such as "The Ballet of the Baby Grands", Warner Bros. touch a new high in spectacular surprise.

GOLD DIGGERS OF



19



The hundreds of gorgeous Gold Diggers seem actually more beautiful than they were two years ago . . . And

DICK POWELL

leads a round dozen of Hollywood favorites in the most side-splitting story that's ever been set to music—**GLORIA STUART, ADOLPHE MENJOU, ALICE BRADY, GLENDA FARRELL, FRANK McHUGH, HUGH HERBERT, WINIFRED SHAW, DOROTHY DARE, JOE CAWTHORN, GRANT MITCHELL** and famous **RAMON & ROSITA**

3



5



Credit BUSBY BERKELEY

for the brilliant direction of both story and spectacle . . . And a low, sweeping bow to Warren & Dubin for authoring the widely radioed songs that have made "Gold Diggers of 1935" famous long before it reaches your favorite theatre — "Lullaby of Broadway" — "The Words Are in My Heart" — "I'm Going Shopping With You."



BRIEF REVIEWS

CONSULT THIS PICTURE
SHOPPING GUIDE AND SAVE
YOUR TIME, MONEY AND DISPOSITION

OF CURRENT PICTURES

★INDICATES PICTURE WAS NAMED AS ONE OF THE BEST UPON ITS MONTH OF REVIEW

ADVENTURE GIRL—RKO-Radio.—Unreeling Joan Lowell's exciting adventures in the tropics. An hour packed with action. (Nov.)

★ **AGE OF INNOCENCE, THE**—RKO-Radio.—For those who appreciate an intelligent interpretation of a great theme—love's sacrifice for convention's sake. John Boles and Irene Dunne are a splendid team. (Nov.)

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES—RKO-Radio.—Romance, humor, pathos suitable for the whole family in this story of the orphan (Anne Shirley) adopted by O. P. Heggie and his sister, Helen Westley. (Jan.)

AUTUMN CROCUS—Associated Talking Pictures.—A schoolmistress (Fay Compton), touring the Alps, falls in love with a young inn-keeper (Ivor Novello) before she learns he's married. A little slow, but beautifully done. (Jan.)

★ **BABBITT**—First National.—Sinclair Lewis' famous novel brought to the screen with Guy Kibbee excellent in the title rôle. Aline MacMahon good as his wife. (Feb.)

★ **BABES IN TOYLAND**—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—A delight for the kiddies, fun for the grown-ups, this screen version of Victor Herbert's Nursery Rhyme classic, with Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy. (Feb.)

BADGE OF HONOR—Mayfair.—Phony and amateurish, with some pretty awful dialogue. Buster Crabbe and Ruth Hall. (Nov.)

BAND PLAYS ON, THE—M-G-M.—Essentially the old rah-rah collegiate stuff, with the touchdown on the last gun. Good performances by Robert Young, Stu Erwin and Betty Furness. (March)

BATTLE, THE—Leon Garganoff Prod.—A picture of enormous power, with Charles Boyer as a Japanese naval officer who is willing to sacrifice his beautiful wife, Merle Oberon, to obtain war secrets from an English attaché. Superb direction and photography. (Feb.)

BEHOLD MY WIFE—Paramount.—Old time hokum, but you'll like it, for Sylvia Sydney is beautiful as the Indian Princess and Gene Raymond is top-notch as the man who marries her to spite his family. (Feb.)

★ **BELLE OF THE NINETIES**—Paramount.—La West comes through again with a knockout performance. Roger Pryor, John Mack Brown, Katherine De Mille do well. But the film is a major triumph of Mae over matter. (Nov.)

BEST MAN WINS, THE—Columbia.—An interesting film with Jack Holt, Edmund Lowe and Florence Rice for romance, underseas adventures for excitement and Bela Lugosi as a menace. (March)

★ **BIG HEARTED HERBERT**—Warners.—Just one heartfelt laugh. Guy Kibbee is grouchy father, continually reminding Aline MacMahon and their children of his struggle to success. (Nov.)

BIOGRAPHY OF A BACHELOR GIRL—M-G-M.—Ann Harding as you like her best, in a bright, sophisticated film. Robert Montgomery, Una Merkel, Eddie Horton, Edward Arnold and Charles Richman make it a grand cast. (March)

BRIDE OF THE LAKE, THE—Amer-Anglo Prod.—Pleasant romance against a background of Irish country life. Nobleman John Garrick in love with peasant girl Gina Malo. Stanley Holloway sings Irish ballads. (Dec.)

★ **BRIGHT EYES**—Fox.—A bright bit of entertainment with sad moments and glad moments and little Shirley Temple in the stellar rôle. Jimmy Dunn is her starring partner. Good supporting cast. (Feb.)

★ **BROADWAY BILL**—Columbia.—Many unforgettable scenes in this. Warner Baxter breaks with paper-box making, his domineering wife (Helen Vinson) and her father (Walter Connolly). He stakes everything on a gallant race horse—and Myrna Loy. (Jan.)

BY YOUR LEAVE—RKO-Radio.—You'll chuckle plenty. Frank Morgan is the picture, as the husband in his forties who wants to be naughty and has forgotten how. Includes Genevieve Tobin. (Dec.)

★ **CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA, THE**—Columbia.—Board ship and meet Captain Walter Connolly, tippling reporter John Gilbert, detective Victor McLaglen, Tala Birell and other favorites. It's sprightly and comic. (Jan.)

★ **CARAVAN**—Fox.—For a riotous carnival of song, dance, costume and operetta plot, we recommend this film laid in Hungary. A-1 cast includes Jean Parker, Charles Boyer, Loretta Young and Phillips Holmes. (Nov.)

CASE OF THE HOWLING DOG, THE—Warners.—Smooth and clever, different and diverting murder yarn. Lawyer Warren William solves mystery. Mary Astor, Gordon Westcott. (Nov.)

CHAINED—M-G-M.—Splendidly written, acted, directed, with Joan Crawford married to Otto Kruger and in love with Clark Gable. (Nov.)

CHARLIE CHAN IN LONDON—Fox.—Warner Oland (*Charlie Chan*) has three days to prevent execution of Drue Leyton's brother, accused of a murder he did not commit. Alan Mowbray involved. (Dec.)

CHARLIE CHAN IN PARIS—Fox.—Warner Oland at his best as *Chan*, with Mary Brian and Thomas Beck carrying the love interest. (March)

CHEATING CHEATERS—Universal.—A mystery and crook picture, with comedy and gags. Fay Wray is the girl crook, and Henry Armetta, Hugh O'Connell are the comics. Has a snapper twist. (Jan.)

CHU CHIN CHOW—Fox-Gaumont-British.—Colorful British version of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. Fritz Kortner, German star, and Anna May Wong excellent in leads. (Dec.)

CITY PARK—Chesterfield.—As one of three cronies who become involved in the destiny of a girl (Sallie Blane) gone broke in the big city, Henry B. Walthall is superb. (Nov.)

CLIVE OF INDIA—20th Century-United Artists.—A stirring and impressive story of a young man who, almost single-handed, conquered India for Britain. Ronald Colman is excellent as *Clive*. Loretta Young gives a fine performance in the rôle of his wife. (March)

★ **COLLEGERHYTHM**—Paramount.—A bright, tuneful collegiate musical. Footballer Jack Oakie steals girl friend Mary Brian from Lanny Ross. Joe Penner puts in plenty of laughs. (Jan.)

★ **COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO, THE**—United Artists.—A thrilling film which builds steadily to the dramatic courtroom climax. Robert Donat is *Dantes*; Elissa Landi fine, too. (Nov.)

COUNTY CHAIRMAN, THE—Fox.—Will Rogers as a loveable but astute rural politician is at his best. Good cast includes Evelyn Venable, Louise Dresser, Kent Taylor. Entertainment for the family. (March)

★ **CRIME WITHOUT PASSION**—Paramount.—A truly remarkable picture, that has for its theme the workings of an unscrupulous mind. Claude Rains, Margo, Whitney Bourne all first-rate. Suspense maintained throughout. (Nov.)

CRIMSON ROMANCE—Mascot.—War story, good flying, plenty combat scenes. Two pals, Ben Lyon and James Bush, both fliers, of course, fall in love with ambulance driver Sari Maritza. (Dec.)

CURTAIN FALLS, THE—Chesterfield.—Henrietta Crosman carries this picture as an old vaudeville actress who gambles with chance and impersonates a Lady Scoresby, moving in on her family, until her final and best performance. (Feb.)

★ **DANGEROUS CORNER**—RKO-Radio.—A story with two endings—what happened and the "cover-up." Involves a "suicide"—actually a murder. Full of startling revelations. Ian Keith, Erin O'Brien Moore, Conrad Nagel, Melvyn Douglas, Virginia Bruce, others Excellent. (Dec.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 13]

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

	Page
After Office Hours—M-G-M.....	117
Bordertown—Warner	121
Carnival—Columbia.....	121
Folies Bergere—20th Century-United Artists.....	52
Ghost Walks, The—Invincible.....	117
Iron Duke, The—Gaumont British....	116
Jack Ahoy—Gaumont British.....	116
Life Returns—Universal.....	117

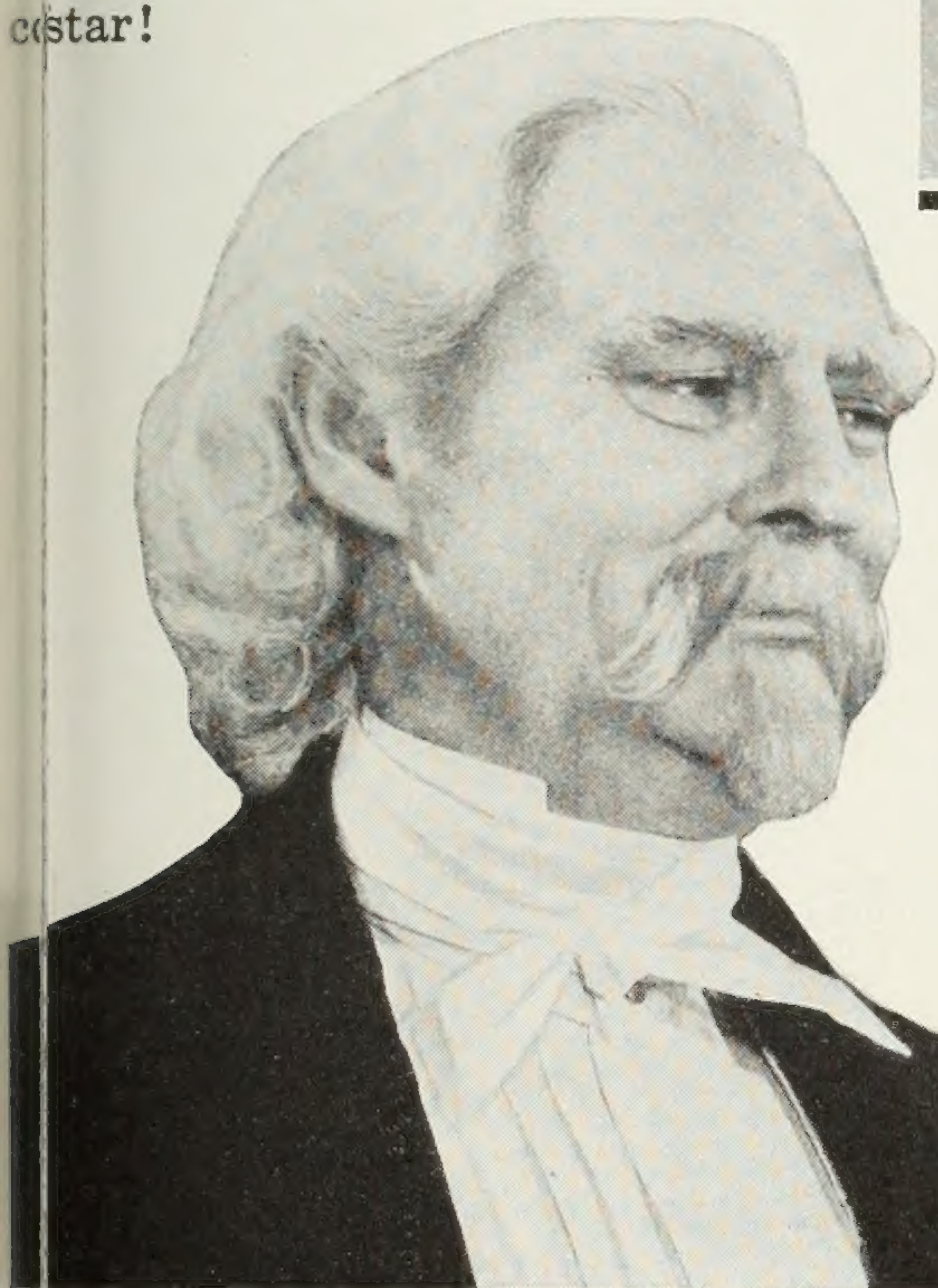
	Page
Mississippi—Paramount.....	54
Murder on a Honeymoon—RKO-Radio	117
My Heart is Calling—Gaumont British.	117
Naughty Marietta—M-G-M.....	115
Notorious Gentleman, A—Universal...	121
Nut Farm, The—Monogram.....	117
Red Hot Tires—First National.....	117
Rumba—Paramount.....	116
Scarlet Pimpernel—United Artists....	116

	Page
Shadow of Doubt—M-G-M.....	117
Under Pressure—Fox.....	121
Wedding Night, The—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.....	115
Whole Town's Talking, The—Columbia.	117
Wings in the Dark—Paramount.....	116
Winning Ticket, The—M-G-M.....	121
Women Must Dress—Monogram.....	117

Another honey from the greatest trapper of them all—Shirley Temple. Watch fans of all ages go for this one. Here is the darling you adore in a new type of story . . . the kind of *dramatic* entertainment you'd expect with Lionel Barrymore as costar!

The bigger you are the harder you'll fall for Shirley in "THE LITTLE COLONEL"

What a heart-stirring team they make! . . . this tiny star with Lionel Barrymore, veteran of a thousand hits



You're going to laugh, cry, lose your heart as Shirley steals the heart of Lionel, her grandfather, an embittered Kentucky Colonel of the hectic '70's . . . as she charms him into forgiving her mother (Evelyn Venable) for marrying a Yank (John Lodge). And you're going to cheer Bill Robinson, who'll show you some high and fancy steppin'. And the finish—GUESS WHAT! A gorgeous, Technicolor sequence, showing Shirley with her peach complexion, golden curls, smiling, blue eyes and dimpled cheeks! So take the whole crowd to see "The Little Colonel." It's another in the list of "must-see" pictures coming from the Fox lots this month!

John Lodge and Evelyn Venable



Shirley TEMPLE Lionel BARRYMORE in "THE LITTLE COLONEL"

A B. G. De Sylva Production

Based on the story by
Annie Fellows Johnston
which thrilled millions!



"Now we're going to baptize Henry Clay just like the big folks do."

"If the old Colonel ever finds out where we got these sheets, he'll baptize us good."

More BEST BETS from the Fox Studios!

WILL ROGERS in "LIFE BEGINS AT 40"

The riotous story of a modern country editor. With Richard Cromwell, Rochelle Hudson, George Barbier, Jane Darwell and Slim Summerville supporting your favorite star. Suggested by Walter B. Pitkin's best seller.

GAYNOR & BAXTER in "ONE MORE SPRING"

This unusual story from Robert Nathan's stirring novel tells what happens to two men and a girl when a winter of discontent melts into a spring of romance. With Walter King, Jane Darwell, Roger Imhof, Grant Mitchell, Stepin Fetchit and others.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS OF '35

The big musical smash of the year! Beauty, Songs, Comedy with George White himself, Alice Faye, Jimmy Dunn, Ned Sparks, Lyda Roberti, Cliff Edwards and gorgeous gals.



I'd like something explained to me.

Who chops off the heads of stars we'd all still like to see on the screen?

Who says that Conrad Nagel is no longer popular enough to get a good part? Or Buddy Rogers, Laura LaPlante, Bessie Love, Monte Blue, Jack Mulhall?

You can't make me believe these good actors have suddenly become bad actors. And you'll never convince me that the public, after supporting them for years, suddenly turns thumbs down.

I haven't seen any of these stars on the screen for months. Some not for years. Yet I'd still like to see them, and I might add to the list Dorothy Mackaill, Betty Bronson, Evelyn Brent and Esther Ralston.

I'd like to see them a whole lot better than a never ending crop of youngsters that some studio signs and then tries to *make* us like.

How about the big guns in Hollywood doing a little investigating before they swing the axe on stars of proved popularity?

Ten to one they'll find to their great surprise that the loyalty of fans who *pay* to see these stars is a lot greater than the loyalty of producers who have made thousands of dollars with them—and still can, if they'll only give them a break with a few good parts.

C. N. E., Chicago, Ill.



Director John Cromwell is a polo fan, and Gobo is his prize pony

LOT OF HOKUM

WHY, oh why, can't the movies run true to life? I have just witnessed a lot of melodramatic hokum titled "Imitation Of Life." Our family owned property in and around New Orleans for years, and may I tell you that there is no negro alive who would bother or annoy a member of a family that is "passing." And it is a cruel thing to drag out the tragedy of that poor black woman's life and cause the audience such emotional upheaval. The picture was far too lachrymose and over-drawn to be genuine.

DOLORES DE LA SANCHEZ, Berkeley, Cal.

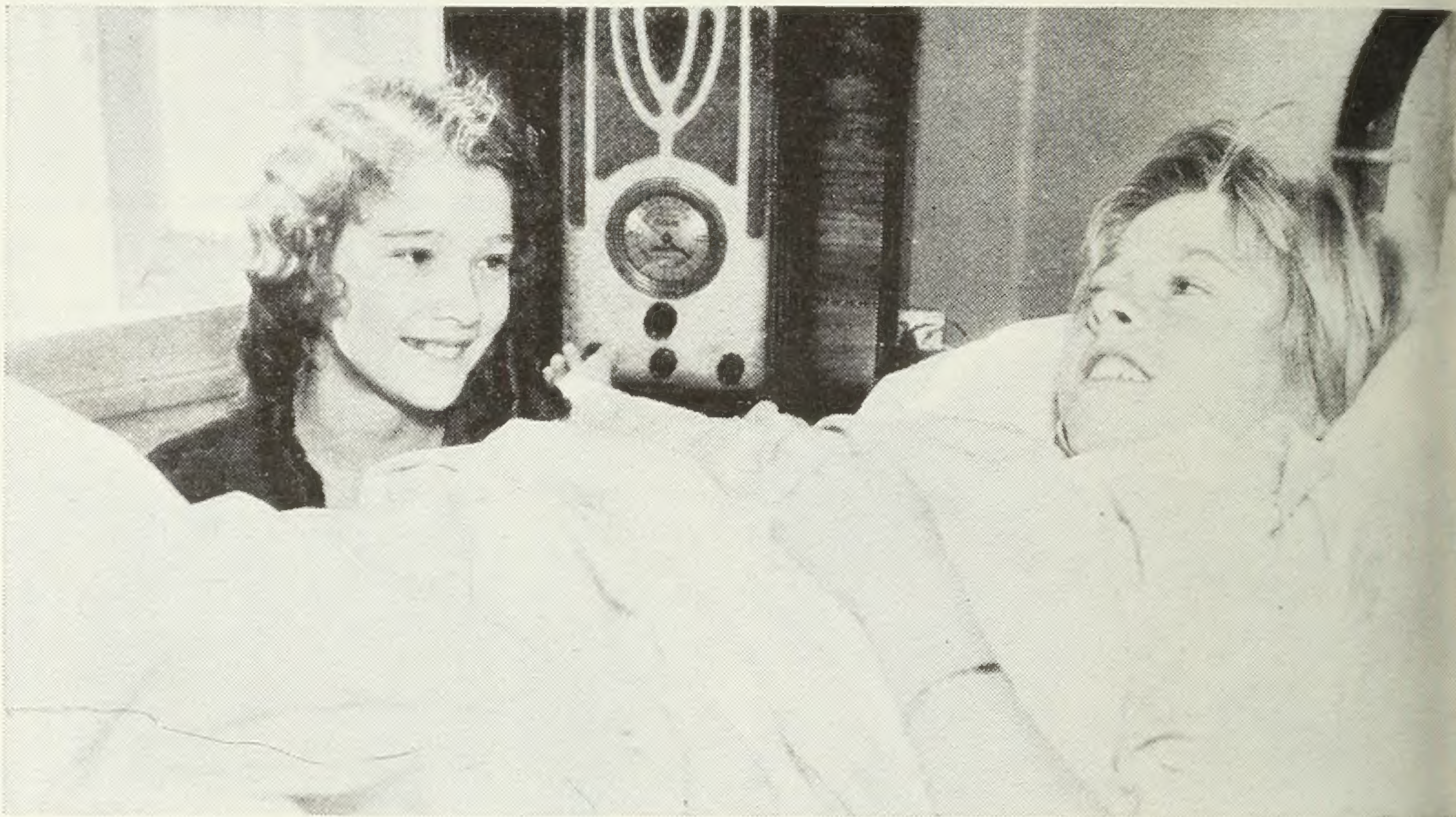
SOUTH WILL THINK

INSTEAD of antagonizing the South, as some critics have feared, my opinion is that "Imitation Of Life" will set the South to thinking . . . and thinking hard.

MINNETTE MILLER, Charlotte, N. C.

Letters

Here is where readers of Photoplay have an opportunity to say their say frankly



Mickey Rooney says a broken leg isn't bad if Dorothy Gray visits

THOSE HOT CAKES!

"IMITATION OF LIFE" isn't a good show, nor is it a bad one. The negro woman almost stole the show. But it was Miss Colbert who was lovely. And I got terribly hungry looking at those hot cakes.

P. S. Everybody got hungry, in fact all the eating places in town started making hot cakes in place of waffles.

JACK GRAY, Little Neck, Arkansas

"Y'ALL" NONSENSE

WE Southerners who once became very indignant over criticisms of our speech can take it now without evoking more than a shrug of the shoulders. But there is one ex-

ception, and that is the nonsense "Y'all." No one in the South, black or white, say "Y'all" or "You all" except in addressing several people. Ann Sothorn in "The Hell Cat" said "Y'all" to a girl. We don't know whether to blame Ann or her director.

MRS. M. H. TROY, Alabama

MORE "Y'ALL"

"SUGAH, does you-all love me sho' nuff?" Really, it's past laughable! It's ludicrous. To every producer, star and director who considers that true southern speech I personally issue an invitation to spend his next vacation down among us. It might prove instructive.

No white Southerner, not even "po" white trash, butchers the lovely English language in such sad fashion!

MRS. PRESTON CHAPMAN, Montgomery, Ala.

ACCENT A FARCE

MY Southern patriotism has rebelled against the ridiculous showing given the South in recent movies. Particularly in a short featuring Ruth Etting. Her would-be Southern accent was a farce, if she was attempting to give a true portrayal of Southern aristocracy. This class never spoke the English language that way—and never will. Southern audiences are incensed as well as bored at performance of this kind.

NANCY W. GRAHAM, Charlotte, N. C.

AH, ROMANCE!

THESE true-to-life pictures are all very very interesting, but as for me, I like them romantic and improbable. I like to see beautiful young women made love to by handsome Apollos in all manner of interesting settings. You can have the bare, beating heart of humanity.

EDNA MINNING, Los Angeles, Cal.



Hedi Shope is the first Swiss actress to come to Hollywood

Letters

TO A MOTHER

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S mother—here's one wise mother who is not letting success spoil her, or Shirley's future.

MARION FAY, Pittsburgh, Pa.

COVENT GARDEN, GRACE?

I AM leaving London, sorry for the first time in my life to do so, because I shall miss the last performance of Grace Moore's "One Night of Love." I have only seen it five times. I cherish the hope that one day we may welcome her to Covent Garden.

H. R. K., London, England

WANTS OPERA

AFTER seeing "One Night of Love," I am thoroughly convinced that what is needed in motion pictures is more opera. What I mean is *opera*, not operettas.

ANNE F. MURPHY, New York City

CUBA SPEAKS UP

SINCE talkies began, few times in Cuba have I seen a so well liked picture as "One Night of Love." Most of the people in Cuba do not speak English, so the film titles are shown in Spanish. But the Cubans sometimes do not have the same likes that Americans have. Many a successful picture in America is a terrible flop here. Mae West is as unknown as an extra. We wonder why Lee Tracy is a star and why Americans run to see James Cagney's films. But we love Helen Hayes, Garbo, Leslie Howard, Katharine Hepburn, Jeanette MacDonald, Marion Davies, Otto Kruger, Alice Brady, Ginger Rogers, Dolores del Rio and charming Shirley Temple. Also, the Cuban public does not forget the old favorites. When their pictures are here, the theaters are full of old admirers applauding them once more.

LILO OYARZUN, Havana, Cuba



Horn-rimmed specs make England's Jessie Matthews look *that* stern

More Photoplay readers express their opinions, pro and con, straight, openly

NO LONGER GOSSIP

THE women's gatherings in our town no longer chew juicy morsels of gossip, throwing the malicious bones for others to nibble, for we are much too busy reliving our childhood. . . . seeing books and characters we loved as children come to life, because the gift of the movies has made it so.

MRS. H. V. T., Newark, Ohio

MORE NATURE

IT occurs to me that for those of us who must do our traveling only in the movies, the playgrounds of the world might become more realistic if they were presented with their natural life, and less explanation, in the travelogue manner.

ELIZABETH CARY WILLIAMSON, Richmond, Va.



Good? You bet! Milla Davenport has been in pictures since 1909

PUBLIC OWN CENSOR?

IT would be a better idea for the public to be its own censor. If the public can't take it, it should not go to see the pictures objected to, and let others see them. Why not censor the censors?

TATIANA WIDRIN, San Francisco, Cal.

FAMILY PICTURES

A LETTER to the people who are trying to do away with the League of Decency. I wish all pictures had morals fit for children, adults and old people—in other words, I'd like them to be family pictures.

E. HARTWICK, Orange, New Jersey

GENERALLY PLEASING

THE pictures, with few exceptions, are generally pleasing to the picture-going public. So, let's not try to find out what's wrong with the movies. Producers, directors and actors are trying to entertain us with all they've got. So let's give them a boost for their efforts!

FRANCIS JUNG, St. Cloud, Minnesota



Baby Jane, star of "Straight from the Heart," rests between shots

THANKS TO SOMEONE

THANKS to the producers (or is it the censors?) for giving us better and better pictures.

NANCY COOK, Chattanooga, Tenn.

MUSTACHES

MY type is black hair, brown eyes and olive complexion. All of my dark men on the screen wear a mustache, and I don't like them. This includes Clark Gable.

M. B. F., Greenville, Maine

MORE ON MUSTACHES

WHY do some of our leading men wear mustaches, regardless of the size and shape of their noses and upper lip? I suppose every man wants to try a mustache, sometime, but why should an actor appear on the screen with one if it spoils his looks? For instance, Clark Gable, Ralph Forbes, Reginald Denny and Franchot Tone shouldn't wear one. James Cagney, Paul Cavanaugh, Otto Kruger, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Nils Asther, Gilbert Roland, Don Alvarado can take them or leave them.

I suggest that all leading men who acquire a mustache complex should pass a rigid test before being allowed to disillusion their public.

MRS. C. G. LEFFEL, Sioux City, Iowa

ORIENT INFLUENCED

A FRIEND, recently returned, declares emphatically that motion pictures are and have been a stronger force for good in the Orient than a whole battalion of diplomats and ambassadors.

In China, for example, Laurel and Hardy are such prime favorites that their films are saved for the general rejoicing celebrating the Chinese New Year's!

Our motion pictures carry the good will of the vast American public to the every-day rank and file of the people of the world.

WM. DONALD CRAWFORD, Hamilton, Ont., Can.

Letters

Interchange of opinion can be not only entertaining but profitably enlightening

ON BEHAVIOR

I HAVE been movie-ized to such an extent that I would be ashamed to demand the behavior of thirty years ago from my daughter as I would be to walk down the street in the ten yards of flower-sprigged muslin I wore on my first un-chaperoned buggy ride.

MRS. HELENE SAUM, Yankton, So. Dak.

FROM THE DEAF

THIS is a letter from a deaf boy. I read the letter in PHOTOPLAY of a blind boy and I was very interested. First, I only see, which is better than only hearing, so I have to read the lips of the actors. The best actor for this is Joe E. Brown. I can understand nearly everything he says. Another I can follow easily is Wallace Beery. And Laurel and Hardy, they do so much in pantomime. So, you see, I can experience things through the movies that I never can hope to in real life.

STANLEY E. GILBERT, Pontiac, Mich.

FAVORITES OF DEAF

THE deaf have their favorite stars the same as we do, but their choice is made on a basis of lip-reading and differs somewhat from ours. Laurel and Hardy are the heroes of my deaf friend. Others who rank are Ann Harding, Clark Gable, and William Powell. Greta Garbo, Leslie Howard, Helen Hayes, and Frederic March she finds difficult.

L. M. HENKE, St. Paul, Minnesota

AHEAD OF ITSELF?

THE motion picture industry has gotten ahead of itself. In battling stiff competition it has produced pictures of such high quality and in such a quantity that it has become impossible to see a tenth of the pictures you would really like to see.

W. E. R., Chicago, Illinois

AN INJUSTICE?

IT seems, to me, an injustice to withdraw a good picture because an actor in it has died. It makes the movie business seem a transient, ephemeral thing, of no lasting consequence.

HELEN FERNE PIERCE, Oakwood, Ohio

RE-VIEWS ASKED

THERE are many folk who enjoy reviewing a favorite picture, just as they enjoy re-reading a favorite book. I know I do. So, how about a review, now and then, along with a preview?

MARGARET RYERSON, Greenwood Lake, N. Y.

BOSTON AUDIENCES

BOSTON Audiences have the reputation of being reserved with their compliments, but the enthusiasm with which "Bachelor of Arts" was received establishes the fact that



Douglass Montgomery has been vacationing from films, on the stage

Bostonians are discriminating people, and store their applause for admirable work only!

DONATO R. CEDRONE, Newtonville, Mass.

EXAGGERATORS SMACKED

I'M tired of hearing people say that they want good clean shows. If these people would go to a show to enjoy it, and pick out the clean, wholesome things there, they would find at least three-quarters of the picture good. But those who go to find the nasty, suggestive things, all they have to do is see one little

thing in the whole show and then exaggerate that so as to make it a rotten show to anyone who will listen.

A. S. PORTER, Batavia, N. Y.

MORE "TEEN"! LESS WEST!

WHY can't we have more pictures like "Harold Teen" and less Mae West? She may be all right in herself, but I think, as many mothers do, that she has ruined the screen. Can't she play a decent rôle for once?

MARY TORMEY, Philadelphia, Penn.

BING A COMEDIAN?

WHY, oh why, do the producers insist on Bing Crosby crooning in every picture he acts? Bing won his dramatic laurels in "We're Not Dressing." Therein he showed a decided though latent flair for comic histrionics.

SAM GREENBERG, Philadelphia, Penn.

TALENT WASTED?

OUR family went to see "It's a Gift," with W. C. Fields. Why, oh why, is his talent wasted on such a vehicle! It was no gift. We came home with nothing in our minds but the thought we had less money and nothing to show for it. We had seen "Great Expectations" shortly before and it was one of the most wonderful pictures I have ever seen. Yet it was a box-office flop. Doesn't the American public have sense enough to appreciate a fine story and superb acting?

BETTY JANE SCOTT, Indianapolis, Ind.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]



In broad daylight these five sit in the sun and hatch out blood-curdling, hair-raising thriller ideas for your entertainment. They're working now on a screen-provoker for M-G-M, "Vampires of Prague." Left to right are, H. S. Kraft, Guy Endore, Director Tod Browning, Samuel Ornitz and Bernard Schubert

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

DAVID COPPERFIELD—M-G-M.—An incomparable photoplay, and one that will live with you for years. Freddie Bartholomew as the child, David, W. C. Fields as *Micawber*, Madge Evans as *Agnes* are only a few of a long, superb cast. It's a brilliant adaption of Dickens' famous novel. (March)

DEALERS IN DEATH—Topical Films.—Whether you are a pacifist or not after seeing this film you leave the theater horrified at the high price of war and cost of armaments. Not a story, but an impressive editorial which will make you think. (Feb.)

DEATH ON THE DIAMOND—M-G-M.—Improbable in spots, yet meat for baseball and mystery devotees. Paul Kelly convincing as a reporter. Robert Young and Madge Evans love interest. (Nov.)

DEFENSE RESTS, THE—Columbia.—Entertaining story of a none-too-ethical but unbeatable criminal lawyer (Jack Holt) forced to defend a kidnaper. Jean Arthur. (Nov.)

DESIRABLE—Warners.—A neat gem that will please the entire family. New laurels for Jean Muir and George Brent. (Nov.)

DOWN TO THEIR LAST YACHT—RKO-Radio.—Fine cast wasted in this tale of "Blue Bookers" of 1929 giving away to "Brad Streeters" of 1934. Sidney Fox, Ned Sparks, Polly Moran, Mary Boland, Sidney Blackmer. (Nov.)

DRAGON MURDER CASE, THE—First National.—Not up to the S. S. Van Dine standard—nevertheless satisfactory film fare. Warren William as a convincing *Philo Vance*. Helen Lowell, Margaret Lindsay, Lyle Talbot. (Nov.)

DUDE RANGER, THE—Fox.—If you like Westerns, you may like this one. George O'Brien rides. Gene Hervey, Leroy Mason, Henry Hall in it. (Dec.)

ELINOR NORTON—Fox.—A completely boring attempt to depict the quirks of a diseased mind. Claire Trevor, Hugh Williams, Gilbert Roland logged down by it. (Jan.)

ENCHANTED APRIL—RKO-Radio.—Ann Harding in a quiet little story of the enchantment wrought by Italy in the spring. Frank Morgan, Ralph Forbes, Katherine Alexander, Jane Baxter. (March)

ENTER MADAME—Paramount.—Spotty entertainment despite Elissa Landi's brilliant performance as a capricious prima donna. Cary Grant, her wildered spouse, has a brief relief in a quieter love. (Jan.)

EVELYN PRENTICE—M-G-M.—Myrna Loy thinks she has murdered a man, but Isabel well is accused. Then Myrna's lawyer-husband is gagged to defend Isabel. Another Loy-Powell hit. (Jan.)

EVENSONG—Gaumont British.—The story of the rise and fall of a great prima donna. Evelyn Laye's beautiful voice and a wealth of opera make it a feast for music lovers. (Feb.)

EVERGREEN—Gaumont British.—You'll love Jessie Matthews, darling of the London stage, and she has a chance to do some grand singing and dancing in this merry little story. (March)

FATHER BROWN, DETECTIVE—Paramount.—Gertrude Michael is the one thrill in this rather senseless crook drama. Walter Connolly's rôle, that of a priest with a flair for detective work, gets monotonous. Paul Lukas is miscast. (Feb.)

FEDERAL AGENT—Select Pictures.—Age-old book stuff with Bill Boyd as a government man going to outwit dangers. Don Alvarado and his lady friends. (March)

FIGHTING ROOKIE, THE—Mayfair.—A kiddie which moves slowly. Cop Jack LaRue is "kicked" by a gang and his suspension from the force threatens his romance with Ida Ince. Trite situations. (Feb.)

FIREBIRD, THE—Warners.—Ricardo Cortez, who is killed when he tries to ensnare Verree Teasdale, Lionel Atwill's wife, in a love trap, catching instead Verree's daughter, Anita Louise. Good adult entertainment. (Jan.)

FLIRTATION WALK—First National.—A colorful West Point is the background of the black Powell-Ruby Keeler charm. Pat O'Brien's a high sergeant. Take the family. (Jan.)

FLIRTING WITH DANGER—Monogram.—Bob Armstrong, Bill Cagney and Edgar Kennedy did such confusion and laughter in a South American high explosives plant. Maria Alba is the Spanish farmer that provides chief romantic interest. (Feb.)

FORSAKING ALL OTHERS—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery and Charles Butterworth at their best in a simple story that leaves you dizzy with laughter and braced like a champagne cocktail. (March)

FOUNTAIN, THE—RKO-Radio.—Rather slow-moving, yet exquisitely produced with a capable cast including Ann Harding, Paul Lukas and Brian Aherne. (Nov.)

FUGITIVE LADY—Columbia.—Florence Rice makes a successful film debut as a woman on her way to jail, double-crossed by a jewel thief (Donald Cook), when a train wreck puts her into the rôle of the estranged wife of Neil Hamilton. Plenty of action. (Jan.)

FUGITIVE ROAD—Invincible.—Eric Von Stroheim is good as the commandant of a frontier post in Austria, falling in love with an American girl, Wera Engels, and frustrated in his romantic plans by gangster Leslie Fenton. Slender story well acted. (Feb.)

GAY BRIDE, THE—M-G-M.—Chorine Carole Lombard, out for a husband, becomes involved with gangsters who bump each other off for her pleasure. Nat Pendleton, Sam Hardy, Leo Carrillo pay while Chester Morris wins. (Jan.)

★ **GAY DIVORCEE, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Grandly amusing. Fred Astaire's educated dancing feet paired with those of Ginger Rogers. He's mistaken for a professional correspondent by Ginger, seeking a divorce. Edward Everett Horton, Alice Brady pointed foils. (Dec.)

GENTLEMEN ARE BORN—First National.—Franchot Tone is one of four college pals trying to find a job today. Jean Muir, Nick Foran, others good. It has reality. (Jan.)

★ **GIFT OF GAB**—Universal.—Edmund Lowe, fast talking news announcer, flops, but is boosted up by Gloria Stuart. Story frame for gags, songs, sketches. Alexander Woolcott, Phil Baker, Ethel Waters, Alice White, Victor Moore. (Dec.)

GILDED LILY, THE—Paramount.—Good entertainment, but not as much punch as you have a right to expect from a movie with Claudette Colbert in the lead, and Wesley Ruggles directing. (March)

GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST, A—Monogram.—Folks who enjoyed Gene Stratton Porter's novel will want to see this. Marian Marsh, Louise Dresser, Ralph Morgan well cast. (Nov.)

GIRL O' MY DREAMS—Monogram.—Much rah-rah and collegiate confusion, with Sterling Holloway's comicalities unable to pull it through. Mary Carlisle, Eddie Nugent do well. (Jan.)

GOOD FAIRY, THE—Universal.—Margaret Sullavan, in the title rôle, and Herbert Marshall head the cast of this screen adaptation of the stage hit. The scenes are played in high comedy throughout. But comedy. (March)

GRAND OLD GIRL—RKO-Radio.—That grand old trouser, May Robson, gives a superfine performance as a veteran high school principal who bucks the town's politicians for the welfare of her pupils. Mary Carlisle and Alan Hale highlight a good supporting cast. (March)

★ **GREAT EXPECTATIONS**—Universal.—Dickens' charm preserved by George Breakston as orphaned *Pip*, later by Phillips Holmes, Florence Reed, Henry Hull and others. (Jan.)

GREEN EYES—Chesterfield.—A stereotyped murder mystery. Charles Starrett, Claude Gillingwater, Shirley Grey, William Bakewell, John Wray, Dorothy Revier are adequate. (Jan.)

GRIDIRON FLASH—RKO-Radio.—A college football story about a paroled convict (Eddie Quillan) who finally wins the game and Betty Furness, too. Glenn Tryon, Lucien Littlefield. (March)

★ **HAPPINESS AHEAD**—First National.—Tuneful and peppy. About a wealthy miss and (honest!) a window washer. Josephine Hutchinson (fresh from the stage), and Dick Powell are the two. You'll like it and hum the tunes. (Dec.)

HAVE A HEART—M-G-M.—A wistful tale about the love of a cripple (Jean Parker) for an ice-cream vendor (Jimmy Dunn). Una Merkel-Stuart Erwin are a good comedy team. (Nov.)

HEART SONG—Fox-Gaumont-British.—A pleasant little English film with Lilian Harvey and Charles Boyer. (Sept.)

HELLDORADO—Fox.—A hollow story in a mining town setting which fails to give Richard Arlen the kind of part he deserves. (March)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 17]

I was half sick all the time



• I am a practical nurse and for the benefit of others I am writing this. It's no fun taking care of others when you're half sick all the time from constipation. Everything I took for it either griped or left me completely tired out. One of my doctors suggested I try FEEN-A-MINT. I consider it the ideal laxative—I don't have to worry about upset stomach and distress any more. FEEN-A-MINT certainly gives the system a marvelous and comfortable clearing out. It's so easy and pleasant to take that it's wonderful for children and saves struggling with them when they need a laxative.

Chewing gives greater relief

We have hundreds of letters telling of the relief FEEN-A-MINT has given people. It works more thoroughly and more comfortably because you chew it and that spreads the laxative more evenly through the system, giving a more complete cleansing. People who object to violent laxatives that cause cramps and binding find FEEN-A-MINT an ideal solution of their problem. Over 15,000,000 men and women can testify to the satisfaction FEEN-A-MINT gives. And it's so easy to take, with its refreshing mint flavor. Try it next time, 15 and 25¢ at all drug stores.

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SYSTEM SO THAT IT
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PLEASANT RELIEF.



CHEW YOUR
LAXATIVE
FOR EASIER RELIEF

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That Little Hall Home in the West

• Mr. and Mrs. is the name—Alexander Hall and Lola Lane. Al—Paramount director for Mae West in "Now I'm a Lady"—and Lola designed their home

• The top, a long view of the living room, carpeted in mauve broadloom, furnished in tones of brown. A cherry red armchair adds a note of contrast

• Broad, low chairs—just the thing for that lounging feeling—handy to cigarettes and books, spot the expanse of the loggia. (Sure, it's the porch)

• At the right, another view of the living room, showing the fireplace treatment. The draperies, incidentally, are white chintz, and flowered in green



At the right, the pleasing and soothing arrangement of plants and shrubs is seen. They provide the right corner for quiet study of a picture script

The modernistic bar, note, is not one but two rails. Here Al and Lola have their cocktails for two—or for two dozen, if a party's underway

The reception hall is done refreshingly light tones. The walls are cream white, many-gang stair rail, ivory furnishings. And the bar is beyond

In the patio, decked over, Al and Lola breakfast every morning. The carpet is dark brown woven straw, the furniture reed, the cushions yellow



RICHEE



Ben Bernie shows Grace Bradley how to fiddle in "Stolen Harmony"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

HIGHER SCALE

THE enthusiastic crowds which attended the showing of Miss Grace Moore in "One Night of Love" should be enough to convince all producers that the public prefers entertainment on a high scale than, with a few exceptional presentations, it has been offered.

MARIE LOUISE REYNOLDS, New Orleans, La.

PHOOEY, HEAVY DRAMA!

LET those who prefer them have their heavy dramas with scorching sirens and dark-eyed villains. I'll take a Ruby Keeler-Dick Powell vehicle any day!

MARIE LOUISE REYNOLDS, New Orleans, La.

FANNIE HURST OKAYED

JUST the other evening I saw another wonderful example of the finer type of movies we are now enjoying since good pictures have become the style—Fannie Hurst's "Imitation of Life." It was the most vivid portrayal of modern life I have ever seen on the screen.

J. S. STAUFFER, Lakewood, Ohio

NURSE CONGRATULATES

MAY I congratulate the producers of "White Parade" for giving the public its very first picture presenting the nursing profession from a true angle and as a sincere and worthwhile profession?

L. WALSH, R. N., Fayetteville, Ark.

MORE INTELLIGENT ROLES

WHY not more intelligently selected rôles for our movie stars? A play can make or break a star, for, after all, the play is the thing. Look at Norma Shearer—the perfect example of thoughtful and intelligent selection of rôles. Our movie stars have plenty of talent to suit us all, what we need now is more talent in those who decide their plays.

HARRIET H. GRAY, Chattanooga, Tenn.

DECENCY LEGION CHEERED

THREE lusty cheers for The Legion of Decency. "Little Women," "Alice in Wonderland," "The Barretts," "One Night of Love," "David Copperfield"—would we have had these great films without the Legion?

I. M. MACK, Denver, Colorado

Letters

The two halves of the world of Photoplay readers may learn just what each other thinks

KATHARINE THE UNAFFECTED

IT is refreshing to find Hollywood has one unaffected person among the thousands of actors and actresses—Katharine Hepburn. She is practically the only film actress Hollywood has not spoiled. She is charming and friendly, and—be proud of this, Hollywood—the world's best actress. You people who do not appreciate the remarkable acting of Katharine Hepburn, I pity you.

JANETTE GRAVES, Lexington, Mass.

MOST MODEST STAR

LET me nominate Margaret Sullavan as the screen's most modest star.

ELEANOR DENNIS, Waverly, Mo.

SHOULD BE ALL-STAR

ALL pictures should have an all-star cast. In this way, all pictures would have a first class rating. And I agree to having a censor board, but its duty would be to offer suggestions best suited for the picture, not to eliminate parts after it is made.

WILLIAM A. PETHEL, Charlotte, N. C.

DIVORCE DEPLORED

LOOK at and read of the gracious people (of the screen) and then with a sigh read: Divorced. It's a sad leaf from life when these people have so much to live for, work, travel, to do good by the wayside. And just because of a misunderstanding—divorced. Fight hard against this evil, stars.

MRS. CHARLOTTE HILL TWOMBLY, Laconia, N. H.



Wendy Barrie is an attractive addition on the Paramount lot



Joan Bennett knits a sweater for Baby Melinda during off-set time

WHY DISILLUSIONMENT?

THERE ought to be a law against it! Those unpatriotic Californians who visit back East and tell us our idols have feet of clay! Why deprive those of us who derive so much pleasure from daydreaming about our movie idols and thus having the joy of getting away from humdrum life into a realm where beauty reigns supreme.

MRS. A. SMITH, Amarillo, Texas

HERO RIDICULOUS

THE only thing that bothers me about moving pictures (I always enjoy them) is when a very good book is ruined by making the leading character a hero. For instance, John Erskine's "Bachelor of Arts," the charm and appeal lay in the irresponsible character Alex. To make him a hero is ridiculous.

C. GOLDSMITH, New York City

GOOD IDEA

WHY not mention, on your way out of the particular picture house you attend, the genuine pleasure which the movie has given you? Or, if the reverse, why not, politely and tactfully, say that that particular picture did not prove as entertaining as others shown at the theater? Wouldn't such a course prove of vital help? Such opinions would get back to Hollywood.

A. K. HOLBROOK, Boston, Mass.

WHAT'S WRONG?

SAW two pictures, one advertised extensively, the other, I had not even seen reviewed. The highly praised feature was good, but too good, polished, reserved, aloof, it was but a fable. The lesser picture was unsophisticated and human, so human it could be lived. What is wrong?

KENNETH R. PITTS, Lansing, Mich.

MORE HISTORY

AFTER all, the public likes kings, queens etc., but only in small doses. How about giving us some other historic characters, such as Napoleon or Lord Byron? Lord Byron would be delightful, with beautiful ladies scattered around as usual.

How about it, public?

LOUISE H. STACY, St. Louis, Mo.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

HELL IN THE HEAVENS—Fox.—A gripping fiction of a French air unit in the late war. Warner Baxter is an American with the outfit. Conchita Montenegro is the only feminine influence. (Jan.)

HERE IS MY HEART—Paramount.—You'll applaud this one. For between laughs Bing Crosby and Kitty Carlisle sing those haunting tunes, and the story is good. (March)

HOME ON THE RANGE—Paramount.—An up-to-date Western, with the old mortgage still present but the crooks using modern methods for getting it. Evelyn Brent, Jackie Coogan, Randy Scott. (Feb.)

HUMAN SIDE, THE—Universal.—Accurately titled—a family story that is entertaining from start to finish. Adolphe Menjou, Doris Bryn, Reginald Owen. (Nov.)

AM A THIEF—Warners.—A diamond necklace disappears and everybody looks guilty—Ricardo Cortez, Mary Astor, Dudley Digges, Irving Pichel and the rest of the cast. There's murder, thievery, and some romance. Maintains interest. (Feb.)

IMITATION OF LIFE—Universal.—A warm and human drama about two mothers of different races, allied in the common cause of their children. Excellent performances by Claudette Colbert and Louise Beavers. Warren William, Fredi Washington, Rochelle Hudson, Ned Sparks. (Feb.)

AN OLD SANTA FE—Mascot.—A dozen plots whipped up for the price of one—and a nice package for those who enjoy Westerns. Ken Maynard, his horse, Tarzan, Evalyn Knapp, H. B. Warner, Kenneth Thomson, and the entire cast are good. (Feb.)

SELL ANYTHING—First National.—Pat O'Brien talks you to death as a gyp auctioneer who is taken by a society gold-digger (Claire Dodd). Sadder and sabbier he returns to Ann Dvorak. (Jan.)

IT'S A GIFT—Paramount.—One long laugh, with W. C. Fields in the rôle of a hen-pecked husband. Baby LeRoy, Jean Rouverol, Kathleen Howard. But it's Fields' show. (Feb.)

WE'VE BEEN AROUND—Universal.—A good cast waded on a trite story and amazingly stagey dialogue. (March)

JEALOUSY—Columbia.—Watch George Murphy if you go to see this picture about a prize fighter who is inordinately jealous of his pretty wife. Nancy Carroll, Donald Cook, Arthur Hohl. (March)

JUDGE PRIEST—Fox.—Will Rogers makes Irvin S. Cobb's humorously philosophical character live so enjoyably, you wish you were a part of the rowdy Kentucky setting. The music heightens your desire. Tom Brown, Anita Louise the love interest. Perfect cast. (Dec.)

KANSAS CITY PRINCESS, THE—Warners.—Chedy, "so-called," about two manicurists (Joan Bidell, Glenda Farrell) out to do some gold-digging. Not for children. (Nov.)

KENTUCKY KERNELS—RKO-Radio.—Wheeler and Woolsey as custodians of a young heir, Spanky McFarland, mixed up with a Kentucky feud, moonshine and roses. It's hilarious. (Jan.)

KID MILLIONS—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—A Cantor extravaganza complete with hilarious situations, gorgeous settings, catchy tunes and a grand cast. (Jan.)

LADY BY CHOICE—Columbia.—Fresh and original, with a new situation for May Robson. Cyle Lombard, fan dancer, "adopts" May, an irresistible alcoholic, as her mother for a publicity gag. Roger Pryor, Walter Connolly important. (Dec.)

LADY IS WILLING, THE—Columbia.—Leslie Howard in a mild little English farce. Binnie Barnes, Ned Bruce. (Nov.)

LAST WILDERNESS, THE—Jerry Fairbanks Phil.—A most effective wild animal life picture. He's bothered with the sensational and melodramatic. Howard Hill deadly with bow and arrow. (L.)

LEMON DROP KID, THE—Paramount.—A racket tout goes straight for marriage and a baby. Le Tracy, Helen Mack, William Frawley, Baby LeRoy, Minna Gombell, Henry B. Walthall. (Dec.)

LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE—RKO-Radio.—A mystery built on a murder that didn't happen. Bert Lynton and Skeets Gallagher are amusing. Pert Kelton is a fan dancer. Story at fault. (Jan.)

MEHOUSE BLUES—Paramount.—Gruesome tales of kids, old stuff for the adults. Lurking Chinese, thugs, dope, Scotland Yard, George Raft, Jean Porter, Kent Taylor, Anna May Wong. (Jan.)

LITTLE FRIEND—Gaumont-British.—The true story of a child victim of divorce. Outstanding is the performance of Nova Pilbeam, British child actress. Worthwhile. (Jan.)

LITTLE MEN—Mascot.—A nice homey little film made from Louisa M. Alcott's book, with Erin O'Brien-Moore as *Aunt Jo*, Ralph Morgan as *Professor Bhaer*, and Frankie Darro the boy *Dan*. (March)

LITTLE MINISTER, THE—RKO-Radio.—A beautiful screen adaptation of Barrie's famous romance, with Katharine Hepburn as *Babbie* and John Beal in the title rôle. Beryl Mercer, Alan Hale, Andy Clyde, Donald Crisp, top support. (March)

LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER—Paramount.—Brittle dialogue, swift direction, pictorial grandeur, and intelligent production make this picture one you must see. Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, Richard Cromwell, Sir Guy Standing, head an excellent cast. (March)

LOST IN THE STRATOSPHERE—Monogram.—Eddie Nugent, William Cagney, differ over June Collyer. Enemies, they are up in the air fourteen miles and the balloon goes haywire. For the youngsters. (Jan.)

LOST LADY, A—First National.—Willa Cather's novel, considerably revamped. Barbara Stanwyck fine in title rôle; Frank Morgan and Ricardo Cortez satisfactory. (Nov.)

LOTTERY LOVER—Fox.—Bright in some spots, unfortunately dull in others, this film story with Lew Ayres, Nick Foran and Peggy Fears. (March)

LOVE TIME—Fox.—The struggles of Franz Schubert (Nils Asther); his love for a princess (Pat Paterson); her father's (Henry B. Walthall) efforts to separate them. Lovely scenes, lovely music. (Dec.)

LOYALTIES—Harold Auten Prod.—An overplayed adaptation of John Galsworthy's play based on an attempt to degrade a wealthy Jew, with the Jew victorious. Basil Rathbone the Jew. (Jan.)

MAN OF ARAN—Gaumont-British.—A pictorial saga of the lives of the fisher folk on the barren isles of Aran off the Irish coast. (Jan.)

MAN WHO RECLAIMED HIS HEAD, THE—Universal.—As fine and important a picture as has ever been made, with Claude Rains in a superb performance as the pacifist who was betrayed by an unscrupulous publisher. Joan Bennett, Lionel Atwill. (March)

MARIE GALANTE—Fox.—Glaring implausibilities keep this from being a strong and gripping picture. But Ketti Gallian, a new French star, is lovely; Helen Morgan sings sabbily, Ned Sparks and Stepin Fetchit are funny, Spencer Tracy a nice hero. (Feb.)

MARINES ARE COMING, THE—Mascot.—A breezy mixture of comedy and romance with William Haines as a Marine Corps lieutenant and Armida pursuing him. Esther Ralston, Conrad Nagel, Edgar Kennedy. (March)

MAYBE IT'S LOVE—First National.—A rather dull picture of the hardships of a young couple during the first six months of marriage. Ross Alexander makes the young husband interesting. But Philip Reed, Gloria Stuart and the rest of the cast are hampered by their rôles. (Feb.)

MENACE—Paramount.—Mystery. Starts weak, but picks up, and you'll be well mystified. A mad, man threatens Gertrude Michael, Paul Cavanagh and Berton Churchill whom he blames for his brother's suicide. (Dec.)

★ **MERRY WIDOW, THE**—M-G-M.—Opera etta striking a new high in lavish magnificence. Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier rate honors for their performances. (Nov.)

★ **THE MIGHTY BARNUM**—20th Century-United Artists.—A great show, with Wallace Beery, as circusman *P. T. Barnum*, in one of the best rôles of his career. Adolphe Menjou, Virginia Bruce, top support. (Feb.)

MILLION DOLLAR BABY—Monogram.—Little Jimmy Fay is cute as the youngster whose parents dress him in skirts and a wig and put him under contract to a movie studio as a second Shirley Temple. (March)

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—Paramount.—Interesting adaptation, with Pauline Lord, ZaSu Pitts, W. C. Fields and a host of other fine players. (Nov.)

★ **MUSIC IN THE AIR**—Fox.—Gloria Swanson returns in this charming musical as a tempestuous opera star in love with her leading man, John Boles. Gay and tuneful. (Jan.)

MYSTIC HOUR, THE—Progressive.—Crookedest crooks, fightingest fights, tag with fast trains, middle-aged hero, dastardly villain, his bee-oootiful ward. But no custard pies. Montagu Love, Charles Hutchison, Lucille Powers. (Dec.)

MYSTERY WOMAN, THE—Fox.—Fairly interesting combination of romance and mystery concerning two spies, Gilbert Roland and John Halliday, both in love with Mona Barrie. (March)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]



WHEN you visit New York enjoy the comforts of an ideal home and still be in the heart of the Motion Picture Art Centre.



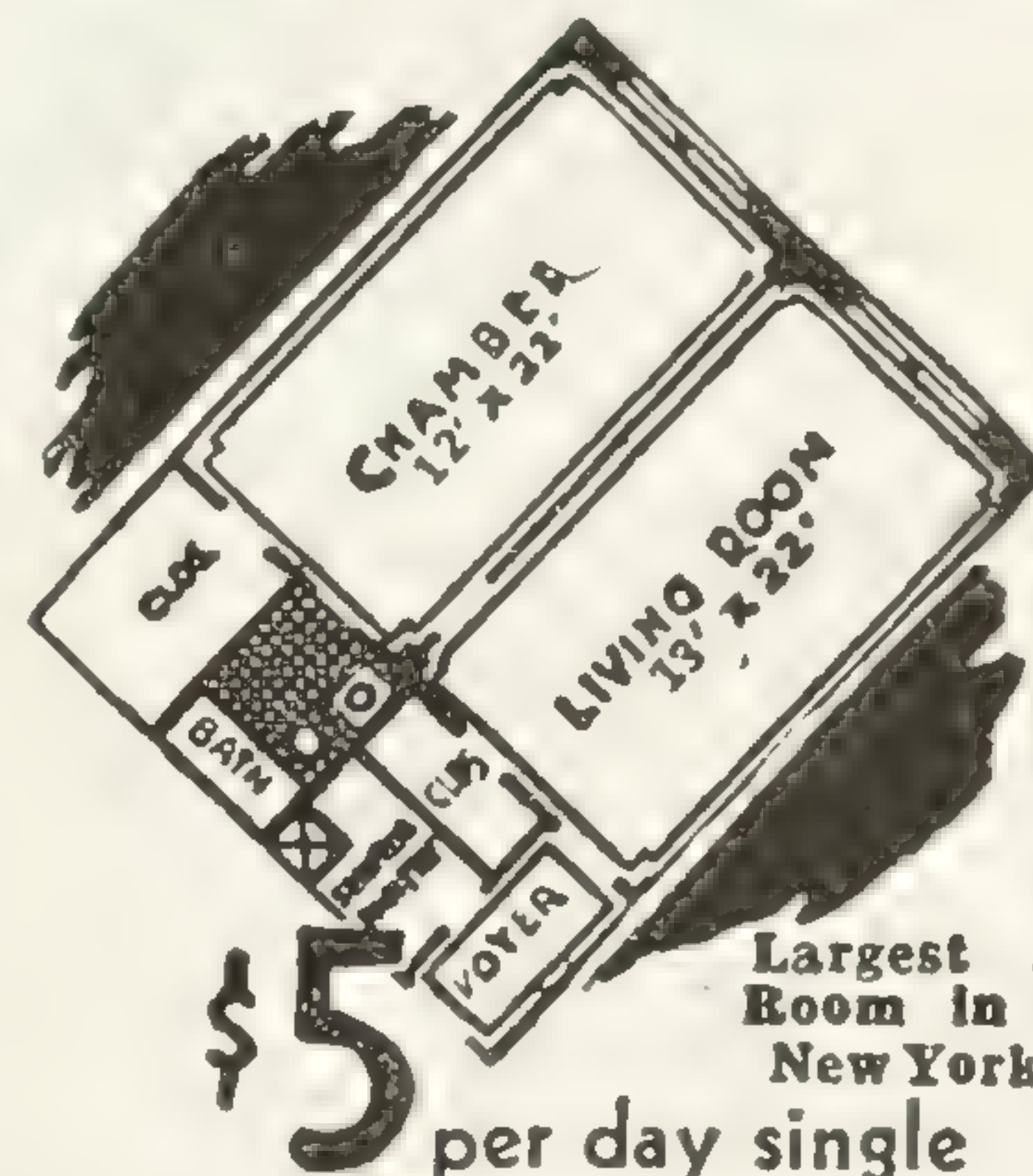
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THE GENE—A smart one-eyelet tie of soft kidskin—dainty stitching and perforations in a new manner.

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"HERE I am, feeling fit as a fiddle and ready for anything—after dancing into the wee small hours. Styl-Eez shoes did the trick... I know my feet looked like a standing invitation to romance all evening long—and they certainly felt equal to adventure, even at three in the morning! It's marvelous to find shoes that look perfect and feel that way, too. I'm glad I have the Styl-Eez habit..."

Special construction features in Styl-Eez shoes prevent foot-fatigue and the awkward ankle rotation that detracts from the beauty of your walk.

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Easter

● Baby LeRoy is going to sing anthems with other Hollywood children at church on Easter Sunday this year. When a fellow gets old enough to hold his own hymn book and carry a tune perfectly, he's a big boy. Before another Easter comes, Paramount is going to have to drop that "Baby" label

Beauty



With soft blonde hair and dark blue eyes of fiery brilliance, Tala Birell is one of the most strikingly beautiful women on the screen. She recently signed a long-term contract with Columbia, and you'll see her next in "Let's Live Tonight" which stars Lilian Harvey and Tullio Carminati





Allure



FRAKER

● The daughter of a Polish baroness, Tala has lived in most of the capitals of Europe. Before coming to America she was the darling of the Viennese stage. With a back-ground like that, and a beauty of face and figure such as hers, is it a wonder she is one of the most glamorous of stars?





Nighty, Night!

● Anna Sten, always lovely, has never looked more beautiful than in this bed-time scene from the Sam Goldwyn picture "The Wedding Night." It is the scene in which the girl-bride awaits the coming of the bridegroom she does not love. Ralph Bellamy plays the rôle of the bridegroom, and Gary Cooper her true lover

Close-Ups

and Long-Shots



Y K A T H R Y N D O U G H E R T Y

“THE MARCH OF TIME” comes to the screen, and so well done, we discover in it a delightful freshness.

The initial production of six episodes is run off in twenty minutes, and you could sit through an hour of this without being the slightest bit bored.

Every one of the six episodes has significance—and every one is presented with an eye to real dramatic climaxes. Moreover, the commentator’s voice—which, incidentally, is excellent—skillfully emphasizes the action without those wise-cracks and other banalities to which we have been subjected but too often in films of current events.

THE concluding episode closes on a touch of sadness. To quote from the printed program:

“After guiding the destinies of the Metropolitan Opera House for the past twenty-seven years, Giulio Gatti-Casazza announces his resignation, sees his last opening night ‘Aida’ from the manager’s peep-hole.”

As I left the Jansen suite in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel—where I had seen the preview—I stood stock still. For there, with head bowed and eyes downcast, just as he had appeared a moment before on the screen, sat Signor Gatti-Casazza himself—a touching finale to the great rôle he played in the ruthless march of Time—through nearly three decades.

BEHIND the activities that projected so elaborate a production as “David Copperfield” upon the screen, we find hidden Howard Estabrook, the man who wrote the script.

As I recall the Dickens novel, it ran nothing short of eight hundred pages. And as Dickens created more characters than any other writer that ever lived—not excluding Shakespeare—“David Copperfield” is as full of them as a plum pudding is of raisins. Furthermore, this novel is peculiarly rich in episodes and situations.

ESTABROOK was extraordinarily well fitted to sift and condense this almost dizzying wealth of material. He won the Academy Award for his script of Edna Ferber’s “Cimarron.” His was the hand that shaped the text for “Hell’s Angels.” Because of these and similar achievements he is the most highly paid script writer in Hollywood.

The theater has been his life work. On the New York stage, he was actor, writer, director.

Without forgetting Hugh Walpole’s valuable contributions, or George Cukor’s masterly direction, I feel that, just as there would have been no “David Copper-

field" without Dickens, the screen version would have fallen short without the handiwork of Howard Estabrook.

YOU can't keep them down—those critics of motion pictures. John Drinkwater, author of "Abraham Lincoln" and other impressive stage plays, recently popped out in Dublin with, "Nothing has done so much to vulgarize the taste of the world as the cinema."

I wish he would hark back in his memory twenty years or so to the crude melodramas, the vulgar farces, the dull, obscene burlesque shows, and the sentimental, if innocuous, trash that passed for "drama."

If he knew nothing of that American scene surely he must have witnessed its British counterpart. When an author turns critic, often he sounds quite unconvincing.

Mr. Drinkwater's quarrel, if he but knew it, is not with motion pictures, but with life and human nature, and nobody has ever been able to do much about changing them.

WELL, business is looking up! The farmers are spending cash, and tractor and harvester factories in the Middle West are working at top schedule. And—eight hundred and sixteen more motion picture theaters are operating today than a year ago.

In the United States there are a total now of fourteen thousand, five hundred and fifty-two houses showing pictures—an increase of about six per cent. Not a big advance, perhaps, but picture interests regard it as most encouraging.

IN the *National Board of Review Magazine*, Robert Flaherty, director of "Man of Aran," that saga of a brave people of the West Coast of Ireland, relates how a young Irishman first brought these islands to his attention:

"Let me tell you of the Aran Islands, where I have been," he said. "These islands are barren rocks, without trees. Before the people can grow their potatoes—almost the only food they can win from the land—they have to *make* the soil to grow them in! For the rest of their food they have to go to sea in little canvas boats, unbelievably primitive. And this sea they have to brave in these cockle-shells is one of the worst in the world."

Such was the inception of the idea that resulted in one of the most beautiful pictures ever filmed.

HOLLYWOOD "failure" makes good abroad. There's a headline you could write over the story of Alexander Korda's recent career. Coming from Germany, where he had directed numerous pictures for UFA, his several Hollywood films did not greatly impress producers. He left.

Then Hollywood suddenly awoke to the fact that they had entertained an angel unawares. "The Private Life of Henry VIII" rolled its triumphant progress 'round the world. Korda kept on calling his shots with uncanny skill. With "The Scarlet Pimpernel" and "Congo Raid," Korda has done what some of our "masters of spectacle" never quite achieved—real drama, grand theater. Even the great Griffith veered at times too far toward the side of melodrama and his pathos hinted occasionally of bathos.

ON goes Korda's impressive roster of work in production or to come—H. G. Wells' "One Hundred Years From Now," and "Lawrence of Arabia." Leslie Howard will play the lead in this last as he did in "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

That other unsurpassed find of the screen, Charles Laughton, is due in England in the Spring to play "The Life of Nijinsky," and "Sir Tristram Goes West." For this last, France's ace director, René Clair, will cross the Channel. Ten big productions for the year—not a single "programme" picture on the list—is Korda's schedule. It took an Hungarian to put England on the picture map, just as it took a Jew—Disraeli—to make her an empire.

All the releases of Korda's productions will be through United Artists.

"Spanish Blonde"

By JAMES A. DANIELS

When she's bad, she's very, very good! Her story in one short sentence. • The more the screen-goers love her. The more she shatters the louder the fans. In "Blue Angel" she played an alluring but heartless siren who wrecked the life and career of a man who adored her. The fans promptly voted her the biggest



"Blue Angel"

"Morocco" added new excitement when their Marlene swept across the Chinese background in a whirl of delight from her adoring square to Timbuctoo. So say: La Dietrich is back



"Morocco"

heartless and exotic blonde Spanish dancer in Paramount's "Carnival in Spain." • Once again she exercises the fatal charm that brings men to her feet. That rarest and most alluring of racial beauties, the Spanish blonde, Marlene Dietrich makes everything and gives nothing. • Directed by Josef von Sternberg, "Carnival in Spain" unfolds a gripping story of the love of two men for the Spanish Blonde, the idol of all Spain. Unhappiness and tense drama follow in her wake. And through it all, this loveliest of all sirens, continues to prove that, when she's bad, she's very, very good!

That's Marlene Dietrich's success wickeder she is on the screen. The more masculine hearts cheer. • Look at the record: luring but heartless siren who man who adored her. The fans box office attraction of the day.



"Shanghai Express"

legions of Dietrich fans. And devastatingly across the colorful "Shanghai Express" the whoops and mirers could be heard from Times Square. Here's the good news of the day in character—this time as the



"Carnival In Spain"

dancer in Paramount's "Carnival in Spain." • Once again she exercises the fatal charm that brings men to her feet.

And once again she tramples on their hearts. As the rarest and most alluring of racial beauties, the Spanish blonde, Marlene Dietrich makes everything and gives nothing. • Directed by Josef von Sternberg,

"Carnival in Spain" unfolds a gripping story of the love of two men for the Spanish Blonde, the idol of all Spain. Unhappiness and tense drama follow in her wake. And through it all, this loveliest of all sirens, continues to prove that, when she's bad, she's very, very good!



This is THE of RUBY who started tap dancer and star in Motion

THE El Fey Club was packed with ladies and gentlemen in full evening dress, movie actors, gangsters and their gorgeous dolls, writers and newspapermen, out-of-town sportsmen seeing New York night life.

The El Fey Club was the hottest spot in the roaring forties. Owned by Larry Fay, racketeer de luxe, late shot down in his own joint by one of his own mob.

The mad, glittering night club era of prohibition was in full swing and the El Fey Club was the swellest speakeasy in town, ruled by the queer of the night clubs, Texas Guinan.

Texas walked out onto the dance floor, big and blonde and vibrating with that irresistible personality that makes her part of Broadway's amazing history. She lifted an arm laden with diamond bracelets up to the elbow. The famous Texas Guinan smile, never equalled on Broadway, flashed forth.

The noise subsided. Faces turned as they always did, toward Texas.

"Now," said Texas, "you're going to see the greatest little tap dancer in the world, and when I say that I mean just that. This little girl is going to be a great big star some day."

The accurate eye of staff photographer William Phillips' Leica camera records the reactions of Al Jolson's severest critic, Ruby Keeler, as she watches Al perform for the camera in "Go Into Your Dance," their first co-starring picture.

Interest. Al must have surprised with an impromptu touch or two. Anyway Ruby opens her eyes, cocks her head and wrinkles her brow in surprised attention.

Nonchalance? Or is Ruby just getting a lift from a cigarette? On the set Mr. and Mrs. Jolson are a picture of professional calm. Neither ever interfere with the other's work. Is that a combined

REAL STORY
KEELER
Tex Guinan
ound up as a
ictures . . .



GIVE THIS LITTLE GIRL A HAND

by

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

want all you folks to give this little
rl a great big hand."

The orchestra struck a chord, the
oplause broke out in a mad wave,
the little girl came out onto the floor.
ne wore rather scanty pants, which
showed her lovely child legs, she had
arly natural brown hair and the
ggest blue-violet eyes in the world,
and she stood there twisting one foot
behind her ankle and looking around
with a friendly sort of smile.

She looked about fifteen.

"This is Ruby Keeler, suckers,"
id Texas, putting her arm around
the little girl's shoulder. "Come on,
ve this little girl a hand. That's
ght. Don't be stingy. You'll be
ying three dollars a seat to see her
fore long. Now Ruby, show them
hat you can do."

Ruby ducked her brown head,
ve us that friendly grin, and be-
n to dance.

That was the first time I ever saw
Ruby Keeler and I never forgot her,
because she was so lovely and so
atural and so friendly, amid all the
gling lights, the flowing champagne,
the hard faces and mad excitement
of that night club.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]



Between scenes Al and Ruby sit long
and talk little. Their attitude at work is
strictly business. Al believes in the
highly virtues of galluses, and invariably
slides his collar during the rest periods
— husband's privilege. However, neither
the strictly business attitude nor the col-
larless shirt stand in the way of a con-
jugal kiss. And it is no pose, either



ON LOCATION



■ William Phillips, with Photoplay's candid camera, spent a day on location where the outdoor scenes of production No. 5 (which, confidentially, probably will come to you under the title of "The Masses") are being shot. And if you know Charlie Chaplin you know what a tribute to his friendship for Photoplay this was, for he almost never will permit any photographer around when he is making a picture

1 Charlie hangs on to his chair, poised to spring. Things are not going the way he wants them to go

2 Charlie takes a look through the camera, and changes the angle. Maybe this effect will be—

3 Better this time. Amused, but still perplexed, Charlie is seen in a characteristic Chaplin pose

4 Chaplin confers with his assistant-director, Carter DeHaven, illustrating what he wants next

5 Charlie sits back and takes a smoke. And studies the situation. Just how to get that effect—

6 Everything is all right, now. Charlie gives his assistant the big grin... and then, almost immediately,

7 Calls a recess, to advise Paulette Goddard, his new leading woman, on how to do her nails!

8 A quizzical Paulette watches a scene by the old maestro, while she eyes our cameraman

9 Finally, the day's work is finished. So, Charlie takes his cane, forgets work and is off for home

WITH CHARLIE CHAPLIN

AS HE PRODUCES HIS FIRST PICTURE IN FOUR YEARS



My Companion Said:

"I'd Just LOVE to Dance

CORBURN



"Who, me? Why—
er — delighted, er,
quite delighted"



"Let's go to town.
And remember, this
was *your* idea."



"We'll start with a
pirouette. And it
goes like this—"

OF late, repeated and pointed innuendos by bored feminine dancepartners have disturbed me. Just when I have completed what I consider a rather neat bit of footwork, they murmur wistfully, "I'd just love to dance with Fred Astaire! Wouldn't it be wonderful?"

Finally I have been stung into investigating the secret of this man who has put sex appeal in slippers to expose as clumsy clods most of us who were formerly considered passable dancers.

The only secret I could uncover was that Mr. Astaire, in a little personal plebiscite, voted himself into a French descent from his authentic German Fred Austerlitz, which only proves again the compensating laws of nature. Hitler got the Saar and the French got Fred Astaire.

I don't know whether Mr. Astaire is a student of Napoleonic history, but I seriously doubt if this switch-over is any tribute to the Little Corporal, whose Gallic battalions shellacked Fred's Teutonic ancestors at

by KIRKLEY BASKETTE

with FRED ASTAIRE!"



"O-h-h-h-h. Er—you're so light, that is, on my feet—"



"Pardon my 'off to Buffalo,' I think I'm wanted on the set."



("—and she said she wanted to dance!! She said she want—")

Austerlitz. "Astaire" simply looks more intriguing on a three-sheet.

However, there is nothing mysterious about why he is intriguing on the dance floor.

Practice makes perfect—and Fred Astaire practices. He rehearsed nine weeks before he made one dance shot for "Roberta." He rehearsed every day of the nine weeks, Sundays and holidays. On Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's day, after stewing about in the morning, he telephoned a lissom gentleman named

Hermes Pan and arranged to practice two hours in the afternoon. Each time, he confided to Mr. Pan that the dance numbers worried him so much he couldn't possibly enjoy the holidays. The only way he could stop worrying was to rehearse.

Hermes Pan is from Nashville, Tennessee. His father was a Greek who apparently took his mythology seriously. Hermes, who is perhaps the most appropriately named gentleman in Hollywood, boasting the fleet feet of Mercury [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]



• It must be the Al Jolson luck, again. With a twinkle in his eye, a nice smile of satisfaction, Al settles down to reviewing the list for the next race



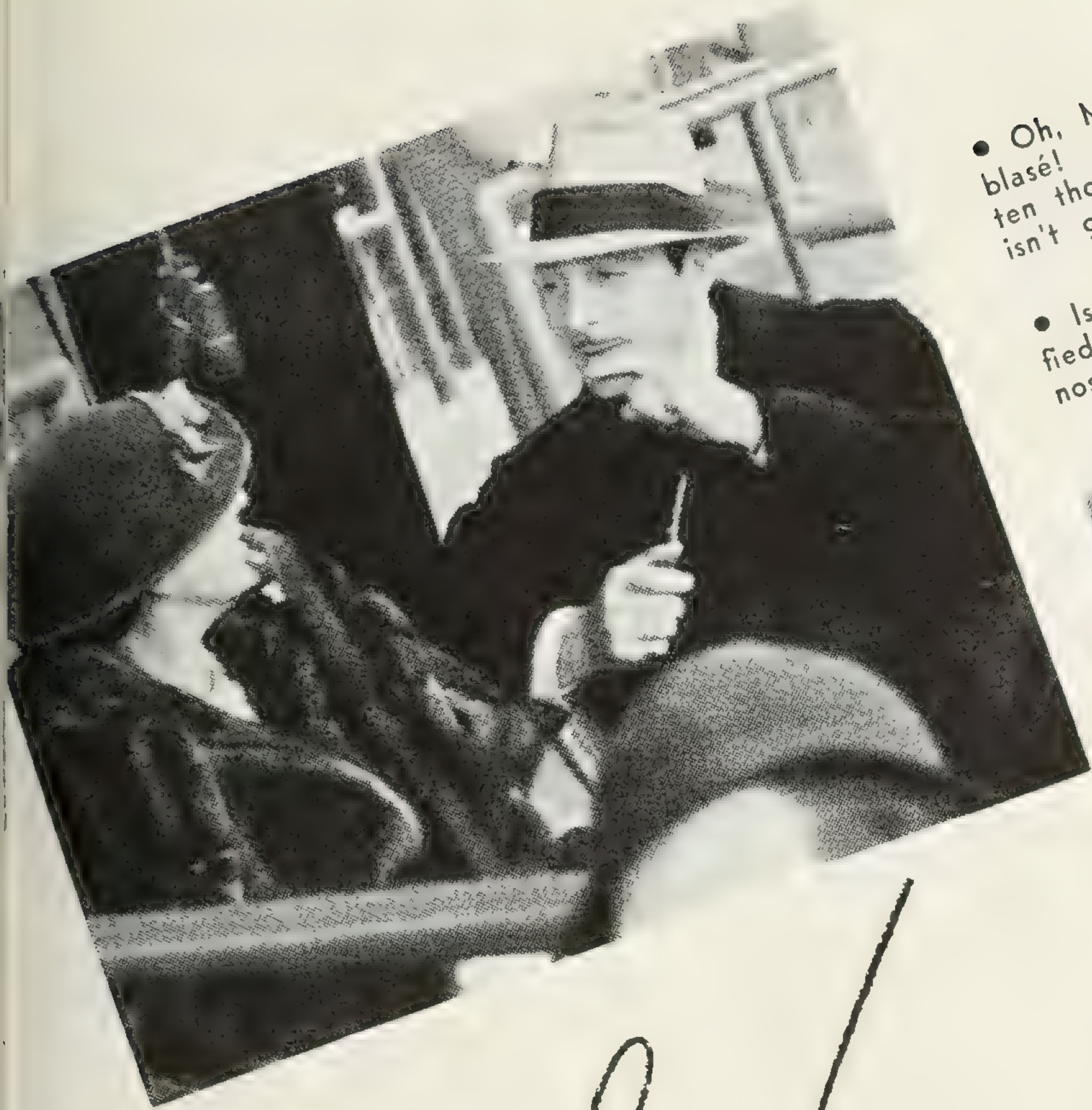
• Bing Crosby looks a little skeptical. Well he might. Ever since the racing season began, Bing has backed a nag named "Bing Crosby" whenever he started. It hasn't paid yet

• With his classic profile completely disguised by gloves and field glasses, Warren William is just another excited railbird when the jockeys boot 'em in

They're in the



• In this exposure, the camera shows what makes a horse race a horse race, which is—merely a difference of opinion. Stu Erwin thought a certain horse was right to lead them home



- Oh, Mr. Cortez, you're so blasé! A little thing like a ten thousand dollar handicap isn't going to ruffle Ricardo
- Is Schnozzle Durante mortified! His bangtail lost by a nose. "If I'd ridden him—"



stretch!

- If Wynne doesn't win, it won't be her fault. She's not only riding the horse with her hands but taking the bit in her teeth. A remarkable close camera portrait clicked by William Phillips at the finish

OUR HOLLYWOOD CAMERA SHOWS YOU HOW SOME OF OUR BEST-KNOWN MOVIE FOLKS REACTED WHEN THE HORSES THEY BET ON IN THE \$100,000 SANTA ANITA HANDICAP MOVED TOWARD THE FRONT — OR SLIPPED TOWARD THE BACK



- The camera catches an unusual object lesson playlet in two acts, entitled, "Playing the Ponies" or "False Hope." Act I: line Judge is the star. Act I: "They're bunched at the turn. Come on 'Barber's Itch'!" And the tragic Act II: "Faded at the finish! You dog!" Curtain



PHILIPS

If Irving Berlin had only waited a few years, he might have found the perfect inspiration for his pathetic love song, "Say It Isn't So," in Marlene Dietrich.

Since Josef Von Sternberg decided abruptly to sever the professional *alliance* with his cinema *Trilby*, realization that he means it has yet to seep through and convince her.

She has reiterated to every interrogator that she will not make a picture without Von Sternberg, in the face of his published statements and his recent hundred-to-one wager with a newspaper man that he will not direct Dietrich in a picture during the next five years.

Although he has told her that their ways separate after "The Devil Is a Woman," and although he has already abruptly broken their daily association, Dietrich still clings stub-

bornly to the illusion that it is all a temporary caprice of the director's.

Recently when a local columnist asked her to appear with her over the radio, Dietrich said Herr Von Sternberg should be consulted.

"Why ask me?" said Josef, when approached. "I no longer have anything to do with the career of Miss Dietrich."

The columnist returned. Dietrich was excitedly disturbed at his words.

"No, no, no, no," she cried, "that is not true!"

But Von Sternberg says it is—in his brutally frank, Teutonic manner.

At the same time, the situation is touching Marlene Dietrich's pride. She is now extremely sensitive about it.

Formerly, in fact, all during the three year association with Von Sternberg, she dined with him daily at a table in the Paramount commissary. Now he dines with others, and Dietrich slips in quietly for a hasty lunch at the counter where the workmen eat.

One day recently she came to work, ill with a cold. Her scene was filmed in a small enclosure. The air quickly became bad and stifling. Dietrich fainted.

She was carried to her dressing room, and as soon as she regained consciousness, her first insistent request was for the publicity man assigned to "The Devil Is a Woman."

When he came she demanded desperately, over and over again, that he must protect her from the newspapers. No news must leak out that she had fainted on the set.

She was afraid the world would think that the situation was "getting" her.

A SMARTLY dressed, quiet, cultured looking young lady was arguing with the gateman at Paramount studios when Mrs. C. H. Cooper walked through.

The gateman tipped his hat and nodded after the retreating girl.

"Third time she's been here this week," he informed. "Wants to see Gary, but then," he chuckled, "who doesn't? Can't let 'em all in."

Mrs. Cooper smiled. "What was her name?" she inquired to make conversation.

"Kelly, I believe," said the guard, "Evelyn Kelly, why—"

But Mrs. Cooper was running after the girl. She caught her, took her arm and walked her past the bewildered gateman.

"She's my guest," she explained.

Evelyn Kelly, a University of California graduate, is pretty nearly the world's champion screen star fan. When she was twelve

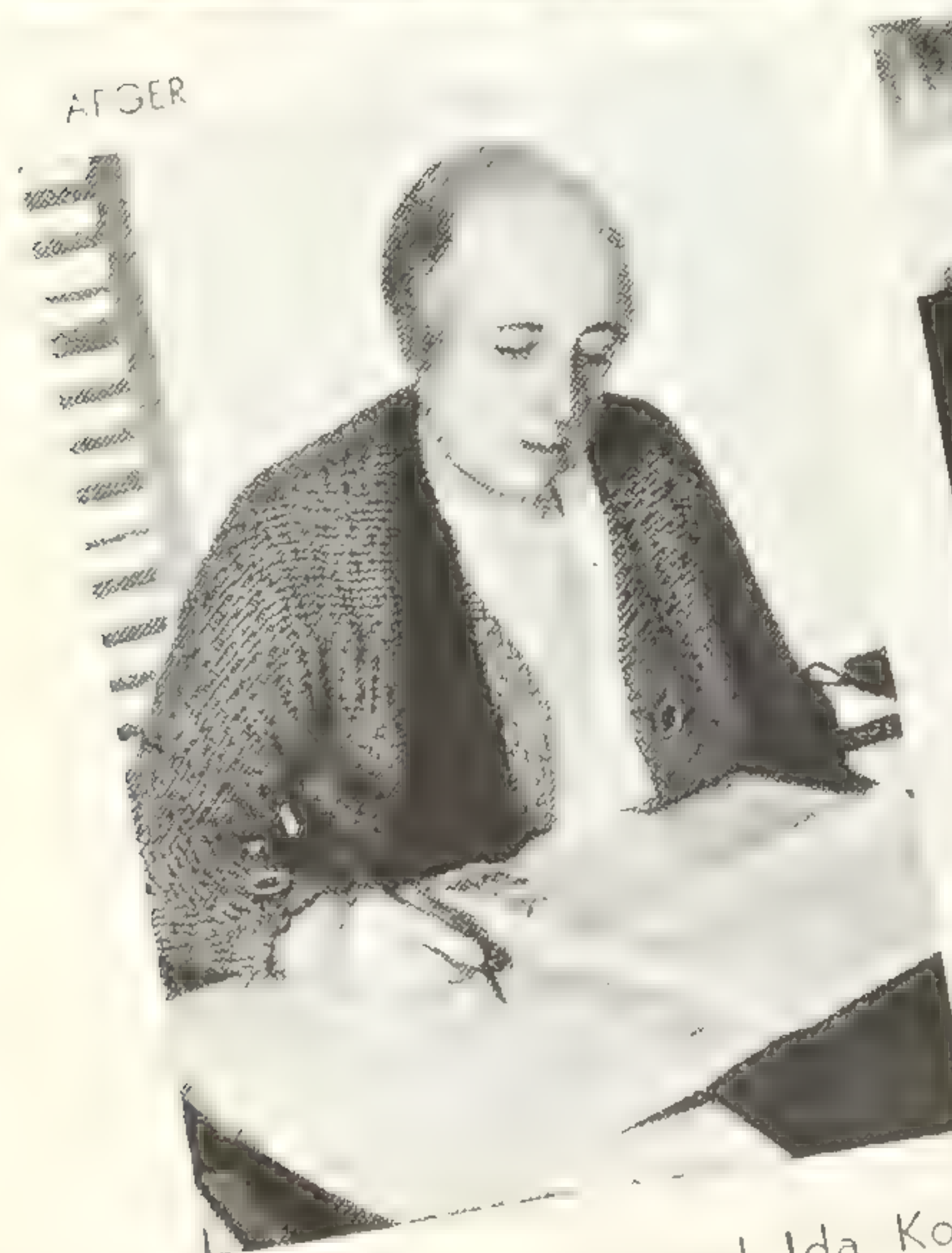
Steve McDonald makes flowers for M-G-M



Evelyn Kelly is one of Cooper's best fans



AFGER



Kate Corbaley and Ida Koverman hold important jobs



This is Clyde DeVinna and his international family

HOLLYWOOD'S GOINGS ON

years old she started writing to Gary Cooper. She did not fill her notes with verbose raves or silly twaddle. Instead, she made them intelligent and forthright criticisms.

Gary Cooper wasn't getting so much mail then. He read her letters and answered. They have been corresponding ever since, on a strictly remote friendship basis.

When Cooper went to Europe, Miss Kelly's notes were forwarded to Mrs. C. H. Cooper, his mother.

Mrs. Cooper escorted Evelyn to Gary. "I feel as if I had known you all my life," was Cooper's greeting.

PHILLIPS



Dolores Del Rio likes "working the earth"

YOU'D hardly suspect the delicate, exotic Dolores Del Rio of being a clodhopper at heart. Just the same, her favorite recreation what she calls "working the earth."

In the back yard of her mother's home which joins hers in Santa Monica Canyon, Dolores has cleared and cultivated a spot of garden—the lovely gardenia garden which she guards carefully in her own yard. This one is tough and practical. It grows artichokes, peas, beans and potatoes.

She works it, preferably in the early morning, because she believes that everyone to enjoy

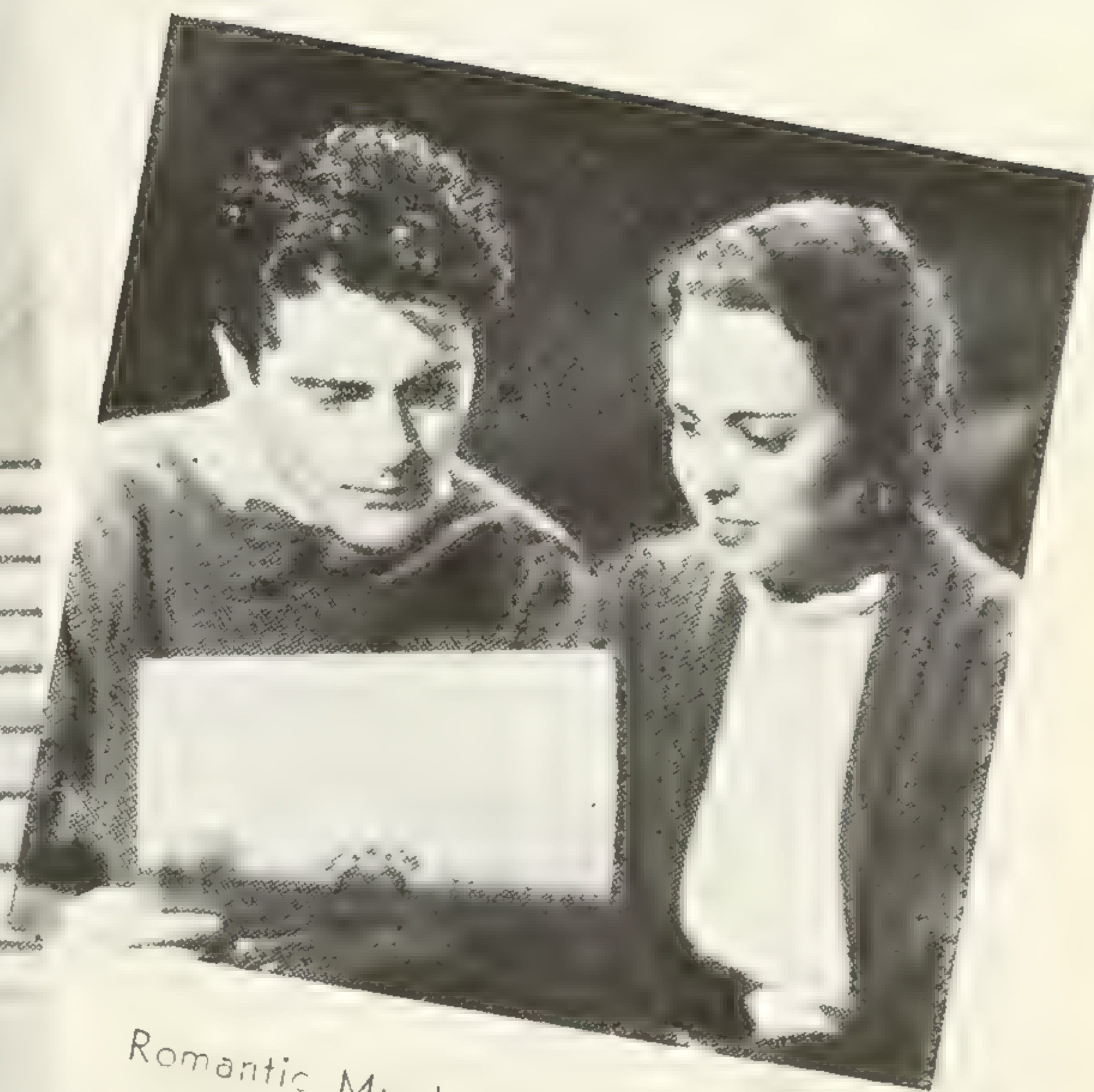


BREDELL

Rosita with Carl Brisson from "All the King's Horses." He wears thirty suits

complete health must have contact with the earth.

Often, after a nervous day at the studio, she hurries home to a hoe. Nerves relax after a minute or so of cultivating. She returns to the house a new woman.



Romantic Mr. Lederer, and Miss Loos

ABOVE is the first picture, posed especially for PHOTOPLAY, of that Czech Adonis, Francis Lederer, who gave all of the New York matinee-goers thrills in "Autumn Crocus," with his new heart, Mary Anita Loos. She is a niece of the noted writer, Anita Loos, author of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." It is said that Mary has crowded Steffi Duna entirely out of Francis' life. He will next be seen in RKO-Radio's "Break of Hearts," opposite Katharine Hepburn. Mary Anita Loos is a Los Angeles girl. She's had picture offers, but has refused them. She wants to follow in the footsteps of her aunt as a writer.

IN "All the Kings Horses," they are using a looking-glass floor for the first time in a picture—and of all trick lighting and camera angles you ever saw to keep the machinery from "picking up" in the mirror! Carl Brisson plays a king and an actor who masquerades as the king and wears twelve different uniforms and thirty suits—and just about wears himself out changing back and forth.

TWO women who are no longer young and who would never take a beauty prize are holding down a pair of the most important jobs in the picture business. Ida Koverman and Kate Corbaley prove that you needn't be a blonde cutie to be a success in the studios.

Mrs. Koverman is executive secretary to Louis B. Mayer at M-G-M. Kate Corbaley is story editor on the same lot. If you do not live in Hollywood it is doubtful if you have



Charlie Farrell and Ralph Bellamy at Palm Springs. They both liked tennis so that they started The Racquet Club



Paul Lukas and Philip Reed rest between sets of a desert tennis match at the always crowded Farrell and Bellamy club courts

ever heard these names, but they are distinctly powers behind the throne.

Mrs. Koverman is a direct and regular person with a genius for organization. She was for twelve years in active politics beginning in 1920 with the sole object of electing Herbert Hoover president. After being closely associated with him in that time, she left right after his election and her position with M-G-M resulted from political contacts.

She is a vital woman who speaks her mind without unnecessary detail, and says if she had her way about it women would be in the home where they belong and not messing around with business and politics, although she says they have cleaned up the bar-room variety. If she had her choice, she would have married young and had a huge family. She is a widow with no children but has helped any number of children to have an education.

Mrs. Corbaley has a big job because the key-stone of the entire business is the story. When she says "This book or story or play will make a good picture," the studio immediately considers buying the picture rights.

She is a little woman with gray hair and an unhurried manner who has brought up four daughters single-handed and is pleased that they are all settled with good husbands. She rated Phi Beta Kappa at Stanford, and taught English Literature four years before she was married.

Mrs. Corbaley entered the picture business in 1919 through a PHOTOPLAY contest conducted by the old Triangle (now M-G-M) for the best scenario. Came to Hollywood for the prize of a thousand dollars and stayed here, writing stories for the Sidney Drew comedies and others before settling permanently with M-G-M.

She says a good story is where you find it and reads to that end. In a high-brow magazine she found "Good-by Mr. Chips," which she says will make a superb picture. For ten years she has lived with one dominating idea: "What will make a good screen story?" Says there are perhaps ten great ones a year—the others are developed. The essential qualities are sincerity, truth. The values are in char-

acter and conflict. The one unfailing plot is a great love story which gives people belief in the immortality of love.

Everything printed pours into Mrs. Corbaley's office and tells her what the world is reading. And she thinks, "It seems funny for anyone to be paying me for reading a book. I would be reading a book anyway!"

CERTAINLY pulled an expensive publicity stunt on Mary Astor over at Warners. Took her to the Automobile Show to make some still pictures—and Mary came away with two new cars.

THE next time I hear about the League of Nations being balked on some particular International problem, I am going to suggest that they send an envoy to Hollywood to consult Clyde De Vinna.

Mr. De Vinna's profession is photographing motion pictures. But his hobby is collecting a family from various parts of the globe.

He maintains probably the most unusual, and at the same time one of the most harmonious cosmopolitan families in existence.

At present it includes two lovely Tahitian girls, a Japanese young man and an Hawaiian youth. Another boy, a Cuban, is on his way to join the international fireside.

The proteges are not servants, and never have been. They're bonafide members of the De Vinna household, with all the inalienable rights and privileges. They live in comfortable rooms, partake of family problems and pleasures. Each has a good education. There has been no favoritism.

The Tahitian maidens, Leonne and Antonne Bambridge, De Vinna found in Papeete, where their father runs a store. De Vinna was on location in the island with "The White Shadows Of The South Seas" company. He took a notion to the youngsters and persuaded the parent to let them return to America and live with him and his wife.

They have been part of his family ever since. Both girls graduate from high school this Spring and De Vinna will send them to college in the Fall.

Their "brothers," Ryovo ("Rosy") Matsui and Clarence Kumalae, just happened along. The Japanese boy, as a tot, came to the house and said he wanted to stay. He was promptly adopted into the household. Kumalae, the Hawaiian, was a friend of "Rosy's" at high school. The De Vinnas liked him, so he just moved in.

Leonne and Antonne want to be actresses when they get out of school. "Rosy" owns a radio store, and Clarence pitches curves for the "Omaha Packers."

De Vinna still photographs motion pictures. He has accompanied W. S. Van Dyke on practically all of his expeditions, including "Trader Horn" and "Eskimo."

THE Hollywood producer who after viewing the preview of "It Happened One Night," made the now famous statement, "I'd give a million dollars for the contracts of Frank Capra and Robert Riskin" may have a chance to do it.

Riskin, on a one-man strike, hasn't touched his typewriter at Columbia since he finished the script of "The Whole Town's Talking." Capra, recuperating from illness, has accepted no definite assignment at the present writing.

Riskin's professional indisposition some believe to be the result of salaryitis. There is a story that Harry Cohn, Columbia boss, promised both him and Frank Capra a bonus of Columbia stock, which he has not yet delivered.

Riskin has said that his passive resistance is not due to money but to a sort of school-kid "mad-on" between himself and Boss Cohn. Cohn keeps insisting that Riskin come down to work at ten o'clock and put in a "full day's work." Riskin says he can't write that early in the morning, and besides there's no such thing as a "full day's work" for a writer.

It is generally accepted that neither Mr. Cohn nor Mr. Riskin have a high personal regard for the other.

To substantiate Writer Bob's pooh-pooh of the filthy lucre answer, is the fact that Columbia at his last option upped his salary \$500 a week. Columbia has always endeavored to keep Mr. Capra well satisfied in the wallet



George Barnes and Joan Blondell always lunch together



Queenie Smith and Gail Patrick storm W. C. Fields

tion. All during his two-month illness his large salary check arrived, despite the fact that Columbia had a legal right to stop it.

Frank Capra, after early screen seasoning as a technical worker, Hal Roach gag man and Jack Sennett comedy director, got his first chance from Harry Cohn, made his first successes ("Flight" and "Dirigible") under him.

Riskin, Broadway playwright and sometime producer, joined forces with Capra first on "The Platinum Blonde," first scored with the smash hit "American Madness," then "Lady for a Day," "It Happened One Night" and "Broadway Bill." All children of this gifted team not only made box-office history but hatched the legend in Hollywood that Frank Capra and Bob Riskin can't miss.

Capra's contract expires in September of this year. Riskin's extends to March of 1936. However, if he continues to refuse to work, Columbia eventually would have to release him in self defense.

Columbia can ill let either Capra or Riskin go. They are money in the bank. They lifted Columbia to a major rating in the picture industry. All of this year's program has been sold to theater exhibitors on the strength of a Capra picture—a promised hit, in which exhibitors believe as they believe in Shirley Temple or Will Rogers.

That is one reason why Capra may leave. He is uncomfortably "on the spot" with each picture. It has to be a sensation. He may wish to escape the pressure. If he does, Riskin probably will find some way to leave with him. Meanwhile, Riskin still is not speaking to his boss, Mr. Harry Cohn. That is, not on purpose.

The other day at the races, Bob, for some reason which he couldn't even explain to himself, bet on two horses in one race. Thinking aloud, he addressed the man next to him in the crowd thus:

"What a chump bet! Can you imagine it? Two nags in the same race. What do you think of that?"

He looked up. The man was staring at him fiercely.

It was Harry Cohn.



Frank Capra, Columbia's ace director



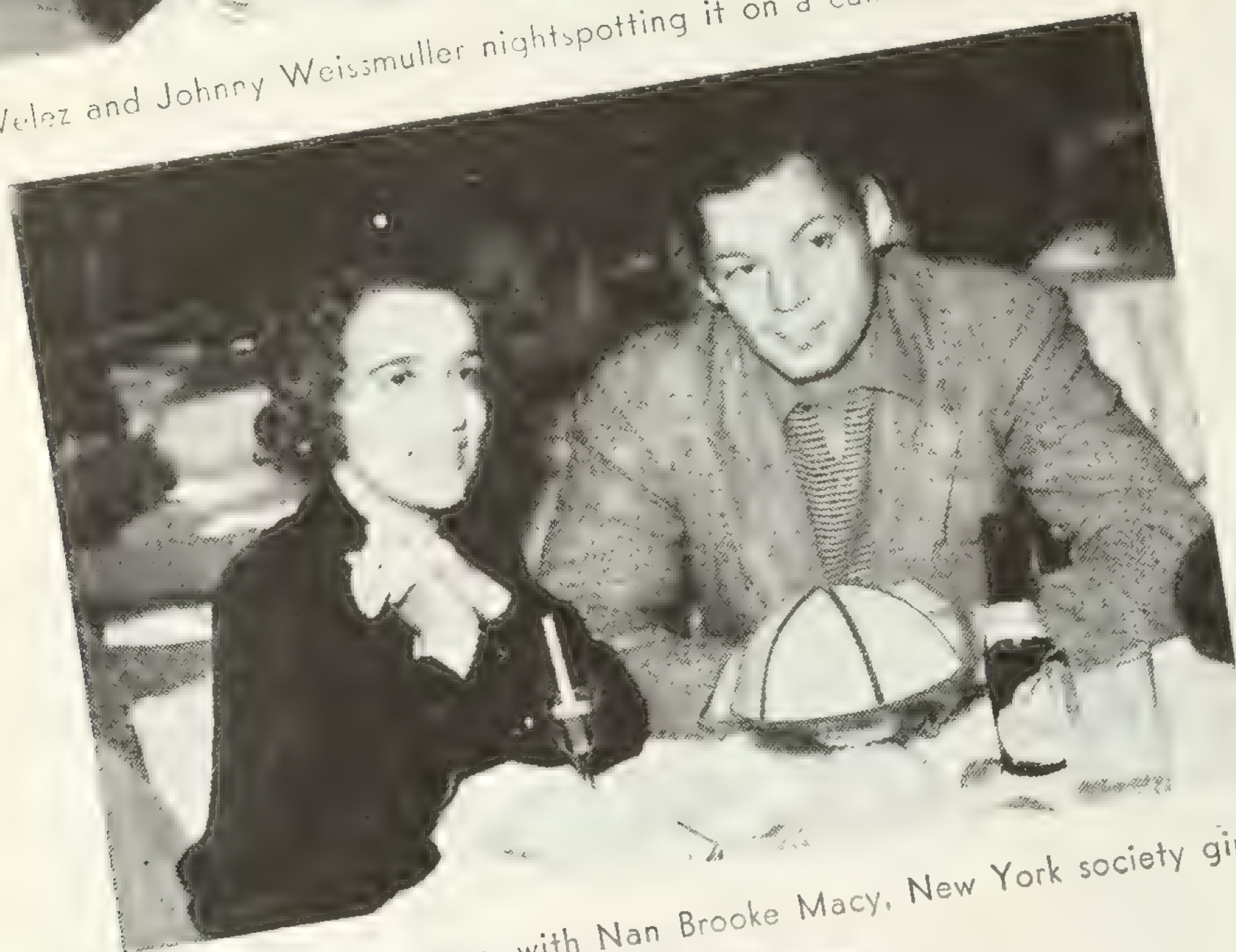
Bob Riskin, writer of "hit" pictures



Merrill Hard and Alan Hale in their workshop



Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller nightspotting it on a calm eve



Johnny, after a storm, with Nan Brooke Macy, New York society girl



Lupe counters by stepping out with Charles LeMaire, designer

EXTRAORDINARY that a little foreign picture called "Be Mine Tonight" should have been the beacon lighting the way to all the fine operatic pictures in preparation. It began the trek of operatic stars to Hollywood with producers fighting to sign them. Jan Kiepura blazed the trail, Grace Moore proved again that the time is ripe, and now on every lot prima donnas are sounding their A, baritone is bursting loose and basses rumble their melodious thunder. Lily Pons is due at

RKO on April twentieth, Lawrence Tibbett is going to give another whirl at M-G-M. Rethberg and Swarthout are being angled after, and even Stokovsky will get here some day and conduct a score. Nino Martini is out at Fox, Allen Jones and Nelson Eddy at M-G-M struggle along under the handicap of American names, but don't let that stop you. Those boys can warble. It looks as if the opera singers will have still another season to add to their tours. A Hollywood season.

JOAN BLONDELL has one of the most unique nurseries for her young son. Disliking the traditional baby-blue-bunny business for little boys, she has fixed up the place as a college boy's room—boxing gloves, tennis racquets, books and pennants—all in miniature. What, no cameras?

W C. FIELDS suffered inordinately with insomnia all through "Mississippi."

For a few nights he had a remedy. He walked off his restlessness in the orange grove surrounding his hilltop home in the San Fernando Valley. Only the wails of the coyotes kept him company.

One night they were unusually close, and unusually loud.

That same night Fields ran into a watchman on his nocturnal rounds.

"Those coyotes aren't exactly whispering tonight, are they?" he remarked pleasantly in greeting.

"Those aren't coyotes, Mr. Fields," replied the man, "They're wildcats."

From then on, W. C. Fields stayed in the house of nights—awake. And the make-up man on "Mississippi" powdered away the circles under his eyes.

GLORIA SWANSON was being interviewed. The questions were harmless and the answers were discreet.

Into the room marched two-year-old Michele Bridget Farmer. The interviewer was struck with the dignity of her tiny stride and her very good looks.

"My, but you're a nice little girl," she said.

"Humph!" said Michele Bridget, "Mr. Marshall says I'm magnificent."

YOU will be doing Hollywood a favor if you can manage to steal Bing Crosby's favorite sweater.

It is an orange bit of wool; that is, it was orange, but countless scrubblings have faded it to a sickly ochre.

Patched and darned and frayed at the cuffs, it nevertheless is the apple of Mr. Crosby's eyes.

He wears it about the lot, proudly and triumphantly, because practically everyone at Paramount—even his wife, Dixie Lee—has tried to steal it and burn it.

But it leads a charmed life. Bing always catches them in the act, slips it on again, and heaves a satisfied sigh.

And although children cry and strong men quail when they see it, Bing continues to wear it with every bit as much pride as Joseph sporting his biblical coat.

GEORGE BRENT had a new and very powerful motor installed in his plane, which will take him from here to there in nothing flat. Almost nobody else can think of any place he would want to get to that fast. But George can.

A DOLPHE MENJOU and Verree Teasdale are sick and tired of being the "best dressed couple." They are washed up, finished, nothing doing and NO. All publicity on the subject has been stopped, they will pose no more fashion pictures, they will run from the place screaming if anybody mentions it. From now on, they are Mr. and Mrs. Menjou, a cozy couple by the fireside in their old Mother Hubbards . . . and let the chips fall where they may. "Miss Teasdale regrets"—and so does Mr. Menjou—but who in blazes is to get the title now?

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 83]



McALPIN

Way

down south

● This portrait should convince anybody—man or woman—that there's nothing as charming as an old-fashioned girl. Joan Bennett is gowned in crinoline for her role in Paramount's "Mississippi," with Bing Crosby. The time is 1860, and the setting is the old South with much of the action aboard a show boat—all of which makes it as picturesque as Joan's gown



Legs

across the sea

● With the voice of an angel and the kind of beauty all gentlemen prefer, Marta Eggerth is a real treat for movie-goers. Under contract to Gaumont British, she sang her way into American hearts in "The Unfinished Symphony" and you'll see her soon again in "My Heart is Calling." Miss Eggerth's leading man in the film is Jan Kiepura, noted singing star of Poland.

Chip off the old block

● Katherine DeMille has been in the movies for five years but until now she has never appeared in a film of her famous father's. Katherine was recently cast for the role of *Alice* in Cecil B. DeMille's "The Crusades." She is C. B.'s adopted daughter, and is English-French descent, born in Vancouver, B. C.

ENGSTEAD





HEWITT

Guess

who this is

● A handsome man, really. And a favorite of all the ladies. But when the make-up man got finished with him, Fredric March looked like this. It's an exceptionally fine make-up job, for March's role of *Jean Valjean* in Twentieth Century's film version of Victor Hugo's novel "Les Miserables"



Ziegfeld Would Have Said: "THROW HER OUT!"

WOULD the great Ziegfeld have picked Garbo for his "Follies"?

Would he have picked Hepburn?

Would he have picked Janet Gaynor,

Helen Hayes, or Margaret Sullavan, or Anna Sten, or any of a dozen other distinguished actresses who could be named a Hollywood tops?

Speaking from a long and rather intimate knowledge of what Broadway beauty maestro liked and did not like in his girls, the answer is emphatically "NO!"

If Garbo had applied for a job in the heyday of the New Amsterdam theater, Flo Ziegfeld would have turned to Ned Vyburn or Julian Mitchell, and said:

"Throw her out!"

If he had been in a loquacious mood, which he seldom was, he might have added that her mouth went one way and her eyes another, that her chin went up too high and her nose down too

**BY FREDERICK
L. COLLINS**

low, that her eye sockets were too deep and her upper lip too slant. Artists have said all these things, and more. Ziegfeld would have said them. And he wouldn't have taken her.

Yet, Garbo has beauty—a beauty that we who love her are tempted to call divine.

If Hepburn had called on Florenz Ziegfeld, as she did on Adolphe Menjou in "Morning Glory," and asked for a job, the answer would have been the same as it was in the picture:

"No sale!"

Then, if she had persisted, as she did in the screen story, in asking why, he would have told her, as so many other critics have since told her, that her cheekbones were too high and her jawbones too long and her whole facial conformation too prognathous, or—as the Broadway boys say at Belmont and we of Hollywood now say at Santa Anita—horsey.

Yet, Katharine Hepburn is a beautiful woman—the more



ALFRED CHELSEA

Jessie Reed, one of the most beautiful of all the long line of Follies girls and the acme of the Ziegfeldian standard of pulchritude. This standard the movies no longer recognize

effectively beautiful on the screen because of her so-called "defects."

So are those other beautiful women. Or aren't they? What is real beauty? Did Ziegfeld know? Or do we?

Ziegfeld ought to have known.

"My business," he told the writer, not long before his death, "has been to put beauty into circulation."

We had been sitting on the sloping lawn at Burkleigh-on-the-Hudson—named after his lovely wife, Billie Burke—reviewing through memory's eye that Big Parade of beautiful girls who had walked down the moving staircases of the New Amsterdam stage, through Joseph Urban settings, into the hearts of the American public.

Lilyan Tashman, Billie Dove, Dorothy Mackaill, Marion Davies, Ruby de Remer, Mary Nolan, Jackie Logan, Justine Johnstone, Mae Murray, Marilyn Miller, Mary Eaton, Ina Claire, Martha Mansfield, Lina Basquette, Kay Laurell, Olive Thomas, Gilda Gray—these were only a few of the glorified girls who had marched in that parade.

No one will deny that these girls established throughout the world the accepted type of modern feminine beauty. Nor will it be denied that their discoverer, Florenz Ziegfeld, more than any other single factor, dictated what that beauty should be. If these things were not so, Hollywood would not be honoring the master even now with "The Great Ziegfeld," a memorial in celluloid to his contributions to the cause of beauty in and out of the theater.

Ziegfeld worshipped beauty. But it was the beauty of perfection. He combed the Roaring Forties of his day for the perfect profile, the perfect shoulder, the perfect hip and the perfect ankle with all the enthusiasm of a scientist or an inspired craftsman. "He was," as Percy Hammond used to say of him, "a Broadway Cellini, working in women's shapes instead of Florentine brass."

He might hire Fannie Brice, with her long nose and longer legs because she possessed a special talent which he needed for a featured spot. But, for his glorified girls, on whose faces and figures his reputation as an artist and his success as a showman was primarily founded, he chose girls whose proportions conformed as closely as possible to a set of physical measurements. And these measurements were to him like the laws of the Medes and the Persians, unchangeable.

I give you those measurements: height, five feet five; bust, thirty-four inches; waist, twenty-six inches; hips, thirty-seven inches; calf, thirteen and one-half inches; shoulder length, fifteen inches; neck to waist, fifteen inches; neck length, three and one-half inches; arm length, twenty-seven inches.

Without prying too far into the boudoir secrets of our first ladies of the screen, it is obvious that they do not even approach this Ziegfeldian ideal. Garbo, for instance, is six inches taller than Gaynor. Gaynor weighs twenty-eight pounds less than Garbo. And neither girl conforms to Ziegfeld's standard—or to each other's.

As to facial characteristics, the divergence between Ziegfeld ideals and the current Hollywood ones is even more marked. There may be feminine stars today who have eyes separated by the width of one eye or the pupils of whose eyes are as far apart as the distance from the tip of the nose to the eyebrows—these being the classical measurements—but who cares? Beauty cannot be measured by foot rule and T-square—at least, not the beauty of a modern picture star.

If it could, beautiful Connie Bennett, with her square jaw and too small nose, would no longer be called beautiful; nor would beautiful Joan Crawford, whose nostrils are too large for the rest of her nose and whose forehead is that of a man; nor beautiful Ruth Chatterton, whose mouth is obviously too large for the rest of her face; nor beautiful Ann Harding, the left side of whose face does not match the right side; nor beautiful Clara Bow, the top part of whose face is concave and the bottom part convex; nor beautiful Norma Shearer, whose features are half cold and classical and half warm and alluring; nor beautiful Jean Harlow, whose nose projects at too sharp an angle. As a matter of fact, most of our lovely ladies—Fay Wray, Gloria Swanson, Helen Hayes, Wynne Gibson, Nancy

Marroll, Ruth Chatterton, Lupe Velez, Dolores Del Rio, Claudette Colbert, even Kay Francis—would fall down, so speak, on their noses.

And the screen's emancipation from Ziegfeldian limitations does not end with the long established stars. That reigning primary, Myrna Loy, is a jolly, freckle-faced hoyden, who might never have made the Ziegfeld grade—yet, how sinuously,umptuously, glamorously lovely she can be on the screen! Margaret Sullavan, according to statements credited as her own, has a jaw that is "lopsided"; yet it would be a reckless man and even to falsehoods who would call her anything but beautiful "The Good Fairy."

Elisabeth Bergner, whether the wind blown little heroine of "Escape Me Never," or the regal figure of "Catherine the Great," bears no more resemblance to the typical Ziegfeld girl than Charles Laughton does to Rudolph Valentino. And if we may be permitted to go from the sublime to the charmingly ridiculous, our own Gracie Allen has screen beauty of a rare sort, yet Ziegfeld saw her for years in vaudeville without getting around to sign her.

Jean Muir, Jean Parker and Josephine Hutchinson, though beauties all, are not the Ziegfeld type. As for those less known youngsters who are giving such notable performances in the present cinemas—Muriel Kirkland, Isabel Jewell, Dorothy Wilson, Steffi Duna, Margo—they are all good looking girls; some are more than that, but none of them would have fitted into Ziegfeld's front row alongside stately Dolores or glamorous Gladys Glad.

But if it is true that Ziegfeld would never have taken our present crop of Hollywood beauties for his shows, it is equally true that Hollywood magnates are no longer jumping at the chance to get Ziegfeld graduates for their films. Tests have shown that Broadway-trained chorines are seldom as beautiful as those recruited from the ranks of Hollywood extra girls. Even as ladies of the ensemble, they no longer get the call. And for featured spots, the musical show beauties who make good in the big studios are few and far between.

The public seems to have lost its taste for the show girl who has been made over—sometimes with miraculous speed—into picture star. Hollywood picture-makers have had some hard lessons to learn on this point. Take, for example, the sad case of Jimmy Dunn and Sally Eilers. From the moment these two youngsters appeared so successfully in "Bad Girl," the studio was swamped with fan letters requesting their reappearance as a team. For a while, the producers conformed. Then, as they had done before with Gaynor and Farrell, they conceived the thrifty scheme of separating Jimmy and Sally, and making two stars grow where only one star team had grown before.

"Since the advent of talking pictures," says Darryl Zanuck, one of the most astute of Hollywood impresarios, "not a single actress has become a star on the strength of beauty alone. Beauty in the picture studios is worth eight dollars a day; brains, a hundred dollars a day; beauty plus brains, a thousand dollars a day."

Beauty plus brains!

That is the modern Hollywood formula.

That is why it is only the exceptionally clever Ziegfeld beauty who makes or holds her place upon the talking screen. Marion Davies is, perhaps, the most outstanding example. Ruby Keeler, Noel Francis and Joan Blondell were with Ziegfeld for a brief period. The late Dorothy Dell, who promised to achieve a solid reputation as a motion picture actress, used singing her songs in Ziegfeld's shows. Peggy Fears, widely publicized, is now knocking at the gates of screen success.

Generally speaking, the Broadway musical comedy as a road from chorus oblivion to screen glory, is no longer the shortest distance between two points—that beauty alone is no longer the open sesame to motion picture fame.

I am glad. Aren't you? And if the great Ziegfeld were alive today and could have seen, say, Katharine Hepburn in "The Little Minister," or Greta Garbo in "The Painted Veil," there is just a chance that he might be glad, too. He might even have revamped his "Follies of the Future" to conform to the new Hollywood standard—beauty plus brains!



Gladys Loftus, another queen of beauty from the Ziegfeldian point of view. But, generally speaking, beauty alone as the open sesame to movie fame has gone by the board

He's a Simon-Pure Count..... Not a Hollywood Rebuilt

**And, in addition to stirring the
hearts of women—from 17 to 70—
he's a good scout that men like**

by WILLIAM F. FRENCH

Nominating Tullio Carminati their current Big Moment among the film players for his work with Ann Harding in "Gallant Lady," his performance with Grace Moore in "One Night of Love," and for his air of Continental sophistication, the ladies picked a simon-pure count—not a Hollywood rebuilt.

All of which is to say that Count Tullio Carminati di Brambilla is the movies' latest menace to our domestic brand of screen lovers—and a possible scallion to the souls of Gable, Cooper, Colman, Cagney, March, Tone, Powell, et al.

For Tullio has something on the ball our local boys can't





uplicate: a genuine, delicious foreign accent. And how our
ls, from New York City to Podunk Corners, can dream ro-
ance and mystery into an accent.

Yet, men, in spite of his appeal to the ladies, he is a likeable
rt; a bit hazy as to the why and wherefore of the tumult and
outing, but blessed with the modest belief that, in spite of
hat they write in their fan letters, the girls are fascinated, not
y the man, but by the color of mystery of internationalism.
ot that Tullio is a shrinking violet, by any chance; he frankly
mits he is a good enough actor to stand on his own ability,
thout leaning on his reputation as a leading man and a

director of Duse—the immortal Duse everybody worshipped.

Carminati has put his title in moth balls. But surely the
girls should have the satisfaction of feeling that the admission
price to the local theater is well spent, because their favorite
came from sure-enough ancestral halls—and enjoyed his own
private suite, valet, tutors, and what not. Even if he didn't
enjoy them long.

At the age of sixteen, Tullio was six feet tall, wore a cute
little mustache and had a consuming desire to be an actor.
Also the ability to convince the actor-manager of a small
Italian theatrical company which [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]



- Tullio Carminati owns the largest selection of mufflers of any man in Hollywood—which make a lot of other men jealous, because a man's costume without a muffler these days just isn't a costume. Get his method of tying them—Ascot fashion

- You will notice that with this sports costume he uses a very wide, very large silk handkerchief and so spreads it that it takes up the entire space between the lapels of his coat.

- For yachting, Tullio uses a plaid woolen scarf, and, as in the first picture, he pulls the ends wide and shows no shirt

- Whereas with this one, while it is still tied in Ascot fashion, it is permitted to hang very loosely—nonchalant in its effect

- In this one, with the more formal costume, he uses a plain material, keeping the over-lapping ends closer together, so allowing a glimpse of his shirt

MEN'S FASHION NOTE

DON'T LOVE ME!

(Synopsis of first installment)

A STRANGER to herself, desired but unloved by man, shunned by her own sex, lonely and afraid, she became a nurse. Two men came under her care. Gregory Cooper loved her, deeply and honorably. Sam Werks lustfully coveted her. But it was not in her to love or desire. Gregory Cooper faced a serious operation. He asked her to marry him—and he'd live. The doctors said it was impossible for him to live. She married him, not loving him, but to ease his mind on that long and dark journey.

DON'T believe I had any emotion whatever as I walked down the hall. Patients coming out of an operation, are not conscious of pain or sensation of any sort for a while. I was in the same shape mentally—my whole nervous system thrown out of order by shock.

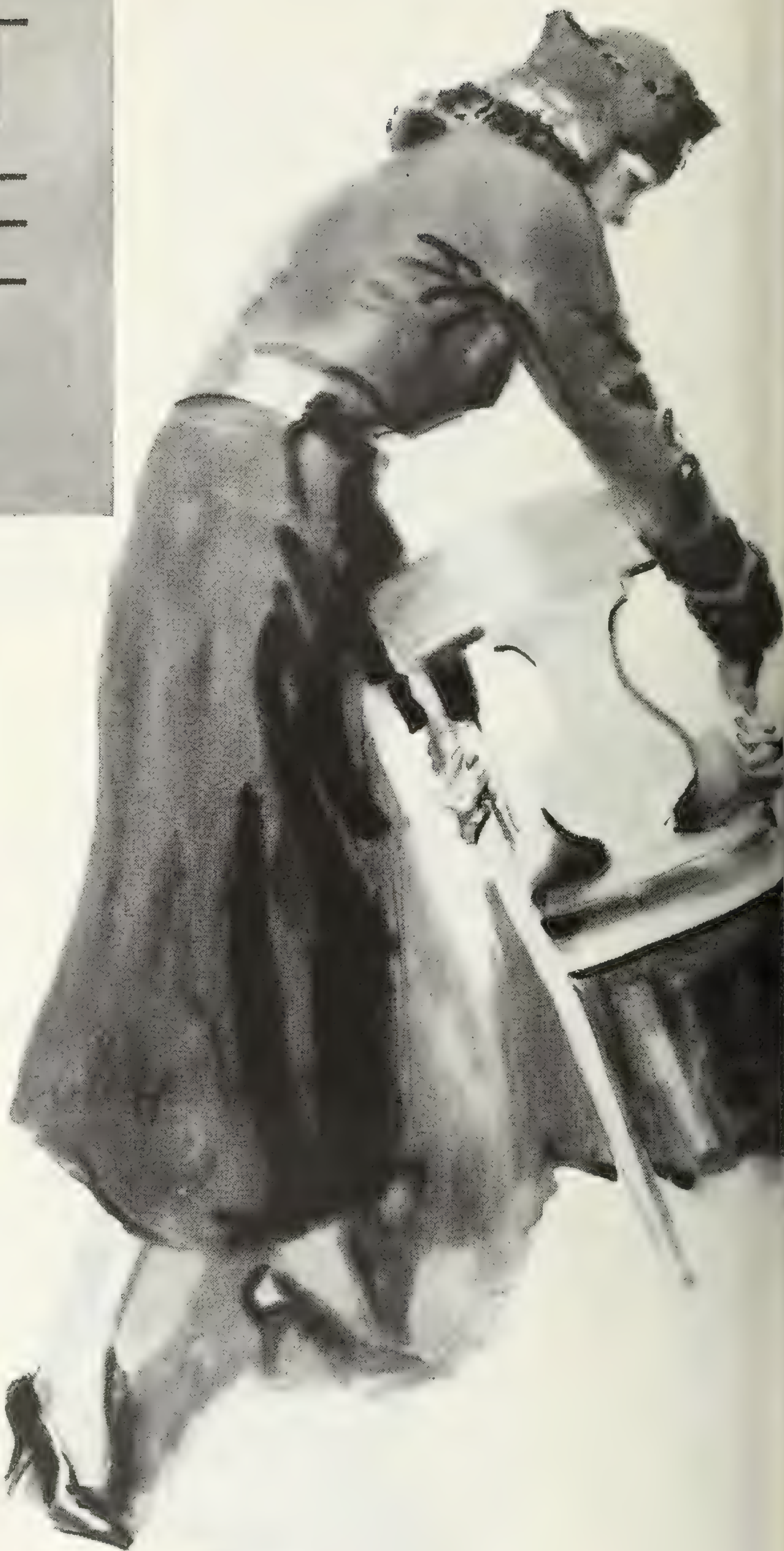
On the door of 218 was a card reading "No Visitors" and even before I opened it I could smell the faint odor of ether that clings to an "op" case for several days after a trip upstairs.

When I went in neither of the men greeted me. Perhaps Sam Werks was silent out of consideration for Cooper. But both of them were looking at me instantly—Sam with that terrier gaze of his and Cooper with a desperate question in his eyes. I didn't look at him much for fear he would read the answer before I could steady myself.

For I knew then, if I hadn't known it before, that I was not in love with Gregory Cooper and probably never would be. There was a funny chill around my heart that I have really never shaken off. I felt that perhaps I could never love anybody.

I went to the foot of Werks' bed and glanced at the chart. He was getting along all right—would be out in a few days. Cooper's chart was more complicated. He was running a slowly diminishing fever, had a wound drain and was not allowed to move. Medication, prescribed in Dr. Oden's familiar handwriting, was Sodium phenobarbital, a non-habit-forming sedative. I was glad he was off the hypo—especially since he was going to get well. He was taking one and one-half grains of the phenobarbital every two hours.

By the time I had read the chart I was ready to look at him.



I pinned on the old professional smile and went to the head of the bed.

"Wrist, please," I said in my best hospital manner.

He slipped his hand out from under the covers for me to take his pulse. Poor devil—it was pretty feeble. I wondered why Dr. Oden was sure he would live.

But his eyes were alive enough—still that question in them. Finally he whispered it, "Sorry, kid?"

I had the answer ready. "No, I'm very happy." It

"Read my story and you will understand why. It is true that I have won wealth and fame in motion pictures, but I did it with a sword hanging over my head." . . . The second installment of an amazing personal narrative

L L U S T R A T E D B Y J A M E S M O N T G O M E R Y F L A G G

I hit him with the chair—not on the head where he was expecting it and was prepared to ward it off but on his lame hip where I knew what it would do to him. I felt no remorse

to make it possible for him to hold his place in a race that he was bound to lose sooner or later anyway. Perhaps after he got well I could tell him the truth and bargain my way out of the contract. In the meantime I had to act—and it was probably better acting than you've ever seen me do—so that he would never for an instant suspect that I was not really a bride but only a prescription.

He let his hand slide down into mine while I was counting. "You've never kissed me, kid," he whispered.

Well, who was I to tell him that I never kissed anybody? I had *been* kissed many times because it seemed the easiest way out of an uncomfortable situation, but I was yet to find any thrill in it.

So I leaned over and touched his dry and fevered lips with mine. It meant nothing to me, but he took it as a symbol of our plighted troth—he was so reverent he made me feel ashamed.

"Thanks," he said, his voice husky with emotion.

"How about me?" Sam Werks' voice sounded like a booming fight announcer's by comparison with Cooper's faint murmur.

I turned toward him in surprise.

"Well, what about you?" I asked.

"I was practically the best man at the ceremony. There's an old Spanish custom—"

I thought he was fooling. "You mean the Inquisition?"

unded prim—I guess it was. Sam laughed his nasty laugh. Sam may have seen through my life, but Cooper didn't. Tears came to his eyes, just two of them, one in each, but I knew they were tears of relief and gladness. I felt like a vintage berian skunk but I couldn't have told him the truth—not with his life hanging on such a slender thread of prevarication. It's a funny thing how we make such superhuman efforts to get off death. Here was Cooper, a man I had only known a week or so, and I was remodelling my entire existence in order



He waved the other man aside. "For two years I've had a dozen men looking all over Europe for a girl like this and now she walks under my window. You say 'Don't be hasty!'"

I looked at Cooper to see if he was offended. He wasn't. "Give the unlucky fool a break," he said. "Unlucky?" I echoed. "Yeah! Every man but me is unlucky today."

I've said somewhere before that Cooper was a regular. I looked at him now and wished that I could care a lot for him. He deserved it—if I was what he wanted. I determined to keep on fooling him as long as possible. It could be done while he was still a convalescent. Later, there might be trouble.

His speech was a virtual command to include Sam Werks in the belated wedding ceremonial custom.

To refuse involved an explanation. So I turned and bent over Sam's bed. Instantly I would have given all I possessed or all I ever hoped to possess if I hadn't.

CHAPTER VII

The way Sam Werks kissed me made me want to scream out in protest and revulsion. How dared he?



With every feminine fibre in me curling up and crying out for a magnum of his heart's blood in expiation of the insult he had offered, I was forced nevertheless to rise from my bent position and smooth my features into a perfectly casual expression before I turned back to Cooper.

I think I whispered, "You dirty swine!" out of the corner of my mouth at Sam Werks as I left him. He did not laugh back at me derisively this time, as was his custom. He was eyeing me speculatively—greedily.

I covered any agitation I might have felt by resuming a strictly professional manner when I spoke to Cooper. "How come you're awake at all? With the phenobarbital you've got in your system you should be in dreamland."

"I didn't take my last two doses."

"Didn't take them? Why not?"

"I had to be awake to see you—to find out."

What he meant was quite understandable. He must have been in a peculiarly harassing state of uncertainty ever since he had come out from under the anaesthetic and unexpectedly found himself alive.

I nodded my head at him. "Oh, I see. That's all right, I guess, but how—?"

"The nurse thought I took the capsules, but I spit 'em out."

"Where are they, now?"

He moved his head almost imperceptibly. "On the table." He meant the little stand beside the head of the bed.

I looked. "There are no capsules there."

"Must have rolled off, I guess. Not important, is it?"

"No. But it is important that you get your rest. I'll get you another capsule, and this time you must promise to swallow it."

I was going toward the door as I spoke. Werks stopped me as I opened it.

"Bring me something to quiet me down too, will you, Rachel?"

"You're nearly well, Mr. Werks. You don't need a sedative."

"That's what you think. Apparently you weren't around when that bolt of lightning just struck." He surveyed me with an exasperated expression. "Rachel, how can you be so cold?" Then he cursed.

I closed the door softly on his blasphemy. I don't believe that at the time I was quite sure why he was cursing at me. I understand a little better now. I have been damned by experts for the same reason.

In a moment I came back with Cooper's capsule. I gave it to him with a half of a glass of water, smoothed his bed for him and generally went through the routine of "bedding down" both men for the night.

Cooper must have been pretty tired. He was asleep before I finished.

When he was "out" Werks looked at him enviously. "You didn't bring me a sleeping pill?"

I shook my head and put my fingers to my lips.

Sam chuckled. "He won't wake up." He motioned to me to approach his bed. "Come here, Rachel."

I stood where I was. "What for?"

"What for? You know damn well what for. You can't go around raising the fires of hell in a man the way you do and never do anything about putting 'em out. Quit your kidding, Rachel. You're a big girl now."

I edged toward the door.

Sam asked me, "Aren't you coming here to kiss me good night?"

"No."

"You may be sorry."

I hurried out and pulled the door shut. I hung onto the knob as if I feared he might pursue me into the hall. My lungs were working over-time—I was breathing as if I had been running for blocks. It was [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

Believe It or Not, Mr. Ripley—

Botanical wonders will never cease! Hollywood now presents straw hats with girls growing in the crowns. Anybody preferring a derby?

M. Chevalier says No. He prefers a blonde. Can't blame him when the yellow haired damsel is the lovely, tempting bit Ann Sothorn



HEAVY



THE SHADOW STAGE

Reg U S Pat Off

FOLIES BERGERE

—20TH CENTURY-UNITED ARTISTS

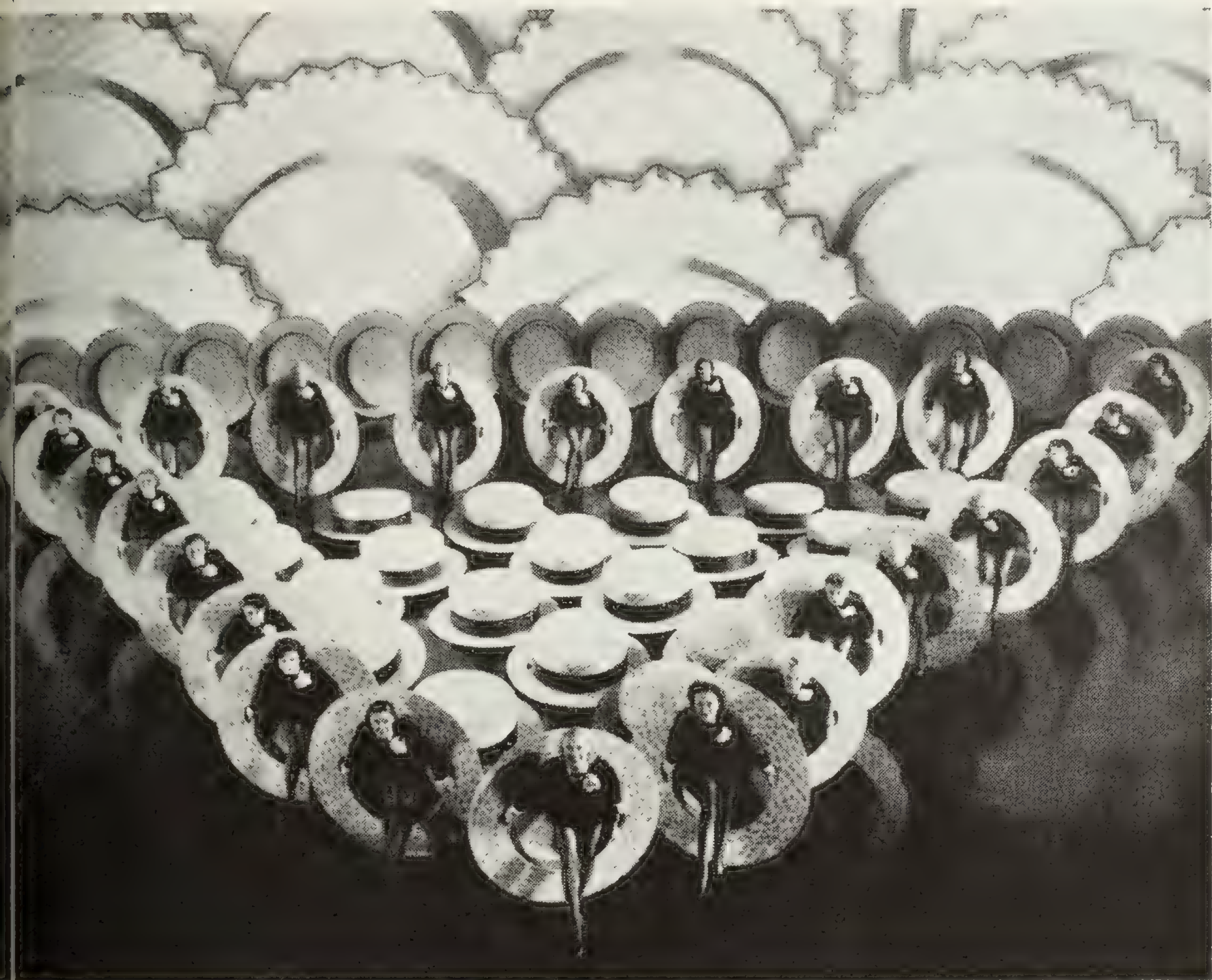
JUST before Darryl Zanuck left Warner Brothers to form Twentieth Century Pictures, he produced the box-office sensation, "Forty-Second Street."

Ever since then, he has had ambitions to top, on his own, the picture which Warners still hail as the best musical ever made, and which certainly revived the then prostrate song-and-dance films with a resounding bang.

Last summer, on his way home from exterminating lions in Africa, Mr. Zanuck stopped off in Paris. He took a cab to the office of M. Derval, who owns and manages the Folies Bergere, which for over fifty years since it was founded by M. Bergere, has become in effect the national revue of France.

Zanuck obtained from M. Derval, the world screen rights to the name, on a cash and percentage basis. When he returned to Hollywood and announced his plans, two eastern stage producing companies immediately filed restraining suit, on the grounds that they held the world rights to the "Folies."

There's a Girl Under Each Hat



No, it's not a hat store window display—but a setting for a dance sequence in "Folies Bergere," a Twentieth Century version of the show

Singing stars of the show—Ann Sothorn and M. Chevalier. Maurice isn't thinking about straw hats, either, at this time. For that, who would?

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

FOLIES BERGERE	MISSISSIPPI
THE WEDDING NIGHT	THE IRON DUKE
NAUGHTY MARIETTA	THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL

THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Maurice Chevalier in "Folies Bergere"
 Anna Sten in "The Wedding Night"
 George Arliss in "The Iron Duke"
 Big Crosby in "Mississippi"
 Jeanette MacDonald in "Naughty Marietta"
 Lillie Howard in "The Scarlet Pimpernel"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 118

For a while Mr. Zanuck seemed to be in the position of having purchased something like Grant's Tomb, or Lake Michigan. Everyone suddenly claimed the world rights to the "Folies Bergere," but fortunately no one could keep the other from using them. The suits fizzled out as Twentieth Century's set lights flared up.

Shrewdly enough, Mr. Zanuck secured the services of M. Maurice Chevalier (also on a percentage basis). Chevalier for the first time is cut in on the profits for the starring rôle of his own Folies. Of late, his popularity among his countrymen is said to have slipped, mainly because of his Hollywood film rôles. "Folies Bergere" revives a Chevalier that the French have missed—the old post-war Chevalier of the "Folies" and the "Casino de Paris"—straw hat, tuxedo, naughty eyes and all (He even sings "Valentina").

Both Messieurs Chevalier and Zanuck are banking on this and the national standing of the "Folies Bergere" to bring an





They sent to New York for "class" song writers to compose the tunes for Bing in "Mississippi." The lady he is getting ready to croon at is Miss Queenie Smith of much stage fame

enthusiastic Gallic welcome. Zanuck expects a half-million dollar return from the French version which has been filmed simultaneously with the English. Ordinarily French versions do not pay out, but this one has Chevalier, who has hopped viliqualy from one version to another, and a supporting cast of imported French actors.

It also goes out of its way to cater to the French taste in coryphees by having them go through their routines nude to the waist. France will probably never know how Mr. Zanuck thus labored to please. Hollywood chorus girls refused point-blank to bare breast for the camera. Finally, art models were recruited and trained.

On the day their numbers were filmed, male stars from almost every lot in Hollywood, who had never especially been considered patrons of the arts nor students of the dance, appeared mysteriously on the set to lend expert advice and critical judgment.

The "Folies Bergere" as presented in Montmartre, is mostly a series of acts, skits, and blackouts. Practically all are naughty and not particularly nice.

To make the subject fit movie fare, it was necessary to write a story around the "Folies," and of course, to sterilize the song and dance numbers into the Hays office harmlessness.

The former has been affected ingeniously enough. Chevalier appears in the dual rôle of *Charlier*, a "Folies Bergere" star modeled after himself, and *Baron Cassini*, a Parisian financial notable, whom he impersonates in an act so perfectly that Cassini engages him to pinch hit when exigencies force him to skip town.

Charlier's troubles pyramid when he takes the Baron's place with the beautiful and flirtatious *Baroness Cassini*, played by Merle Oberon thereby putting himself repeatedly in hot water with his tempestuous, demanding little chorus cabbage, *Mimi*, played by Ann Sothorn.

About six "Folies Bergere" acts are presented in the course of the picture. The most pretentious is the straw hat number, with Chevalier's famous sailor glorified up to two chapeaux forty-eight feet in diameter, around which chorus girls prance while Chevalier unleashes his personality "Singing A Happy Song."

The whole number cost around \$100,000 to stage, with the device for revolving the hats and the hats themselves coming to \$12,000. Each of the seventy-two chorines wore scanty costumes and mammoth fifteen-pound straw top pieces costing \$200.

Chevalier's other two numbers, "Rhythm In The Rain" and "Au Revoir L'Amour," came to a lesser but still pretty penny.

For all this deluxe entertainment, plus a double dose of Maurice Chevalier, with and without a moustache, the public

will pay an average admission price of fifty cents instead of the five dollars which a good seat in the Paris Folies taxes good Americans at the current rate of exchange.

Of course, at that price, it can't expect the thrilling embarrassment of a *cocotte's* assault, the intriguing *legerdemain* of a performing doll salesman, nor the scenic treats supplied by postcards.

The gentleman leaving the tally-ho is, as you know, W. C. Fields. Probably going after one more mint julep. In front of the camera is director Eddie Sutherland. He and Fields have buried the hatchet

McALPIN



No, this isn't in the picture. It snowed up on location in the San Bernardino mountains, so Anna Sten and Gary Cooper had a big snow fight between their scenes in "The Wedding Night"



MISSISSIPPI

PARAMOUNT

FTEEN or so years ago, Booth Tarkington wrote a play about the South, called "Magnolia." It was a success on Broadway. In 1924 Famous Players-Lasky, later to blossom to Paramount Studios, filmed it as "The Fighting Coward." Again, in 1929, Paramount screened it, rather handicapped by rasping noises of experimental sound equipment and Buddy Rogers' likewise experimental diction. The second time they filmed it "River Of Romance."

Possibly believing in the charm of the third attempt, but more probably believing in the magic box-office power of W. C. Fields and Bing Crosby, Paramount again presents "Magnolia," this time honoring the Father Of Waters.

"Mississippi" is what is known at Paramount as a "Double picture." This means that it is given the works. In this case there are lavish sets and costumes, unhurried, meticulous production, a rich comedy part for W. C. Fields, the screen debut of Queenie Smith, and some new hit song numbers for Bing Crosby. Dick Rogers and Larry Hart, who wrote the music for "The Connecticut Yankee," were imported from New York to compose the latter.

With two ace song writing teams, Gordon and Revel ("Did You Ever See A Dream Walking?") and Rainger and Robin ("Love In Bloom") right on the studio lot, this very fact insures the accent Paramount placed on the picture. Messrs. Rainger and Robin and Gordon and Revel write what the musical fraternity call "commercial"; but Messrs. Rogers and Hart write what they call "class" tunes.

One of the tunes is "Soon." Mr. Crosby sings it. He also sings another which has probably sold more copies than the current record holding "Love In Bloom" since Stephen Foster wrote it. It is called "Way Down Upon The Swanee River." "Mississippi" draws on the sure-fire color of a colonnaded Southern mansion and a calliope-tooting, itinerant river showboat out of the crinoline

era. Disgraced in the past because of his refusal to fight a duel, Bing Crosby, a crooner, No'thenuh, finds his engagement broken to the fiery daughter of the household, played by debutante Gail Patrick. His act, however, finds secret favor with the peace-loving younger sister, played by blonde Joan Bennett. This would seem to hint that blondes prefer gentlemen.

Bing joins the showboat, captained by W. C. Fields. In a scuffle, he accidentally plugs villain Fred Kohler and finds himself ballyhooed by the publicity-astute Fields as "the notorious Colonel Steele, the singing killer." It leads to complications, but after several songs have been crooned in the moonlight, Bing finally gets Miss Bennett, and Fields gets another mint julep.

Major production difficulties were overcome when Joan Bennett learned to drawl successfully, and Gail Patrick, who had spent months weaning her speech from a bonafide Birmingham, Alabama, accent, reverted to type overnight; when the set dressing rooms of both [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115]



For the farm scenes Anna Sten had to ride a chercheron. An excellent horsewoman when it comes to saddle horses, it took her three days to learn to ride the big heavy farm horse with any ease

There's Gold in Those Frills



Bernard Newman, world famous designer, who has just done the gowns for "Roberta"

**And Bernard Newman
Doesn't Hesitate To
Spend \$250,000 In
One Throw To Find It**

BERNARD NEWMAN is called King of Fashion, the first designer on whom the title has been conferred since Poiret of Paris. His compatriots placed him on the throne, and had it been left up to Bernie, I wouldn't know a thing about it, because he still blushes. But these things get around.

Newman makes home-grown women look the way a Grand Duchess would like to look, and he makes more money than Clark Gable. He came to Hollywood from Bergdorf-Goodman in New York, where in twelve years he had worked up from window dresser to head designer and vice president. He dressed such clients as Lady Astor, the Grand Duchess Marie, Mrs. Orsun D. Munn, the Countess de Robilant and Mrs. Allan A. Ryan.

Bernie leaves me breathless. I rise up and state without reservation that Bernie is a lamb. Not a *sweet* lamb. Take off your glasses before you call Bernie sweet. He's a nice, big, masculine lamb, who looks as if he wouldn't know a gusset from a hole in the ground.

He has that gift-of-God "family" manner which makes haughty stars take down their hair, release the skeletons from the closet, and ask him what so do about it. The staggering tag to that one is—he tells 'em. And they do it—humbly, gratefully. He wants all of them to look nice and well-bred and distinguished. So the best way to do it is to design the clothes they wear and each one is his own personal problem. He wants them to be

happily married or keep their husbands and sweethearts, and he knows what men like to see on a woman. He is a sort of young patriarch who suffers silently and horribly when the indulge in a little sequin number with the araucous rhinestone. Not so silently, either.

Bernard Newman was born in Joplin, Missouri. He studied in the Art Student's League, Academy of Design, and in Paris. His first designing was done for Bergdorf-Goodman, because he was caught in a spot. He was the very young window-dresser who blazed the trail for one gown, one jewel and one rose in the window, with a baby spot-light on them. He was always kicking about the gowns he had to put in the window. One day they sold one out and sent up another to replace it in a hurry. Bernie lamented loudly, blissfully unconscious of his boss Ed Goodman, standing right back of him. He turned, he was caught. "If you can do any better," said Mr. Goodman in a frost-bitten voice, "go ahead and do it."

Of course the answer should be that our hero knocked the dress business for a six-gored loop while the thousands cheered—but actually he didn't do that until his second design was stitched up, and they sold hundreds of copies.

RKO lured him to Hollywood to do the gowns in "Roberta," and they held him down to a [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]

by RUTH RANKIN



• Jean Arthur, appearing in "The Whole Town's Talking," forecasts a significant Spring and Summer color chart for sports, red, white and blue. Her white cotton matelasse dressmaker frock finds relief in a blue kerchief with daisies outlined in red. Prystal tri-colored buckle



• Above, Miss Arthur exemplifies the strong peasant influence in the current mode: Starched white organdy billows in bouffant sleeves, ripples at cuff and close neckline, and fastens with multiple small buttons. With black crepe skirt, demurely appealing for informal dining

PHOTOPLAY'S Forecast of HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

*gathered by experts
at the source of
today's styles*

Costume Appetits



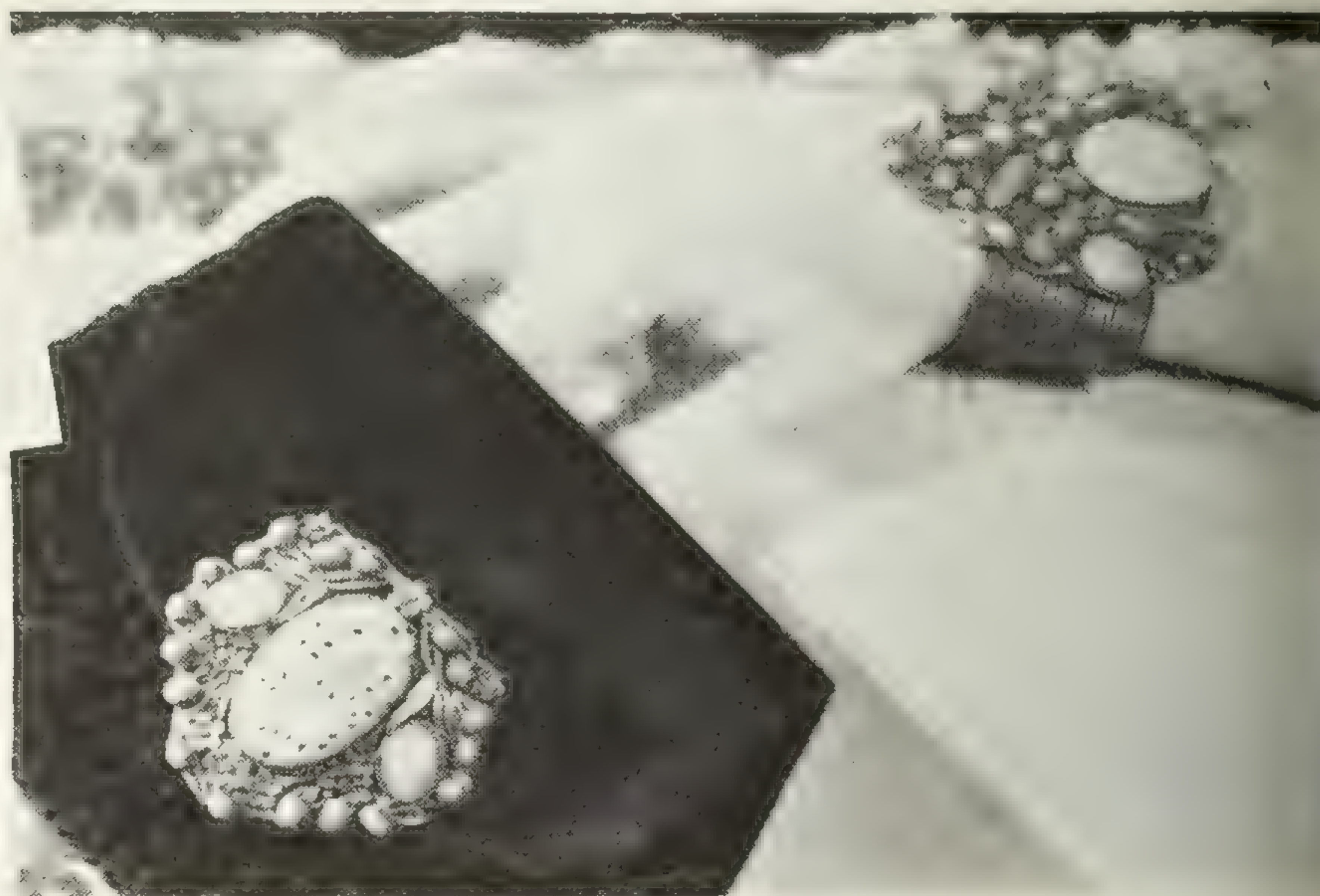
■ Martha Sleeper, in Monogram's "Great God Gold," selected a pair of brown gabardine oxfords to wear with her Spring tailleurs

■ Basquette weave step-ins, for surface interest tweeds, tailleurs and general wear, agrees Miss Sleeper. Shoes from I. Miller & Sons, New York, Chicago and Hollywood

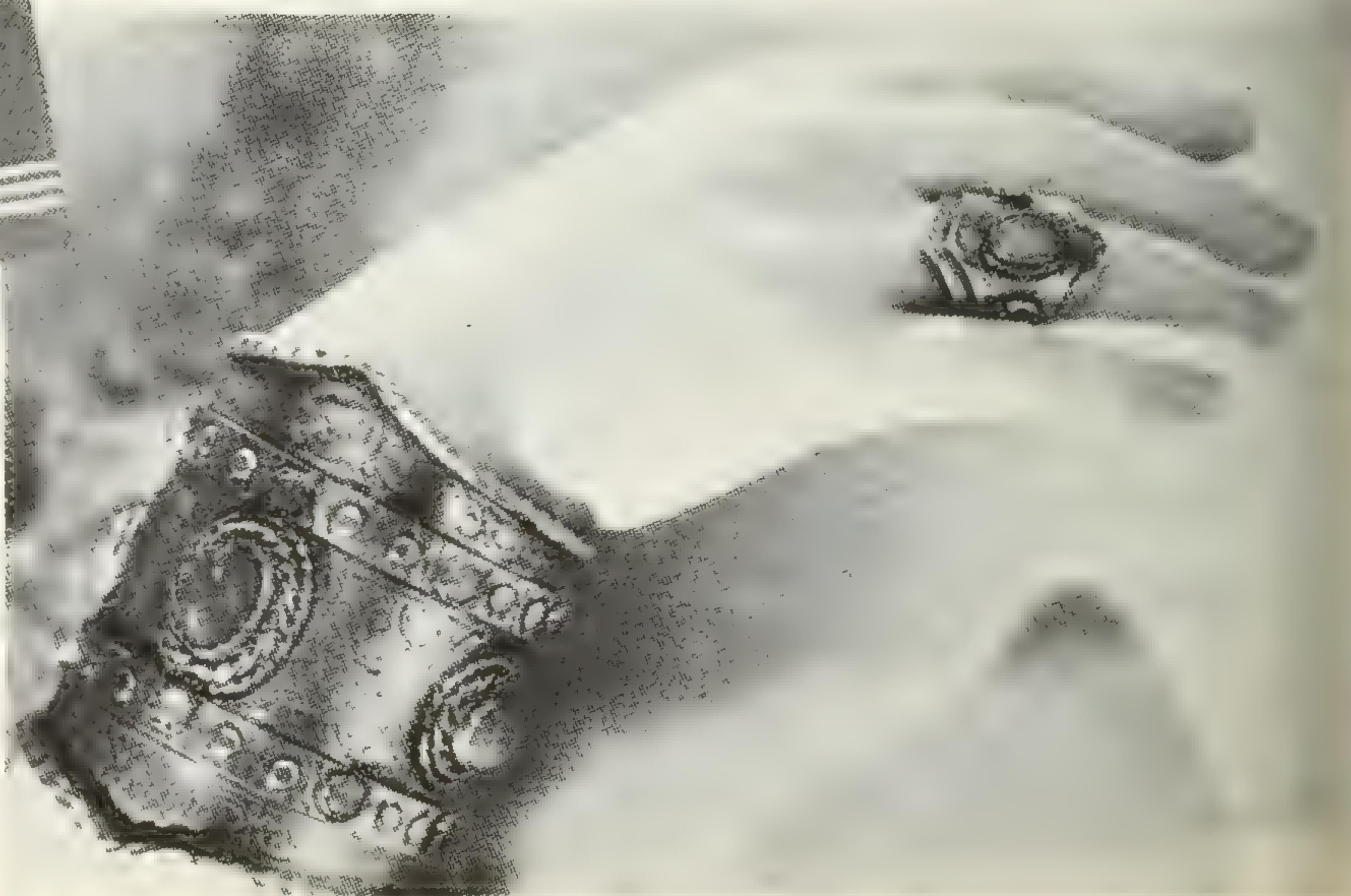


LONGE1

■ Accessory ensembles worn by Irene Dunne, star of "Roberta." Red-surfaced bracelet and ring with stripings and medallion outlining in gold. Bright note with day clothes. From Bullock's-Wilshire, California



■ Carved white jade and coral set in gold filagree for bracelet and shirred black antelope bag motif. Below green chrysophrases set in chased gold of barbaric design. Both ensembles are from I. Magnin, California





KITTY CARLISLE IN *Spring Settings*



MITCHELL



Kitty Carlisle was born to be chic. Pictorial extracts from her Spring shopping ventures in New York give Miss Carlisle's versions of smartness for her type. Dinner finds her wearing a black rocanna crepe with waist and separate cape in Persian print and a ciré satin pill-box hat flaunting a flared veil, cellophane edged. For suits, Miss Carlisle chose a Regency bonnet inspiration in white felt with navy-blue corded flare and matching scarf. Center, her fine hairline is framed by a large, navy-blue off-face shantung straw for afternoon. Now, a wheat-gold felt complements her sports clothes. From Bruck-Weiss, New York

■ With Paramount roles awaiting her, Wendy Barrie paused for three idyllic evening scenes. Below, white mousseline with detachable ruff, for two-costume effect

■ Rough, crepey satin, slimly silhouetted and brightened by gold kid buttons, belt and bag. Worn under a quilted black crepe wrap. Costumes by I. Magnin, California



RICHEE



Events OF THE EVENING



■ A trio in tones—gold, yellow gray tweed skirt, matching plaid jacket, gold jersey jumper, and Miss Barrie is attired in the true traditional British sports manner

■ Tweeds again, for a gray and white topcoat with platinum fox collar, the spring complement for Miss Barrie's red and blue print on a white ground with blue velvet folderol. Gray felt banded in blue and white and blue spectator sports pumps. Costumes are by courtesy of I. Magnin, California

RICHEE



Ready
FOR THE RACES



BACHRACH

Variety

IN SILHOUETTE



• An extravaganza in gorgeous gowns, designed by Bernard Newman for "Roberta." The lovely medieval lady above is Virginia Reid, gowned in yards of tiny cut steel beads on fine silk, resembling chain mail. Braided necklace and girdle in fabric

• Many silver foxes contributed their rich beauty for a wrap of regal elegance for Miss Reid. Divinely romantic and picturesque. Swathed in these gleaming pelts, any entrance is, indeed, a grand one. Fur capes and capelets are fashion points



• Upper left: Blue and white organdy is moulded to Diane Cook's hipline, then flares into ripples to the floor. An imaginative dust ruffle sweeps the front skirt, and the ribbon trim is echoed in a picture hat. Suggested for warm weather parties

• Above, Mr. Newman has done clever things with flesh chiffon, a favorite Spring fabric for evening, glorified with rose and flame ombre osprey for cape and train. Jane Hamilton illustrates the moulded, lower flounced silhouette for after-hours

• Prints mean Springtime, with definite geometric designs in front ranks. Margaret McChrystal's gracious gown has a square, nude back and a high front line with jeweled clasp at the throat and black fox banding on elbow sleeves. For dinner, dance

Advance Showing OF HOLLYWOOD



■ Pictures with a purpose—to make you play. Florence Rice in natural-colored terry cloth shorts with big, brown buttons. Roomy beach bag has a convenient Talon Hookless Fastener



■ A rope around her neck and waist, a helmet on her curls, and Miss Rice defies the Malibu sun. Slip this hand-blocked linen beach dress over your suit for the club house



■ Palm Springs has taken this white linen beach coat to its back. An indispensable for comfort and protection with bathing suits and sports shorts. A little number for vacation

PLAY CLOTHES



■ With the flip of a few buttons, a white satin bathing suit disguises itself for tennis by addition of an Eton jacket and a circular skirt in blue. A practical vacation forethought

■ A dual life is led by Miss Rice's heavy white crepe suit with red twisted ribbon accents. With the cape, for town; without, for a swell beach or country back sun-tan

■ Satin has proved its seaworthiness, and Miss Rice proves its good looks. Halter front and a bare sun-tan back. All play costumes are by courtesy of I. Magnin, California

Dedicated

TO THE DEBUTANTE

FRAKER



JONES



• Lounging pajama suit of gleaming white satin to encourage leisurely breakfasts, and worn by Lilian Harvey in "Let's Live Tonight." Correct type for the traveler

• Town or country engagements might find Miss Harvey wearing Kalloch's creation in rough white crepe with touches of navy-blue plaid crisp taffeta

• The cocktail hour sees Miss Harvey frocked in organza, candy-striped in red, green and gold thread with blue accents. Originals from Miss Harvey's picture



These days Mitzi has been eating everything in sight—almost! And pity the poor man who picks up the checks! This time it looks like Tom Gallery will be "it." The foursome dining out together is, from left to right, Una Merkel, Tom Gallery, Madge Evans and Mitzi herself

MEANDERING

MITZI

MISS Cummings Has Been Wandering Hither And Yon—And Eating Nearly Every Step Of The Way

JOAN, MY CHILD,

You've been much too much the out-doorsy type lately, so here's something for your ethical eddication . . . a story that will point out the Beauty of Gratitude.

One fine day a gentleman known as Lew Fields, of Weber and Fields, stopped in a theater in Washington, where he was starring in a show, to pick up his mail. He noticed that the theater was being used that afternoon by a neighboring grammar school which was putting on its annual show. Desiring amusement, the gentleman tarried. Now, in said show was a child of seven or thereabouts playing the Gibson Girl, and this she did with such talent that Mr. Fields was moved to remark to the manager that she had the makings of a great actress.

The next day the mother of the potential Bernhardt, who was a poor widow, phoned, excited that her progeny had elicited the notice of so prominent a personage as Mr. Fields. He repeated his statement and added that he would be very glad to use the small girl in his next show in New York, "Old Dutch."

This he did. In the play Mr. Fields was a cobbler. Our little friend's sole part was to burst out crying that she had swallowed a pin. "Don't mind," soothed the cobbler, "here's another one!"

Years pass. The little girl fulfills every prophecy of her discoverer and sponsor and becomes a great actress. And her

character proves as fine as her accomplishments. For she never fails to acknowledge her debt of gratitude to her beloved friend. In these days, pet, that is quite unusual. Oh, didn't I tell you her name? Helen Hayes!

I learned all this from Mr. Fields at an all-Fields party recently. (He's passed on plenty of talent to his children . . . the only one who doesn't write shows or music went and married a perfume fortune . . . that ain't bad either!)

Well, Joan, the very next day, just like a little tattletale, I told Miss Hayes all the nice things I'd heard. She was on an outdoor garden set at the time, supposed to be attending the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria in the picture, "Vanessa," and in the midst of getting a publicity still with *Lord Tennyson* the poet. All around, the Kilties were blowing their bagpipes, the elegant looking *Kaiser Wilhelm I.* was on a snow-white charger, and immense Guards in uniform, with big, black, bear-skin busbies on their beans (phew!) paraded up and down. I was all aflutter with the majestic scene, but I was forced to giggle when Miss Hayes told me that the counterpart of Oscar Wilde, the writer, was present at the Jubilee also. (But he couldn't appear in the reel version because three weeks had elapsed between his test and the call to work, and the gentleman, giving up hope of ever playing the part, went and clipped off his flowing locks. Alack, Alas!)

Jean Muir has gone in for hand weaving in a big way. That leaves Mitzi happily holding the wool

Says Mr. LaRue to Mitzi, "Daisies don't tell." But that's no daisy our Mitzi is pinning on Mr. LaRue!



PHILLIPS

Chico's gambling pal got jittery, grabbed the next choo-choo, and our wily actor kissed goodbye to forty bucks!

Joan, a treat! Chopped chicken livers on water biscuits! Verra yum-yum! That gent you always get the vapours over, Douglass Montgomery, introduced me to them at lunch recently. I'd gone to watch him making the "Mystery of Edwin Drood" and 'twas then I learned that Douglass had been yielding luxuriously to the chicken-liver-water-biscuit delicacy most every meal! I made a piggie of myself (oink-oink!) but the lad didn't mind. Fact . . . just a moment while I elevate my Grecian nose . . . he's asked me out for dinner and dawncing come next Tuesday!

And, speaking of vittles, I had the nicest tea with your adored Jean Muir the other day. She ate very little, however, because she was under a spell. Bewitched by a hand loom! On said contraption, some time before, she had successfully woven a woolly white blanket for her friend, Joan Blondell, to wrap her Baby Bunting in. Now, nothing could stop her! Now a blanket is an excellent idea for the very young, but for herself Jean was weaving the material for a skirt! Every other moment she would spring back to it, and very shortly, leaving the delicious little cucumber sandwiches with a low moan, I found myself holding skeins of brown wool!

Your eager questions about Miss Muir I will endeavor to answer. Yes, she is very intelligent. Also very young. Also, very wise for her years. Very tolerant. And very pretty. And anytime she repeats her invitation to tea, I shall be most happy to go and hold her wool for her!

Deah, deah! I can't stop thinking about food! The lunch situation was just taken care of by my old friend, Conchita Montenegro, who looked devastating in a black accordion-pleated Chinese hat. She still gets her nouns and verbs all mixed up, and I had a beautiful time laughing down my chicken broth.

First of all, when we were talking about the wild dance she did with Will Rogers in "Handy Andy," Concha said everyone had a simply hilarious time, but Will swung her around until she was all "blue and black!"

We next discussed the expected arrival of a mutual friend. "Does she come in April?" I queried. "But no," answered the glamorous Montenegro, "she will come March the middle!" Still, that's nothing! The last giggle was from a discussion of a favorite book, "Daybreak" by Schnitzler. "So very beautiful," sighed the actress, "I lof that 'Broken Day!'" Cute?

Kitten, your comrade Mitzi has been sliding down banisters with Lyle Talbot again! A cockeyed idea, I admit, but such nice lunacy! 'Twas at a party at Lyle's house and outwardly everything was veddy chawming, but inwardly I was feeling

After this, I got in my little story, and was she pleased! Said I, "Would you like me to bring Mr. Fields out, and perhaps take a picture together?" She said she would be delighted. Next day I did so, and in between pictures they reminisced. One little story you'll like was how Mr. Fields had the tiny Helen all dressed up in evening gown and large plumed hat to sing a song, but the number had to come off the next night because, such was the infant's assurance, everybody thought she was a midget!

More fun than anything was a party the mad Marx Brothers flang! They had a picture-gallery set up with those insane cardboard figures you fit your head into, and all the waiters were made up to represent the various Marxes. They were so realistic, too, I was fooled for a good five minutes into thinking it was Groucho who was serving me beer!

Just to promote the spirit of sweet tranquillity, Harpo's counterpart would suddenly dash among the tables after a beauteous blonde who was screaming wildly for help, just like it happens in their pictures! The real brothers were there, of course, but it was hard to recognize them. They looked so like little gentlemen in their nice business suits.

Chico, oblivious of the din and clatter, sat down and told me how once he was flying East and, becoming awfully bored, asked a fellow passenger to play backgammon. The passenger was willing, but explained that he was pretty awful at it. Chico, the little shark, said, "Fine, so am I," and proceeded to win the man's confidence by losing forty dollars.

Just as Chico decided it was time to do the turning-of-the-tables act, the plane ran into a foul storm and had to land.

ke the victim of a seven-day fast. I was polite, though, and didn't mention food. Suddenly, while we were upstairs, I heard the sweet voice of Lyle's mother inviting everyone to start at the buffet. That was enough! I dashed out into the hall, onto the banister, and wheeeeeeee! I was downstairs! Fancy my surprise, though, when a severe bump revealed the voracious albot right in back of me. He'd slid, too!

I rather wondered where his girl-friend, a little Southern power named Peggy Watters, was at the moment. I found out very soon, for when we two fiends flew into the dining room, there she was, calm as a carrot, with a plate of turkey nearly demolished!

A spot of the unexpected is a good thing, don't you think? I shall surprise you by bounding from hunger to heartbeats! You think "One Night Of Love" was romantic? Pooh! Two poohs! It was nothing compared to Miss Moore's real love story. Beautiful as a poem, with a shipboard setting, a fluttering handkerchief, which the handsome dark-eyed stranger (Valentin Parera) rescued for the golden-haired maiden (Grace Moore), and a ship's concert, which he didn't want to attend because he thought the American opera star, scheduled to sing, was going to be the customary female balloon. You don't have to be a prophet to guess what happened . . . sure, Lohengrin! My friends, Mr. and Mrs. Robert (director) Florey were telling me about it. My heart was all a-flutter like the washing of the line, and when they were hazy on some of the details I just had to send a note to Valentin begging for ALL. (I couldn't send it to the missus . . . she was concert-touring.)

Time passed, lots of time, but with it no answer, and I was the girl with the dark cloud over her head, when, suddenly, came a letter from New York, and Valentin, who had gone there to join his lovely wife, thus proving that Romance Still grove! I quote a piece which speaks for itself:

" . . . I shall be so glad to see you. I am just as happy today as I was at that first meeting with Grace. so it is always a joy to talk about it."

Lawdy me, Joanie, such a shock the other day. You remember funny, cute Nydia Westman of "One Night Of Love" and "Sweet Adeline?" We were having tea at her house recently (Whoops, gorging again!) and while we were waiting for it to be brought in Nydia showed me her paintings. She hasn't been studying so very long, but she's got lots of talent, and one picture in particular of a comfortable-looking mammy appealed to me. Suddenly in it walked carrying a tray of tea! I let out

a shriek! I thought an inky ghost was stalking until Nydia giggled that her colored maid was also her model!

Montagu Love, that sterling actor, also draws pictures. He's really professional, though . . . illustrates for national weeklies. Between that and his frequent appearances in Broadway plays we don't get much of him on the screen. His rôle in "Clive of India" made such a success, though, that I think we're going to persuade Mr. Love to remain in Hollywood a while.

You are so changed. Time was, Lazybones, when you did a lick of work once in a while. But perhaps when I relate what a little busybee Helen Morgan is you'll repent. That lady does her own housework, her own cooking, and her own washing! . . . You heard me!

She says she was brought up to do those things, likes to do them, and will so continue! If she's working, of course, it's impossible, but when she isn't, the maid gets a holiday, and Helen sits on pianos only to dust them, and plunges her eager little hands in soapsuds and oil mops! With her it not only represents pleasure, but it keeps her fit, since she does not indulge in any other exercise. And, if her dear public would like any further demonstration of the lady's domestic bent, let it be known that she makes her own napkins, embroiders beautiful monograms, and concocts sofa pillows for her mama that are so lovely no one is allowed to [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]



Bronislava Nijinska was directing the dances for "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the day Mitzi was a set visitor



Mitzi brought Lew Fields to the "Vanessa" set one day to photograph him with Helen Hayes, a friend from childhood



ILLUSTRATED
BY
FRANK
GODWIN

Hollywood

W C. FIELDS, Bing Crosby and I sat at a table for four in the studio commissary. In the extra chair • were our hats. It was luncheon time. We were tired. We were hungry, very hungry. We had already consumed a rich, thick clam chowder, a platter of celery and olives, several poppy seed rolls and we were just lighting into the steak

and vegetables when IT happened.* But so intent were we upon our attractive plates that we failed to see calamity approaching.

A stricken cry of anguish from Bill Fields snapped Bing and me to attention. There Bill sat, with eyes transfixed and face frozen, looking for all the world like a dead fish that had been stricken suddenly by the barbed hook. His mouth was agape,



"It's him! The funny man who plays with Baby LeRoy!"

"Madame," replied Fields, in hurt dignity, "I AM Baby LeRoy."

The best thing the tourists do is kibitz on the stars eating... privacy is at a premium **by SCOOP CONLON**

My Hollywood

Obviously to receive the huge stalk of asparagus, smothered in hollandaise, which he held before the orifice, delicately, between thumb and two fingers.

Following his eyes, we turned, to look smack-dab into the flushed and excited face of a very stout young woman, who, touching back of us, was coyly peering right at our flustered

fellow diner. As we gaped, she grinned triumphantly, waggled a friendly finger at Bill, turned to a group of folks back of her and cried:

"It's him, just like I told you. It's the funny man who plays with Baby LeRoy."

Bill choked. The neglected [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

Hollywood's REAL Heart Breakers



MIEHLE

He's "brainy and creative." Also he's Director Cedric Gibbons, spouse of Glamour Girl Dolores Del Rio. Witty, debonair, he has all the trappings of real-life romance to make him so irresistible

Capricious Miriam Hopkins thinks directors fret too much about tomorrow's shooting to make good after-tea companions. She thought otherwise, as witness this view of Cameraman Bill Daniels

He shoots lions—and slays the ladies. Director "Woody" Van Dyke (see "Trader Horn," "Eskimo") is the answer to the maidens' prayers for a real-life Gable. He's tall, distinguished, courageous

WHO are Hollywood's real heart-breakers? You're going to be amazed at my list. You may have thought that the film colony's high-powered actors were the authentic off-screen heart-robbers. They're not. Ask almost any of the feminine film darlings, and hear her answer.

She prefers (yes, actually *prefers*) to dash around with writers, directors, producers. True. And why?

"Because they have brains and are creative," said dark-haired, dark-eyed Dorothy Burgess.

SONTY



HURRELL



"We know grease-paint glamour for what it's worth," chorus actresses Muriel Evans, Martha Sleeper, Florine McKinney. Their choice of a hero is Director Van Dyke

Writer Austin Parker, tall, dark (enough) and handsome. Ex-wife Miriam Hopkins says he's a heart-breaker because mentally he is highly versatile

But what's wrong with the actors, you ask?

"Sooner or later, an actor will turn to show his profile," says another charmer, who prefers, and rightly, to remain anonymous after that remark.

"I like a writer for a beau," says Miriam Hopkins, stimulating as a champagne cocktail. "A writer can always be depended upon for versatility in thought and talk. He has so many outlets for his abilities—novel-writing, short story writing, play-writing, scenario-writing. He is never limited."

Miss Hopkins paused for a moment of thought. She is divorced from Austin Parker, writer and one of the most eligible of Hollywood's heart-breakers. Nor has it been long since Director King Vidor paid her ardent court.

"I like a director, too," she continued, "but the reason I don't care as much for a director as I do for a writer, is because a director has so much less flexibility in his work. His mind is full of thoughts of today's or tomorrow's shooting, therefore it doesn't have the elasticity—the opportunity to be interested in so many subjects as the writer's mind has."

So that's the situation. Let's see who the Sir Galahads are who are beating the actor's social time.

First, there's Johnny Farrow, writer who has won his way to third base in Maureen O'Sullivan's heart. Then follow Writer Austin Parker, Directors W. S. Van Dyke, Rouben Mamoulian, Ernst Lubitsch, King Vidor. Snared from the original ranks of Hollywood heart-breakers into matrimony are Clarence Brown, Alice Joyce; Cedric Gibbons, by Dolores Del Rio; Gene Markey, by Joan Bennett; Edmund Goulding, by Marjorie Ross; John Considine, by Carmen Pantages. Which proves that there is something definitely alluring about non-actors, and that the actresses have found it out.

So, what are their qualifications? They are poised, agreeable, worldly-wise gentlemen, and successes all. They dance well, talk well, drive well, swim well, ride well, golf well, belong to the better clubs (beach, country, town) and several of them wear honorary titles with becoming modesty. One, in particular, has a few medals which he mentions with enchanting modesty.

World-travelled, witty, excellent companions, these gentlemen are all that a woman could demand. They never take a poulet on the italicized menu to mean anything but chicken; now vintage years like their own [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]



MORGAN

**Who, Actually, Are the
Girls' Favorite Beaux?
You'll Be Quite Amazed!**

**by DOROTHY
SPENSLEY**

Where is my wandering Playwright?

THERE is a legend which tells the tale of a passionate gambler. "I know the game is crooked," the mythical gambler is reported to have said. "But it's the only one in town."

The modern Broadway showman is blood brother to this plaintive plunger. He is, with rare exceptions which will be noted, bucking a percentage that can't be beaten. Playwrights are the blue chips in the showman's game of picking and producing hits for Broadway. Today those precious chips are being kittied out of the Broadway game as fast as the frantic showman can dig them up.

For example. A few years ago I decided to bet a small bank roll on whatever luck and skill I might have in picking a Broadway hit from the annual list of three or four thousand plays which seek production from a New York manager. I read over

four hundred manuscripts before I finally discovered the play I wanted to produce.

That play, my first production, was "The Poor Nut." Elliott Nugent and J. C. Nugent were the collaborating authors of that hit, a success for a season in New York and a year and a half on the road. Elliott Nugent, twenty-seven years old when the play was produced, was also the featured player of my cast. A picture sale netted \$45,000. I have reason to believe that when the storehouse finally got "The Poor Nut" Elliott Nugent had better than one hundred thousand dollars in the bank to show for the work he had done from his twenty-seventh to his twenty-ninth year. That isn't bad pay for a young fellow just trying to get along in the world.

I, as a manager, seemed to be [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

by **P A T T E R S O N M C N U T T**





Added lure with which California baits the Broadway playwright is the not unimportant matter of living conditions. A comfortable home, at a reasonable rental figure, within twenty minutes of an office, golf course or a beach is a further inducement to the Broadway Playwright to desert the New York life—with its background of commuter troubles, subway crushes and taxicabs that speed through traffic at the terrifying pace of five miles an hour



RICHEE



Sunshine and garden flowers are a happy substitute for Broadway lights and icebox orchids to the steady stream of incoming playwrights from "The Great White Way"

The photographs of Elliott Nugent, his wife and children, taken at his Beverly Hills home are strong arguments in favor of the studios' call: "Go West, Mr. Playwright"

Sylvia Sets the
Standard for

Facial Beauty



• When you look at Garbo's eyes, you look into her soul. Are your eyes expressive? They are most important.

• Margaret Sullavan has a perfect forehead. But whatever the shape of your forehead, it can be improved.

• Barbara Stanwyck has a perfect ear. Yet, she enhances it with a curl. An ear is more attractive partly covered.



by SYLVIA



LAST month I polished off the feminine figure and gave you girls enough ideals of perfection to keep you busy. Now, if you don't have a lovely, sensible body it isn't my fault. You know how to get it! Go for it!

But what about the face? Yes, I know. Hundreds of your letters have asked me that. And you ought to know me well enough by now to realize that Sylvia never renigs on question answering.

So now I'm going to start giving you the perfect face. We'll begin with eyes, foreheads, noses and ears. Ready? Go!

The most important feature of the face—all right, you've guessed—the eyes! They mirror the soul. They express sorrow, joy, contempt, anger and—most important—love! You can smile all you like with your mouth, but if your eyes don't smile, too, you'll look like a department store dummy.

Look at Garbo's eyes. When you do you'll be looking at Garbo's soul. I shall never forget my first meeting

her. She gave me a look
sh cool appraisal that I
t is if she knew how my
n were knit together. And
Garbo seems to approve of
you're doggone proud of
self, you feel as if you've
gotten an appointment
Louis B. Mayer.

Garbo's eyes register intel-
ence. And whenever I hear
body saying that the gal is
I stand up on my hind
and yell, "Oh yeah! Sour
to you. Look at those
es." They are cold, clear,
ic eyes, so, you girls with
cold eyes, don't let any-
tell you that you haven't
rich power as those Latin
bs with those hot tamale
k. Garbo has power over
er hasn't she? Her eyes
molder. Then become
ngorous. The color of the
es doesn't matter — it's
as behind them!

Al here's something I want
s' once and for all. And
u now I know what I'm
k'g about. Those long,
eing eye-lashes of Garbo's
eal—real as Mae West's
ps. When I first met Garbo
se eyelashes were not in
on use. Believe me, those
elashes are growing right
t if her lids! I was close
oth to her to pull 'em.
ha's more she didn't have
ay mascara. And, although
es mascara on the screen,
er lashes are actually darker
amer hair.

Nw what can you do to
av beautiful eyes? It's
or than patting on a little
itch hazel or sloshing around
e wash. Your system
is not be sluggish because
it's the white-blueish en-
of your eyes will be yel-
and no make-up will make
u eyes attractive if they
v't sparkle—the sparkle
n can come *only* from
health and well being!
Garbo values her health as
e values her bank-roll. She
se sun baths, plays tennis,
ts simply and sparingly. She
nobs how closely connected
o health and beauty are.

Your eyes may be large or
ma blue, gray, black or
ee set in deep or protruding
thly can be made beautiful
y take care of them.



RICHEE

● Sylvia Sydney has the piquant nose. Remember, there are no fast rules for nose beauty



WELBOURNE

● Jean Muir's is the aristocratic nose. Don't ever try to change the type of nose you have



BULL

● Maureen O'Sullivan has the cute Irish nose. You can beautify your nose by moulding it

Give your eyes plenty of rest. Remember to shut them for two or three minutes at least a dozen times a day. Don't squint. And every night before you drop off to sleep give the eyes this treatment: Place the fingers at the outer corner of each eye, near the temple. Press good and hard on the bone you discover there. Press for a couple of minutes. Now, without pressing, rotate the fingers lightly in a small circle for a couple of minutes. This will help keep wrinkles away from your eyes and will give you the deep restful sleep which keeps your eyes clear and bright.

A dozen times during the day sit relaxed in a chair and fix your eyes on some far away object. Then slowly let your gaze come closer and closer until you are looking at an object only a few inches away from your face. This makes the eyes strong and will help keep you from squinting. Avoid nervousness. To keep your lashes nice brush them, carefully every night with an eye-brow brush and yellow vaseline or some other good preparation.

But above all — remember this. If you want beautiful eyes you *must* have good health. I wish I could say that a million times. I wish I could write those words on your brain.

And now look at Margaret Sullavan and see a beautiful forehead. It is high—but not too high—wide—but not too wide, and most important of all it is in correct proportion to her face. Incidentally, that's all a lot of bunk about the high forehead denoting intelligence—and scientists now agree. One of the most intelligent men I ever knew had such a low brow he could have doubled for King Kong. But discovering beauty is my job. Margaret Sullavan has a high, wide forehead. What's behind it, I don't know. I'll let Willie Wyler find that out. And if you just have enough good, plain common sense to keep fit and slim I'll be satisfied.

You must study your own
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]



April

Hollywood gives us a towel beauty treatment. June Lang illustrates a simple cleansing routine that we heartily endorse for normal skin. The first step is the use of a cleansing cream to remove all make-up and accumulation. The second step is a thorough bathing with a mild soap, followed by a stimulating and astringent rinse in cold water

PHOTOPLAY'S HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SHOW

APRIL is responsible for many whims of heart, head and hand. You know where the young man's fancy turns; you know that Spring fashions are usually divinely mad temptations and you know that many of the most beautiful forms of art have been inspired by and dedicated to Spring, the loveliest of seasons.

To put you in a true April mood, there is nothing like an April skin. This skin I define as one that may face the brilliant sunshine with full confidence, that may be a picture beneath an off-the-face hat. It should have that soft lustre that you see on the faces of freshly-washed children. In fact, the gardenia petal has it and so has the rose.

The basic causes of this type of skin are so old they may sound dull. Enough sound, restful sleep, sufficient nourishing food without too much of the fancy la-de-las in desserts, sauces, etc., enough bodily activity for a good circulation and a mental attitude that life is good, that tomorrow is a new day of promise. Drinking water, too, seems to give the hair and skin beauty and to help keep the body moist. The Hollywood stars believe sincerely in these a, b, c's of good looks and I have talked with few who did not end up with a little sermon on sensible living.

The next step is cleanliness. June Lang shows you a practical method for normal young skin. For the dry and oily skins I have prepared special material which you may have by writing to me.

After cleanliness is assured, make-up works its magic. I have seen few stars without lovely skins. Indeed, the most striking point is their subtle lustre.



Skin

Dry with a soft face towel, then proceed with a towel circulation movement that encourages a glow to the skin, further removes tiny particles of dead cuticle and polishes the skin to a child-like radiance. With loose folds of the towel, lightly rub the face in circular motions, paying attention to skin about the hair-line, which is often neglected



CONDUCTED BY CAROLYN VAN WYCK



I believe that this results from the substance of the foregoing paragraphs, plus make-up beauty aids all of the cream family with the exception of powder. A very, very little make-up foundation seems advisable for every skin both for protection and a soft, mat finish. There are the cream variety for dry and normal skins, the liquid powder type for the oily skin. On this foundation should go a faint dash of rouge, high on the cushion of the cheek, up, toward the temples. This is a touch that lights up your face, emphasizes the tone and brilliance of eyes, without giving a rouged look. A fleck of eye shadow over lids, perhaps between the outer brow end and eye end, or a touch of oil or cream if you don't care for shadow, still preserves that soft lustre toward which we are working. Powder pressed on over this, then dusted off, gives a true porcelain finish.

If you need mascara and the touch of an eyebrow pencil, it is interesting to know that even these contain minute quantities of cream or oil and do not dry the hairs or give a harsh effect. The day of the beaded-looking lash is dead.

The lipstick that you will use should have a soft gleam, if you are to complete this picture of lustrous beauty.

The retouching of your face, after several hours, say, needs care to keep the perfect picture intact.

These simple facts tell you how the stars keep their school-girl skins, and present a practical plan for everyone of us.

It serves for a busy day in an office or for the play hours that should follow.

THERE are whisperings from Hollywood that the blonde is on the wane for screen rôles, that her more prevalent type of brunette or in-between sister is now being avidly sought. There may be two reasons for Hollywood's mutterings on the blonde. The nation may be surfeited with these darling confections who wear gorgeous clothes, play Park Avenue, London or Cannes with equal élan. Maybe it wants something a little more substantial that it could visualize in an every-day kitchenette setting. Or maybe Hollywood is at last discovering that there really aren't many true blondes. Her type is an evanescent, uncommon one, and the work of making and keeping her physical being in pastels is a costly, sometimes heart-breaking one, and sometimes without avail. Maybe she would have done as well as a nice brownite.

Carole Lombard, is, however, like Anna Sten, a surprise. Carole is a born blonde. A glance at her ash-blonde hair, her skin, and you say to yourself with relief, "She is really a blonde." In my opinion, she is far lovelier in person than on the screen, because personally she shows to advantage her light hair worn straight on top and brushed back with a longish bob curled at the ends. Her eyes are a violet blue with naturally long, dark lashes and brows and her skin a warm tone. Miss Lombard was wearing lounging pajamas in shell-pink and silver brocade, with a three-quarters length flared coat, fitted and buttoned snugly to the neck. On her stockingless feet

were silver sandals, permitting her mahogany-red toes to play. Fingers, too, showed the same tone with lacquer carried to the very points. This is a good guise for making the hands appear longer and slimmer, but it is not suggested for practical hours. Reserve it for play hours.

Miss Lombard's sensible views should help you with your Spring make-up and clothes:

"The charm of the blonde lies in her coloring—or lack of. Make-up should accent her pastels, not disguise them. I use little make-up off the screen but what I use is in the gentlest tones. With the exception of black and white, off-tones of her clothes colors, pale pinks, blues, greens—indeed, fairly any muted color.

"My one exception in make-up, as you can see, is my nails.

"I consider this whole business of personal enhancement rather futile unless women will augment it with personal development. I believe that any woman who does things that are interesting, that she can be interesting only by doing things that are interesting. A full, busy life seems unconsciously to develop us, to bring out our best points and to subdue the worst ones. My sincerest advice to any girl or woman is to develop herself through activities and interests. Then she need never fear her personal attraction or interest for others."

Words to ponder over when the new gown or coiffure fails to make a deep impression.

B L O N D E A P P E A L

• Paradoxically, the natural blonde Carole Lombard caresses a white gardenia when English violets and red carnations are her flower favorites. Beautiful hands, those





- Gail Patrick, one of Hollywood's most beautiful players, is using the popular white of egg mask. This should remain on from ten to fifteen minutes only

- Another version of the same mask is being applied by Dorothy Deering. An astringent mask for the normal or oily type of skin



M A S K E D F A C E S

THE facial mask is a great emergency measure. There is nothing like it for lifting a tired, drooping face, but your mask should be chosen for your type of skin.

The white of egg mask, illustrated, is very old. And because it is slightly drying, try it only if your skin is normal or oily. It is advisable to use it after a thorough cream cleansing followed by use of a mild tonic to further remove cream.

If you have ten or fifteen minutes to spare, use this mask in the form illustrated by Gail Patrick, which is the plain white of egg. If you are rushing to dress for dinner or that engagement, you can save time by applying the beaten white, which will dry in less time. There will be a slight drawing sensation, but that will do no harm.

William Roth, formerly in pictures and now doing radio work, found medicinal milk of magnesia perfect for her skin. From childhood, she told me, she had used it for mask and for occasional skin protests in little bumps or irritation and that it dried them up and cured them quickly. For mask purposes, over a cleansed face she smoothed the preparation, let it dry for about ten minutes, then rinsed off with plenty of very cold water. Now certain face creams include milk of magnesia in their formulas.

Sylvia Sydney has one of the finest skins I have ever seen. It is so perfect that she uses only lipstick and a light puff of

powder. Sylvia finds that an yeast cake softened with water to paste consistency and used as a mask is gently stimulating and freshening.

For super-sensitive, dry skins, several cosmeticians make splendid cream masks, again to be applied over cream-cleansed skin. While these deprive the skin of none of its needed oil, they stir a better circulation and have a generally uplifting effect.

Cream, ordinary cream off the top of your grade A bottle, is another first aid treatment that will send the dry, flaky type of skin off to a party looking like a rose. It is very softening and lubricating, and even a few minutes of application show gratifying results.

It is most important that your skin be scrupulously clean before you apply any mask. Since many masks gently contract the pores, it is harmful to skin health and beauty to contract them with remains of soiled cream or make-up.

When using a mask that must be rinsed away, use very cold water. If you are using the creamy type, remove thoroughly with tissues, then apply an ice-cold tonic or very gentle astringent.

A few minutes of the mask treatments send you off to dinner or a party glowing and looking as if you had never known a care or tired moment.

POINTS IN GOOD GROOMING

• Pauline Stark's blue-gray eyes improve with a touch of lash beautifier. She is using a mustache pomade, recently discovered by screen and stage stars to be good for accenting lashes and for keeping them lustrous and soft. This pomade will not streak or smear.

• Above, Miss Stark believes that trim brows add greatly to the charm of any face. She is careful that hers are always perfect. Preserve the natural shape but remove any hair that mar the line. Her tweezers are almost painful, they work so rapidly.

• Below, Miss Stark is tweezing, not cutting, as you may think. The newest in tweezers are small, scissors-like affairs, with snipper ends, very easy to manipulate. If you will trim from under side, you will be less likely to destroy the natural trend of the brows.

• The prize gadget of the month is this little curler which clasps the strand, rolls it into a neat curl. Caught with a pin, the curl remains intact for general wear or bedtime training. Much easier than the old finger or pencil method and gives a smoother curl.

Cal York's Hollywood Gossip of the Stars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

CECIL B. DEMILLE received a unique letter from two brothers, Raoul and Halmure Vissec de Ganges. It was an enormous blueprint tracing their descent clear back to Philip of the Franks, Charlemagne and Charles Martel of Tours. The blueprint was three by four feet. It revealed the brothers as direct descendants of this illustrious line, including a forebear of the 12th century, one Sancho of Navarre, who will be portrayed in DeMille's picture, "The Crusades," by George Barbier. Richard the Lion Hearted belonged to another branch of the family. He married Sancho's daughter, Berengaria, and made her Queen of England. Another ancestor was one, Blaimod, a leader of the First Crusade a century before Richard Coeur de Lion.

The blueprint was accompanied by a letter requesting work in "The Crusades." DeMille gave them an audience, discovered that their forbears knew his, in fact fought with the Blount knights in the Crusades. He discovered that both were good horsemen. They got jobs as knights in the picture, and will carry their own crest—the crest of Navarre, on their lance-pennons.

In a small room adjacent to the property department at M-G-M studios, Steve McDonald considers a radiant profusion of flowers, including the lilies of the field and the orchids of the jungles.

Although the room is one mass of brilliant blossoms and verdant leaves, there is, strangely enough, no hint of perfumed scent.

It is not strange, however, when Steve explains that the flowers are not the glories of nature, but products of his own clever hands. They fooled me, even as they doubtless fool you when you see the gorgeous blooms which grace practically every M-G-M picture.

Steve, who still retains his native Edinburgh accent, says he has been making artificial flowers for M-G-M productions for eleven years.

He learned his odd craft, which he has perfected to a point where he can place a corsage of genuine gardenias beside one of his making and at five feet defy you to say which is which, in the most romantic way.

During the war, as an intelligence department operative in Vienna, he cultivated the acquaintance of a Viennese girl to obtain certain information. She made artificial flowers, better, Steve modestly admits than he does. She taught him her secret.

Fortunately, he remembered it when he went back in post-war Los Angeles and needed a money-making trade. Through a personal contact with Louis B. Mayer, he secured permission to mix some of his synthetic blossoms with the real ones which blanketed the cathedral scene in the old silent "The Merry Widow." When the film was projected, McDonald's artificial flowers looked more real than the real. He got a permanent job.

Artificial flowers get the call over natural blooms in Hollywood, Mr. McDonald informs me for sound economic reasons. In the first place, they are cheaper to make than real flowers are to grow or buy; they are not seasonal; if a picture in work in November calls for dandelions, there is no need to wait until March. They are not ephemeral and subject to the droops. Natural flowers wilt quickly

under the rays of the strong set lights. They have to be changed as many as four and five times daily, often matching them is a problem. Mr. McDonald's posies think nothing of lights, and require little attention. They last two or three years, with ordinary care.

McDonald uses sheet rubber, paper, muslin, silk and plush and India-duco to construct the delicate, lifelike petals. However, he relies mainly on a wood fibre which he imports from the Orient. It comes in small squares, which look like women's cosmetic swipes. Five cents worth will make a dozen roses.



Halmure and Raoul Vissec de Ganges, Descendants of Charlemagne, discuss "The Crusades" with Cecil B. DeMille

The stems are fashioned from wire inside rubber tubing.

Steve estimates his synthetic floral stock at five thousand dollars.

His artificial flowers do not waste their sweetness on the desert air of indifference. He gets fan letters from all over the country, indirect, it's true, as most of the letters praise the gorgeous "natural flowers" which surround Joan Crawford or Greta Garbo. He showed me a letter from Mrs. Roosevelt thanking him for sending her a creation of his own which he titled the "Eleanor Roosevelt Rose." It was artificial, but now florists are creating it in the real McCoy.

The hardest job Steve McDonald has tackled was the creation of a New England cottage garden for "Should Ladies Behave?" He had to make forty-five different kinds of garden flowers and plants as well as blooming peach, apple, and cherry trees.

The rarest flower he has yet made is the flaming pocyana, a South Sea Island tropical bloom which is the symbol of love. The script of "Typee," now in production, demanded it. The hardest flower to locate and reproduce was the "wolf's claw," needed for a current creeper, "Vampires of Prague." He finally found it described in a German botanical volume.

McDonald's amazing skill has conquered more than one directorial prejudice against artificial floral decorations. Herbert Brenon

issued an ukase against phony flowers on his sets. McDonald put two of his baskets among the natural ones and asked Brenon which of all the flowers on the set were the most beautiful. Brenon picked McDonald's baskets.

W. S. Van Dyke had the same conviction. He demanded real flowers. One day a visitor on his set complimented him on the flowers. "They ought to be lovely," boasted Van Dyke, "they're the real thing." The visitor walked over to admire more closely, discovered they didn't smell, brought it to Van Dyke's attention.

McDonald had fooled him, but for once it was fun to be fooled.

JUST in case you hadn't heard—Will Rogers has travelled more air miles than any other passenger in the world.

WILLY POGANY is having fun with comedy and tragedy at the same time. He is designing sets for Chaplin's new picture, and for "Dante's Inferno," at Fox. Versatile, what?

MY own personal prize for the most incongruous Hollywood glimpse of the month's rounds goes to the afternoon I saw huge Boris Karloff, beetle-browed, scarred and horrifying in his make-up, daintily sipping his four o'clock tea in the best approved British manner on the set of "The Return of Frankenstein."

STEPIN FETCHIT has never been one to take a back seat in Hollywood. All the privileges of his position as a screen actor he has enjoyed to their fullest. He had chauffeurs, shiny cars, resplendent personal trappings—even wild escapades.

But somehow it was still a shock to me to observe Stepin the other day, shuffling along, just as any other movie star in—dark glasses!

It's hard to describe, that sight. The glasses, being just a shade darker than Stepin, made him look like a man without any eyes, without even any eye sockets.

But I'm sure he felt importantly secure behind them.

JACK LARUE'S one-man strike is ended. Jack had his nose rebuilt and refused to play any more racketeers. He held out for three months. M-G-M finally rewarded his patience with a nice dramatic part in "Times Square Lady."

W. S. VAN DYKE'S sets are celebrated for their casual and informal atmosphere, which never interferes with the business at hand. There is a merry round of quips and drolleries until his actors hardly know they are working. He is a disbeliever in rehearsing players until they are stale and shooting the scene a dozen times, using miles of film. Some times they make one "take," and that's it.

The stars all look alike to him. He addresses Garbo or Joan Crawford as "Kid" and makes them like it. In a nice way, he lets everybody around the place know who is boss and he has the situation well in hand at all times.

While he was making "Naughty Marietta," Van gave the Casquette girls a party till all hours in his new playroom. Then he had the

casting office call them at six A.M. for work. They retaliated with a night-club party to him. Whatever he ordered, the waiter brought him beans. He had to dance constantly with the twelve girls in turn, and stood up well under the strain.

Probably the secret of this tall weather-beaten director's success with people is the fact that he keeps them in a good humor and on the alert at all times. And of course it doesn't make actors feel badly to work with a man who has never made a failure . . .

W C. FIELDS' favorite rôle of an inventor influences his fan letters. Recently a fan in San Diego wrote "Bill" after seeing his marvelous gadget, "the nose lifter-upper" in "You're Telling Me."

The letter asked Bill to bend his inventive genius in the direction of concocting an appliance to keep the lettuce, mustard, pickles and relish between the buns of a hamburger.

Joan and Gene Markey have a model farm in Connecticut, with all the latest gadgets in machinery and lots of contented cows. It actually makes money. There is a subsidiary for fish, and some day they plan to grow their own oysters.

Frank Borzage, director, has large real-estate holdings and his wife owns a dress shop in Honolulu which is why she is a commuter from here to there.

Maureen O'Sullivan bought a book-shop in London for her family, which her father and mother are running now. It is doubtful if Maureen will retire to browse among the literature—but she could if she wanted to.

Doris Kenyon raises avocados for the market on her estate in Brentwood. Richard Dix owns a desert tea product, the leaves and herbs for which are gathered in the desert near Palm Springs by Indians. It is a practical commercial enterprise, and Dickie's picture is on the can.

manner. He and Frances Dee McCrea plan to live there always.

Peggy Fears has a gown shop on Fifth Avenue, Constance Collier produces plays in London, Zeppo Marx is now an agent for other actors.

And Hank Mann has a very cozy little hamburger stand with cars lined up in front. Ben Daniels and Mrs. Skeets Gallagher have small dress and baby shops in Westwood and Palm Springs. Charlie Ruggles raises lemons.

Clark Gable has a race horse named Beverly Hills, but perhaps we had better skip that one. Beverly Hills won't support Clark *this* year with his winnings—but of course Clark could always give up his car and ride the horse to work. If it didn't matter when he got the

THERE is always something sad about the passing of anything.

I was not only saddened but distinctly surprised the other day to discover that the famous creature, the "Hollywood blonde" indeed passing, right before our very eyes.

It seems that gentlemen, at least casting gentlemen, no longer prefer blondes. And when casting gentlemen invert their thumbs on a particular feature in Hollywood, that feature soon becomes as extinct as Mary Pickford's curls.

Officials at Central Casting Bureau inform me that less than one third of the eight thousand girls registered there for bit and extra work are blondes. It used to be that less than one third were anything else but blondes.

Platinum blondes, who swarmed on every set following Jean Harlow's success in "Hell Angels" now are almost completely in the realm of the dodo bird. The Casting Bureau man said he would have a hard time digging up more than five or six from his list.

Period pictures have been largely lethal to the Harlowesque head. With so many assignments to old fashioned films, laid in days when there was no such thing as a platinum head of hair, and no way to create one, extras could afford to take a chance on losing out because of their modern tresses.

I confess to a wistful regret at the passing of the Hollywood blonde. They lent a certain distinction, a certain character to Hollywood femininity. They were showy, like the electric bulbs on a theater marquee.

And besides, "blonde" rhymed so easily with words like "bond" and "fond."



Paulette Goddard is all excited about the finish of this particular race. Charlie Chaplin doesn't seem to care who wins, maybe his new picture's on his mind

ACTING is not regarded as a life-work by any number of practical Hollywood actors. The far-sighted ones have business interests in which they are actively or silently engaged and in which their money is invested for a rainy day or any other kind of a day. They've had ample opportunity to observe many of the one-time top notchers doing extra work, and it is not a pleasant future to contemplate.

Alan Hale, for instance, has invested thousands of dollars in inventions and owns an experimental and research laboratory with Merrill Hard, who invented the hydraulic auto lift used in service stations and factories and for which he has collected a million dollars from Henry Ford alone. Hale has the ideas and Hard, a scientist, applies them to practical use. They have invented an automatic fruit-jar cap—one twist and it's off—a new automobile brake, eye-glasses with no "machinery" and a new opera or theater chair which slides back and widens the aisle—a boon and a blessing to suffering walked-upon civilization, I'd say. It works on the swivel principle, and I can hardly wait.

Lilian Harvey owns two theaters in Berlin and some apartment houses in Brussels.

George Murphy has a good one. He manufactures a liniment from the formula used by his dad who was Pop Murphy, football coach at Yale.

Leon Errol has a little night-club called the Black Pussy out on Santa Monica Boulevard in Hollywood. Ralph Bellamy and Charles Farrell own a tennis club and courts at Palm Springs, complete with showers and dressing rooms. They started it because it used to cost more to play tennis down there than to play the races at Santa Anita, and Ralph and Charlie are fond of their tennis. The club is a paying venture, even with the owners on one court practically all the time.

Richard Arlen is in a silent partnership with his brother-in-law Bud Ralston, in a contracting and building business. Bud built thirty houses last year.

Joel McCrea runs a thousand acre ranch on a paying basis. He has a hundred head of pure-bred cattle, having chased off the range cows, and is operating the ranch in a scientific

CHARLES LAUGHTON, who used to be the manager of a small English hotel, recently received a letter from a hotel man in England who complained that things weren't well in the hostelry business. But he had an idea. Mr. Laughton, who knew the hotel business and also was widely known as an actor, would come back and go in partnership with him, was sure the publicity of it, with Charlie as the genial and famous host, would draw guests to the place, and the pair of them would clean up—oh, several hundred dollars a month.

Mr. Laughton, of course declined. He makes several hundred a day in Hollywood.

GUY KIBBEE playing a printer in "Wonderlust" is not Guy Kibbee in character at all. In the old days, between shows, Kibbee was a typesetter and printer. Those were the days he says, when, all you could expect from a road engagement was seventy-five cents to take the soubrette out buggy-riding on Sunday! And he had a lot of fun the other day showing young Tom Brown how to look for "type-louse." (It's one of those professional tricks that wind up with a surprise.)



Una Merkel, very business-like, is taking notes on chicken a la Maryland and a few other prize concoctions from Dominick Rolleri of the Trocadero Restaurant, Hollywood

CUISINE SECRETS FROM THE TROCADERO

THE gentlemen who still think that woman's place is in the home should take a peep now and then into the kitchens of many of the stars. There, they might find their glamorous ladies of the screen literally and figuratively stewing for dear life. Men or women, the stars seem to consider the kitchen a vacation place in which to play. They are responsible for the creation and passing along of many culinary secrets.

Una Merkel, little Southern Una, for example, recently invaded the kitchen of the Trocadero Restaurant in Hollywood. Now this kitchen is presided over by Dominick Rolleri, who has progressed through many of the most famous kitchens in the country. He served as an apprentice at the Hotel Roma in Manhattan, formerly cooked for Caruso at the old Knickerbocker in New York, and now his cuisine art delights the epicures in the picture colony.

No need to tell you that Una would have a fondness for *chicken a la Maryland*. In fact, she orders it five times out of ten. So that was one of the reasons for her pursuit of Dominick,

who forgot all rules and regulations and told her this recipe as well as others.

Chicken a la Maryland: Singe, clean and disjoint a three-pound chicken. *Never wash poultry or game.* That makes it tough. Wipe it clean with a fresh towel; salt, pepper and flour it. Dip into egg and cream beaten together, then in white crisp bread crumbs. Fry in deep chicken fat over a slow fire for twenty-five minutes. Drain on brown paper or those paper kitchen towels to absorb fat. Serve with cream gravy and slices of crisp bacon, corn fritters and honey or currant jelly. This serves four.

Curry of lamb: One of Dominick's most popular dishes. Cut four pounds of lean lamb in large cubes and saute in butter in frying pan until golden brown. Add one diced apple, one chopped onion and cook slowly for five more minutes. Add two ounces or two level soup spoons of curry powder, one quart pure cream, one ounce of chopped chutney. Let this cook for thirty-five minutes. Pour over [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 121]

HURRY IN AND PUT
OUT THAT LIGHT, SALLY.
IT'S LATE....



**Wise girls
guard against**

COSMETIC SKIN the screen

YOU can use cosmetics all you wish if you remove them *thoroughly* the screen stars' way. It's when you leave bits of stale rouge and powder *choking the pores* that you risk that modern complexion trouble—unattractive Cosmetic Skin.

Do you see enlarged pores, dullness, tiny blemishes—blackheads, perhaps—warning signals of Cosmetic Skin? Better begin at once to use Lux Toilet Soap, the soap especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Thousands of clever girls all over the

country are adopting this complexion care the screen stars use.

Cosmetics Harmless if Removed this Way

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night—use gentle Lux Toilet Soap. Its **ACTIVE** lather will sink deep into the pores, carrying away every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Your skin will feel soft and smooth—and *look* it! Remember, 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars use Lux Toilet Soap!

NOT TILL I'VE CLEANED
MY FACE WITH **LUX**
TOILET SOAP. NO COS-
METIC SKIN FOR ME!

stars' way

OF COURSE I USE
COSMETICS, BUT
I NEVER WORRY ABOUT
COSMETIC SKIN. I USE
LUX TOILET SOAP
REGULARLY!



BARBARA
STANWYCK

STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS' "THE WOMAN IN RED"

The Real Heart-Breakers of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

telephone number (and hers); respect her cigarette wishes; and are never intimidated by the head waiter.

But what is it that makes them so different from the actor? It's because they have done things in life, not played at them before a camera.

Here's an example of what the actor has to compete with in real-life romance. Take Writer Austin Parker as Exhibit A. We find in his background a dash of war-time ambulance-



Merle Oberon, the British Cinderella Girl, happily scoring triumphs here

driving, a whirl with the Lafayette Escadrille, a bit of Intelligence Department work in Europe and Panama, adventuring for the Sultan of Turkey in Morocco, topped off by a novel or so, and about a hundred magazine stories. What mere actor can compete against exploits like that?

Parker is tall, handsome, of distinguished appearance. As a Cornell senior (he edited the Cornell "Widow"), he was expelled from school before graduation for what he calls his "crusader spirit," won an immediate berth on the New York Tribune, then went to the Old World. In December, 1914, he joined the French army.

LOVELY ladies like Thelma Todd, Lois Wilson, Heather Angel (before her marriage), Minna Gombell, are as entertained with thoughts of his adventures on far shores as they are amused by his flippant conversation which refers to his two short-lived marriages (the first to Fictionist Phyllis Duganne) as the "Parker three-year-plan." "Billy" Parker is one of the real beaux of Hollywood.

Blond, blue-eyed, clever, thirty-year-old John Neville Villiers Farrow is another Hollywood beau who has caused plenty of feminine hearts to pitter-patter. At one time or another, Lila Lee, Dolores Del Rio, and now Maureen O'Sullivan, have been completely beguiled by his clipped British tones. And what a story that lad can tell, casually, about his dare-devil experiences.

At seventeen, Australian-born Johnny was a U. S. Marine, chasing the rebel Sandino through Nicaraguan jungles. At thirty, he has been seaman, adventurer, successful novelist, song collaborator, pastel artist, scenarist, director. He is the lad who modestly disclaims heroism as so much pother when anyone asks him about his honors. They include Spain's Medalle Homage, and recognitions which make him a Knight of the Crown of Rumania, Fellow of the Royal Geographic Society, Knight of the French-Tunisian Order of Michan Iftikhar.

It looks as though Farrow were about to be permanently snared, in the manner of those other heart-breakers, and Maureen O'Sullivan will capture the prize. As a husband, he should be doubly perfect. The secret of Johnny's charm is that he is forever doing those little favors that play such a big part in romantic association. He will devote hours in an attempt to locate a book that his lady might like to read. He will have his florist deliver a corsage—gardenias, perhaps—at a particularly appropriate and unexpected moment. It's a tip from which any wooer might profit.

VALOR plays a considerable part in the attraction offered by Director W. S. Van Dyke—"Woody" to his intimates. Women like him because he is a "he-man"; men, because he is a two-fisted guy and regular; M-G-M, because, as its foremost adventure-director, he has the knack of turning out pictures like the bell-ringing "Thin Man." And a local body of military men likes him so well it endowed him with a colonelcy. It's Colonel Van Dyke to you.

A native of California of good family, tall, square-shouldered, full of distinction, more than one film belle would give her right eye to join him in dinner for two at the Colony Club. Separated from his wife for many years, Van Dyke lives a bachelor's existence in his trophy-laden home in the center of a picturesque acreage. Strictly a "man's man" (and what a challenge that is to the glamour girls!) his frequent and agreeable parties are governed by two steadfast rules: "No dirty jokes and no mauling of women."

Whether the glamour of his all-around career as reporter, lumberjack, truck driver, vaudevillian, sometime hobo, or the charm of his candor, is what appeals, there is no mistaking Van Dyke's claim to the title of one of Hollywood's real heart-breakers. Film girls like Dorothy Burgess, Muriel Evans, Florine McKinney, Jean Harlow, would not hesitate to cast their votes for him.

Dark-haired, dark-eyed Rouben Mamoulian is another non-actor who rates high, particularly with the most glamorous of them all . . . Garbo. It was he who brought her from partial personal retirement and, apparently, made her like it. Mamoulian, too, has been permitted to lunch Dietrich and Anna Sten—separately, of course (he directed both of them in films)—and Elissa Landi looked to him for companionship in her early days in Hollywood. There were red carnations daily, at one time, to Mona Maris from the Armenian director. The aura of his artistic achievements in New York stage direction, plus his Old-World background and birth, contrive to make him very eligible in the girls' eyes.

The same may be said of Ernst Lubitsch with his ever-present cigar, his pungent German wit, his new Mexican villa. Ona Munson, Sheila Mannors, others of the artistic array found him delightful company.

King Vidor, director, is another heart-breaker. Look at his record: Florence Vidor (now Mrs. Jascha Heifitz) was his first wife, Eleanor Boardman his second, and he was romantically inclined toward Miriam Hopkins a split-second ago.

Three beautiful charmers.

NO one can doubt that Myrna Loy's interest in Producer Arthur Hornblow has added just the necessary self-confidence to equip her as a fine, sensitive actress, and here is Sylvia Sydney showing a preference for Director Mitchell Leisen's company.

As Miriam Hopkins says, "I am like a business woman. When my day's work is done, I want to shut the door to my office, lock it, and forget about routine."

"An actress can't do that if she spends her evenings with an actor. 'Shop talk' is bound to occur. In three minutes, I am discussing



Cecilia Murray is M-G-M's new "child find." She's greeting Madge Evans

lights, voice nuances, and camera angles, and by the time the evening is over, I might just as well have worked on a set."

Dorothy Burgess is rather more general in her tastes than Miss Hopkins. She finds Writer Parker as interesting a companion as Director Van Dyke (and the reverse), and Director Clarence Brown (with whom she was frequently seen in the days before her marriage to Alice Joyce), and the reason she admires each one of them is because he has brains.

"Actors have to be directed," she explains, "and I prefer going about with the men who direct them, or write their lines."

FACE POWDER TAKES ON NEW TASK

beautifies features as well as skin!



← As a hard-finish photograph cruelly reveals harsh line and contour—so do unsifted powders impart a flat, light-reflecting surface to the skin that throws the features into bold relief.



The soft-finish → photograph is flattering and delicate looking. Just so, silk-sifted Evening in Paris Face Powder, which absorbs light, softens the features to the more delicate contour of earlier years.

Sift 3 times through Silk gives powder new texture... absorbs light and thus softens features!

ACTUALLY—your entire face—its features and contours, not merely your skin—grows softer, more delicate, younger, with this utterly new kind of face powder! That's more than women have ever expected or asked of a powder—yet it's the exciting truth—based on scientific fact. This revolutionary change is due to an extra step in the manufacture of Evening in Paris Face Powder—sifting 3 times through microscopically fine silk. Even to the touch of the finger, this new powder is breath-takingly different! It is so downy-

soft—so infinitesimally fine—that it is difficult to see a separate particle with the unaided eye! On the skin, a texture with so much softness and depth absorbs light, which makes features softer and more delicate looking.

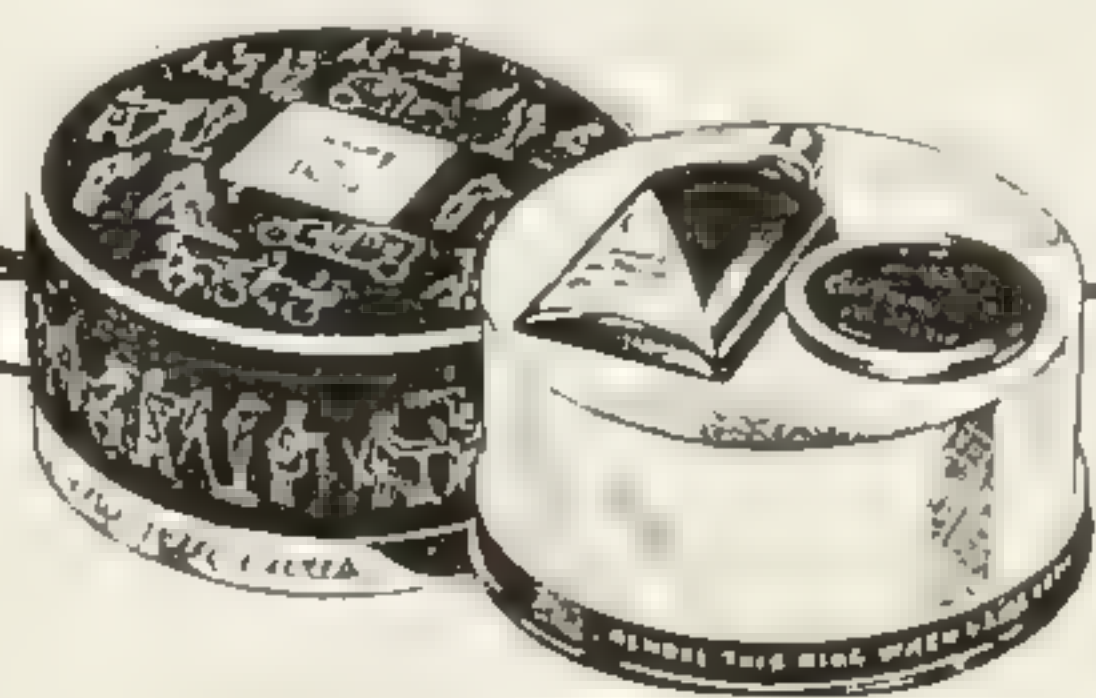
You can see for yourself the dramatic difference between this new silk-sifted powder and unsifted powders on the backs of your own two hands! Then you'll hurry to try the new Evening in Paris powder on your face. And then you'll see a new, tender delicacy of feature—a lovelier, younger edition of yourself!



Before SIFTING THROUGH SILK
Powder, when spread over the back of the hand, looks rough—coarseness of skin is intensified. Vigorous rubbing reveals that powder does not cling well.



After SIFTING THROUGH SILK
Powder—after sifting 3 times through silk—looks soft and smooth. The ridges on the hand disappear. It clings much better. Try this test yourself—using any powder, and the new Evening in Paris silk-sifted powder.



\$2.10 VALUE, \$1.10

COMPLETE MAKE-UP ENSEMBLE

- | | | |
|--------------------|---|----------------------------|
| 1 | EVENING IN PARIS FACE POWDER
Full-size box of this new, silk-sifted face powder. | Retail Value \$1.10 |
| 2 | EVENING IN PARIS PERFUME
Generous bottle of the perfume known the world over as the fragrance of romance. | Value 65c |
| 3 | EVENING IN PARIS LIP AND CHEEK CREAM ROUGE —For lasting radiance. | Value 35c |
| TOTAL VALUE | | \$2.10 |

JUST FOR NOW!



Evening in Paris ★ **BOURJOIS**

ASK THE ANSWER MAN



FRAKER

The star boarder of the Fred Keating menage is Snoopy. He has all the privileges of a star boarder, too, even to piano sitting when Fred is tickling the ivories

THE old Answer Man has been so swamped with letters asking about Fred Keating, who made his screen debut as the debonair crook in "The Captain Hates the Sea," that he now breaks down and confesses all he knows, and that's plenty.

Fred is a born New Yorker, the eventful day was March 27, 1902. It would be nice to give you a detailed outline of Fred's varied career, but that would take too much space. However, here's a brief idea of what he did and what he got away with.

He was educated in New York schools. At the age of seven he startled his schoolmates out of their shoes by pretending to swallow a knife. He learned the trick from Sidney Lenz, famous bridge expert. As our hero grew older he mastered card tricks and became the life of

every party. At fourteen he ran away from home and became assistant to Thurston, master magician. He remained with Thurston for one and a half years.

At one time or another during his career Fred has been on vaudeville circuits; on the road with Miller's 101 Ranch Circus; and on the New York stage as master of ceremonies with several big revues. Once when Tallulah Bankhead wanted to interview him for a part in one of her shows, he thought she was kidding. After much persuasion he saw Miss Bankhead and got the part. His last New York play before entering pictures was "All Good Americans" with Hope Williams.

Fred is a bachelor. He has a colored boy, Aubrey, who acts as valet, cook, chauffeur, bookkeeper and general manager of the Keat-

ing menage. Once in a while he lets Fred venture an opinion on running things.

The star boarder of the household is Fred's pup, Snoopy, a pint-sized Boston Bull, who breaks into print more often than his master. When Fred went on location for "The Captain Hates the Sea," Snoopy wanted to swim a hundred miles out to sea where the company was shooting scenes. However, some kind friend found him and returned him to his home.

D. E. PARKER, BONHAM, ILL.—You were right about Michael Arlen's "Green Hat." It was made as a silent picture back in 1929 by M-G-M, with Greta Garbo, John Gilbert and Dorothy Sebastian in the leading rôles. The release title was "A Woman of Affairs."

SUSAN KIMBERLY, NEENAH, WIS.—Tom Brown was born in New York City January 6, 1913. He is 5 feet, 10 inches tall; weighs 150 and has brown hair and blue eyes. His latest picture is "Wanderlust."

DOROTHY O'DONNELL, JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Jackie Cooper is a native of Los Angeles, Calif., born there September 15, 1923. He has blond hair and hazel eyes. Is still growing so I can't give you his exact measurements. His next picture will be "Dinky." Mary Astor and Ricardo Cortez will also be in it.

BESSIE AND VIOLA, CHESTER, PA.—Hello girls, here's your answer. Charles Farrell and Greta Nissen played the leading rôles in the picture "Fazil."

MRS. K. R. SOLE, SAPULPA, OKLA.—Here's a chance to say to your friend "I told you so." Lewis Stone did not appear in "Sorrell and Son." H. B. Warner played in both the English and American versions of that picture. However, Lewis Stone did appear in a picture titled "Father's Son." I think that's the one your friend has in mind.

ELAINE MENDES, MAPLEWOOD, N. J.—Oh yes, Frank Lawton played in a picture with Diana Wynyard prior to "One More River." Don't you remember him as her youngest son in "Cavalcade"? Diana was born in London, January 16, 1908. She is 5 feet, 6½ inches tall; weighs 127 and has golden brown hair and dark blue eyes. She made her debut on the stage in 1926 and in pictures in 1932. At this writing, she is appearing on the English stage.

GERRY GODDEN, EMMETSBURG, IA.—What a lot of questions, Gerry. Yes, Dick Powell does his own piano playing and between you and me he does his own singing too. David Jack Holt appeared in "The Cat's Paw" and "Shock" in addition to his hit picture "You Belong To Me." Little Shirley Temple was born on April 24, 1929. She has two older brothers, Jack and George. Write me again, Gerry.

BILL MURRAY, NEW YORK CITY.—You win the argument, Bill. Jean Muir and Dick Barthelme played together in "A Modern Hero."

Pocketbook Panic* Ruins Important Love Scene



*Scattering of hand-
bag contents necessi-
tates retaking of im-
portant scene.*

**Joan Bennett now
carries only handbags with
TALON fastener security
and convenience**

Hollywood's leading ladies are rapidly finding out that it doesn't pay to take chances with insecurely fastened handbags. More and more of them are turning to Talon-fastened models that assure security and convenience at all times. Besides, Hollywood stars find that Talon-fastened bags are smarter, newer in design than ordinary models.

Take a tip from Hollywood and assure yourself of handbag quality and style as well as security, by letting the TALON name on the fastener be your guide. You'll find styles for every occasion and costume awaiting you in your favorite store, wherever you live, wherever you buy.

**"POCKETBOOK PANIC" is that terrible feeling you get when your pocketbook opens and the contents spill out or are lost.*



Joan Bennett in "Private Worlds," a
Walter Wanger Production for Paramount

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MEADVILLE, PA. • NEW YORK • BOSTON
PHILADELPHIA • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE

A new thought for perfume. Shirley Aaronson sprays it over the lower skirt of her lovely black georgette gown, designed by Lambert of Fox. As she dances or walks, a light mist of fragrance envelops her

Mae Clarke shows a quick method of perfuming your underthings and accessories. Between squares of cotton, she spreads a new tinted powder sachet, fastens the edges with a small safety, and there!



P E R F U M E S O F S P R I N G T I M E

SPRING isn't Spring without perfume. The perfume yen in every feminine heart grows keener at this season. Happily, today there isn't any reason why we should be without it—and in the formerly costly blends. For dram-buysing is an economic dodge today. It is surprising what may be had for one dollar. The quantity may not excite you, but the quality—ah, and of quality you need very little.

I should like to urge an atomizer on every one of you. For the sake of economy, convenience and good grooming. An atomizer makes perfume go farther, saves the chance drop on your beautiful rosewood dressing table, which will usually remove the polish, and it perfumes you so suavely and evenly that none will ever think you use fragrance indiscriminately. Over-perfuming is a social error that is still recognized as such, and by the old hand method it is hard to know when we have used enough.

I believe we all need two perfumes—and more, of course, if we



TWO new leaflets make their debut, "Skin Radiance" and "Inspiring Perfumes." Both show you step by step what to do and tell you what to use. You may have these on request for the usual stamped, self-addressed envelope, or personal advice on any beauty problem. All letters are confidential, of course. Address Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

like to pamper moods. One, however, should be vibrant, fresh and tangy for day use. The other, more subtle, romantic and provocative for evening. Perfume is romantic in the true sense that it can stir imagination, bring back memories, or make them. In fact, it is necessary to feminine charm and appeal. For more information, send for our new leaflet on perfumes.

Sachet is finding its way back to every dressing-table and drawer. For gentle, clinging fragrance, there is nothing like it. Mae Clarke's idea is practical for the busy girl who doesn't have time to make the dainty sachets that formerly were a part of every lady's accessories. Mae's powder is new and each scent is indicated by a pastel tone.

Something else new in sachet is turquoise box containing four peach silk pillows for placing in your lingerie, handkerchiefs, etc. The fragrance of these sachets is guaranteed for one year. The scent is a floral pot-pourri in which the spice of carnation seems to dominate.

THREE WARNER BROS. STARS

Reveal Hollywood's New MAKE-UP

*Discover How to Enhance Your Beauty
as Famous Screen Stars Do*

The magic of color...beauty's secret of attraction... has been captured by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, in a new kind of make-up. It is color harmony make-up...original, new color tones in face powder, rouge and lipstick, having a matchless lifelike quality that actually seems to work a miracle in creating lovely beauty.

Wouldn't you like to share this secret with Hollywood's stars? You can!...for whether you are blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead, there is a particular color harmony for you that will do wonders in emphasizing the colorful beauty, the fascinating charm of your own type.

The very first time you make up you will see an amazing difference. You will marvel at the satin-smooth loveliness the face powder imparts to your skin...at the entrancing lifelike color the rouge brings to your cheeks...at the alluring color accent the lipstick gives to your lips. Your complete make-up will be a perfect harmony of color...and you will find that it will remain perfect for hours and hours.

New beauty can be yours today...for the luxury of Color Harmony Make-Up, created originally for the screen stars, is now available at nominal prices. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP: Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick In Color Harmony

FOR personal make-up
advice...and to test your
on color harmony shades in
face powder, rouge and lipstick
...mail coupon now.



ANN DVORAK
with
Rudy Vallee
in Warner Bros.
"Sweet Music"

Brunette

To lend enchantment to the warm color tones of brunette beauty, Ann Dvorak chooses Max Factor's Olive Powder Carmine Rouge and Carmine Lipstick.

JEAN MUIR
with
Ricardo Cortez
in Warner Bros.
"The White Cockatoo"

Blonde

To accent the appealing charm of delicate colorings, Jean Muir chooses Max Factor's Rachelle Powder, Blondeen Rouge and Vermilion Lipstick.

MARY ASTOR
with
Jackie Cooper
in Warner Bros.
"Dinkey"

Redhead

To harmonize naturally with the distinctive colorings of the auburn type, Mary Astor chooses Max Factor's Olive Powder, Blondeen Rouge and Carmine Lipstick.



Max Factor's Make-Up
Used Exclusively



© 1935 Max Factor

Mail for your COLOR HARMONY IN POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... FREE.

1-4-90

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color) <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE _____	type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>

Sylvia Sets the Standard for Facial Beauty

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]

forehead. If it's too high I don't need to tell you not to skin your hair back until you look like a wet rat. If it's too low avoid bangs, which only make it look lower. If it bulges at the sides break the line with a dip of hair. But I hope you have brains enough to do that!

Now Margaret Sullavan has a naturally beautiful hair line with that little widow's peak in the center. But if you haven't got that for heaven's sake don't paint one on! Yes, believe it or not, I've known girls silly enough to do just that. They weren't fooling anybody but themselves. The whole point of my philosophy of beauty is to work with what God gave you and make that as attractive as possible.

But there's something you can do to make your forehead beautiful no matter how it is shaped. You can keep wrinkles away and you can make it clear and smooth. If your forehead is bumpy and has pimples on it go on my complexion diet at once! In three weeks' time it will be completely cleared up—I'll guarantee you that. And don't let a day pass without guarding against wrinkles.

Every night, with your finger-tips press the fingers hard on that bone just above the temples. This relaxes and stimulates. Then begin with the two hands in the center of the forehead and with the finger-tips revolving in small circles work outwards toward the temples. But let me warn you! Never pull or stretch the skin, as is so often done in an ordinary massage or facial, just keep up that gentle rotary motion and never do even that until you've taken the first step—that of pressing

that bone above the temples—and pressing hard!

Talk in front of a mirror to teach yourself *not* to make faces. Now don't accuse me of telling you to lose your animation. Don't look like a plaster cast. But, baby, you can be animated and attractively so without raising your eye brows as if you wanted them to touch your hair. And don't frown. Don't ever, ever frown no matter how mad you get! However, if you already have those frowning wrinkles between the eyes you can press them out by using your middle and ring fingers, slightly apart and pressing, pressing, pressing right over those wrinkles. You can *press* wrinkles away. You can't *rub* them out. Always avoid rubbing. It only makes more wrinkles.

As for noses, I'm giving you three different types—all good looking. There's Maureen O'Sullivan's cute Irish nose, Jean Muir's aristocratic nose (and she comes by it honestly because she is of a fine family) and Sylvia Sidney's piquant nose. Now I want you to get this straight about noses. You can't—except with an operation—change the bone formation. What you've got to do is to take the type of nose you have and like it. You have the makings and what you can—and must—do is to refine and slenderize that nose. You can take off bumps of flesh. You can stop your nose from spreading all over your face. Changing the type is a different thing.

That's why I've given you three examples and I'm not going to be as ridiculous as some beauty "experts" are, who give hard and fast rules concerning the perfect nose. The per-

fect nose is the one that suits the rest of your face—and to say anything else is a lot of bunk. So be happy with your nose—whether it is pug, aquiline or classic. But if there's too much flesh on it get to work right this minute to take the bumps off. How? Just as you take bumps off your body, except much, much more gently. Mould the nose with the finger tips—gently, but gently. Have patience and perseverance. The flesh on the nose is almost like sculptor's clay. It *can* be moulded and your mirror will tell you where to begin!

The ear is not the most beautiful part of the body no matter how good it is, but it can be made appealing and attractive. I like Barbara Stanwyck's ear. It is a cozy, intimate ear—the kind a man would like to whisper to and, as you can see by her picture, she is darn smart to enhance it even more by letting a little curl partly cover it. So take a tip from Barbara, girls.

The perfect ear is small and well placed and lies flat to the head. Naturally, if your ear is big and coarse I trust you'll cover it with hair—and aren't women lucky they can do that—but any ear is more attractive if it is partly covered and not allowed to flap in the breeze. However, if your ears stick out until you look like a loving cup and sometimes for evening you want to be particularly dressy you can stick you ears back with a little adhesive tape, if you're careful not to let it show.

Next month I'm going to set the standard for the perfect mouth, chin and cheeks and tell you how to improve on nature.

Answers by Sylvia

Dear Sylvia:

I wish you would go into detail concerning poor circulation. I am a victim of that malady. What diet and what exercises should I take?

B. N., Gary, Ind.

There is no especial diet for poor circulation but I advise you to go on one of my diets to build up your health generally as a person in perfect health has perfect circulation. In the first place, if you're wearing any tight garments leave them off at once. Then get the blood circulating through exercises. When you first get up in the morning turn on the radio or phonograph to a peppy tune and dance around the room in a little two step, arms above your head, bending from the hips and waist. Then stand before an open window and do deep breathing exercises. Now lie on the floor on your back and, with the legs in the air, pretend to be riding a bicycle. Do this briskly for ten or twelve minutes. Do all sorts of back bends but in doing all the exercises relax completely and give the blood a chance to flow through your veins.

A dozen times during the day loosen up the muscles at the back of the neck by pressing your fingers into them. Sit straight in your chair but keep relaxed. Don't cross your legs or your arms.

Never grow tense.

Keep limber, lithe and happy.

LETTERS, letters, how they flood Lin!

But why not, girls, when two little stamps may bring you a lot of happiness and health? You'll never owe anything to Aunt Sylvia for whatever advice I gladly give you. I've helped plenty of people whose problems may have seemed worse than yours. Merely write Sylvia care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SYLVIA

Dear Sylvia:

I notice in your reducing diet you give a cup of black coffee for breakfast, I simply can't stand coffee without lots of thick cream. What should I do?

Mrs. W. W., Tampa, Fla.

Well, one thing you can do is to stay big and fat the rest of your life. Would you like that? Do you like to see your friends in nice, trim clothes while you squeeze yourself into a forty-six? You don't? Well, then, baby, you'll have to give up "lots of thick cream" in your coffee. You'll have to make your choice.

I've said over and over that having and keeping a beautiful figure is a matter of courage, common sense and stick-to-it-ive-ness. If you haven't those three qualities you'll never be slim. And if you can't deny yourself a little cream then you can't deny yourself rich foods, either. So what are you to do? Suppose you can't stand black coffee? Okay, I've got the solution. Then give up coffee!

Dear Sylvia:

You often say that hot baths are not beneficial. What sort of baths are good for a person, who is trying to reduce?

S. Y. L., Austin, Minn.

I didn't just say that hot baths are "not beneficial." I used stronger language than that. They devitalize you and sap your strength. They're definitely harmful. A lukewarm shower is the thing. If you haven't a shower take a lukewarm tub, but don't stay in long. Scrub yourself thoroughly with a good body brush and plenty of soap. Use the brush until your body is in a glow. After your body is thoroughly rinsed step under the cold shower for a second—or splash cold water on your body. After that rub your body and don't be afraid to rub hard with a big Turkish towel. Concentrate the rubbing on your spine. Incidentally, this is wonderful for the circulation too.

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these 3 satisfying comforts!"

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"Three exclusive features solve three important problems every woman faces. I explain them to you here because there is no other place for you to learn about them."

Mary Pauline Callender

Author of
"Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"



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CAN'T FAIL...

There is a special center layer in the heart of the pad. It has channels that guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad—thus avoids accidents. And this special center gives "body" but not bulk to the pad in use ... makes Kotex keep adjusting itself to every natural movement. No twisting. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 times more absorbent than cotton.



CAN'T SHOW...

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I've always felt that the real facts on this intimate subject were withheld from women. So here I present information every woman should know.

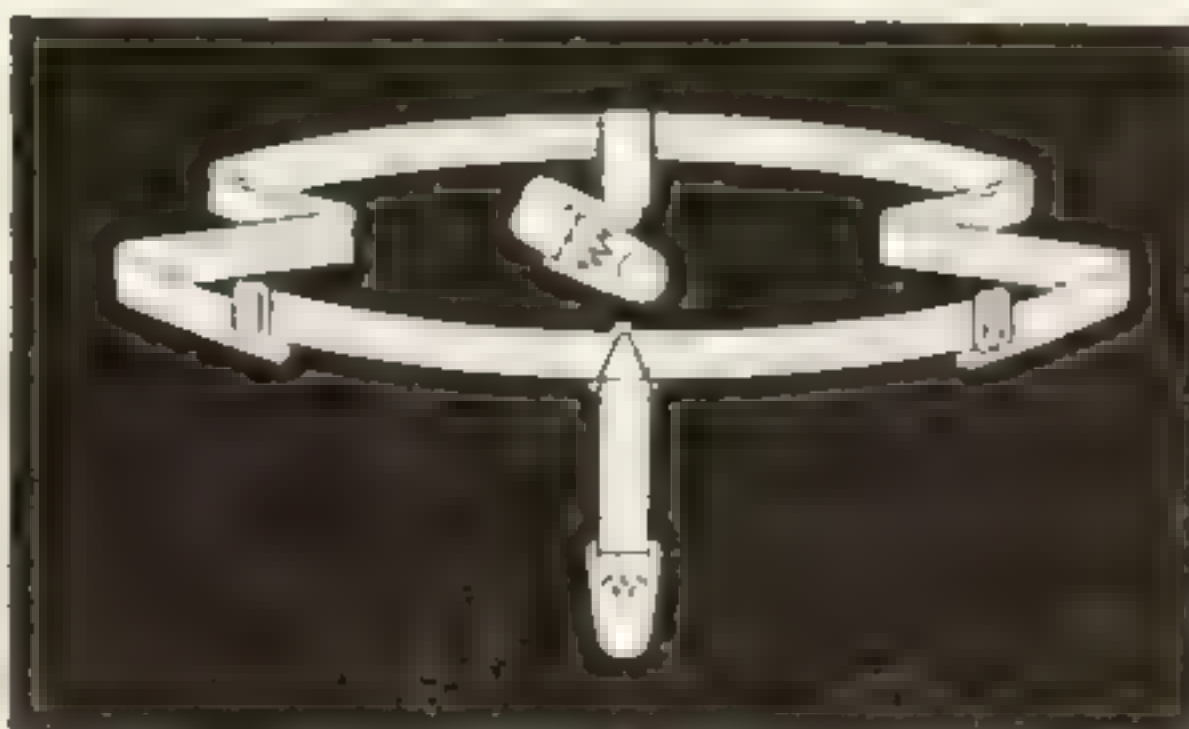
realize that most sanitary napkins look pretty much alike. Yet they aren't alike either in the way they're made or in the results they give. For only genuine Kotex offers the 3 exclusive advantages I explain on this page—the 3 features that

bring you women the comfort and safety you seek. And with Kotex now costing so little and giving so much, there's really no economy in buying any other kind.

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My Companion Said: "I'd Just Love to Dance with Fred Astaire"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

and the prancing hoofs of Pan, can dance almost as well as Fred Astaire. Strangely enough, he is almost his double. He also is slight, of identically the same height, with the same easy smile and just a little more hair.

His job is that of a professional rehearsal partner for Astaire and Ginger Rogers. He might be called "ambidextrous" when it comes to dancing. With the greatest of ease, he can take Ginger's part of the dance with Fred and Fred's part with Ginger.

However, the spectacle of Hermes and Fred whirling about in one another's embrace is a sight which only the privileged may witness. Astaire is touchy about being watched when he rehearses. His wife has visited him only twice on the rehearsal stage. Usually a guard stands steadfast between the inquisitive and the hardworking trio inside—Fred Astaire, Hermes Pan, and Hal Borne, who plays and adapts the usually impromptu arrangements of the score for Fred's flying feet.

Hermes and I invaded the sanctum on the guard's afternoon off. It is merely part of a sound stage, where a circular section of the floor has been inlaid with hard maple wood. Surrounding it is red linoleum. For "The Gay Divorcee" Fred did his dances on this linoleum, which the camera picks up as a gray tone. He was not satisfied with the recording of his clicking soles on the linoleum, so the hardwood floor was laid. Because of this, the dances of "Roberta," Hermes assured me, will record twice as clearly as did "The Continental."

Fred Astaire calls daily rehearsals at ten o'clock. He works steadily until two in the afternoon as a rule. Sometimes he eats a light lunch, but more often he does not. Pan and Borne make it a strict point to be on time, as Astaire is a stickler for punctuality.

Usually he arrives clad in gray flannel slacks and a polo shirt, or a light sweater. About what would seem to be the most important item of his work clothes, his shoes, he is extremely careless. One day they are sport shoes, another brogues, another dancing slippers. Of course, when pictures are to be made, he dons regulation dancing pumps with metal plates on heel and toe. He wears size eight and a half, and each pair costs around twenty dollars. They are made especially for him by a Los Angeles firm, and they don't wear out nearly as fast as you'd think.

ASTAIRE warms up for about ten minutes of "shadow dancing" before he attempts any real steps. When he has loosened up he "ad libs" for a few minutes with his feet, which is to say, he dances *ad libitum*, or at his pleasure without any set routine.

Hermes has seen him "ad lib" for as long as twenty minutes without repeating a step.

All of his steps are of his own creation. He starts from scratch with every dance, with little idea of what he will do, experimenting first with a bar of eight beats and then elaborating it, until the final dance has been built. Seldom does he correct or revise his routine.

Music isn't necessary to him in creating a dance. The dances for "Roberta" were rehearsed for two weeks before Jerome Kern's score arrived. Fred Astaire adapts the music

to his steps, not his steps to the music. Kern's music has been all re-arranged to suit Fred's rhythm. In it have been inserted spontaneous "tum-tiddley-tums" hummed by Fred while rehearsing. Hal Borne catches them on the keys of a tiny, battered theatrical piano and scribbles them down. Somehow they always fit in.

A four-hour shift of hard, constant rehearsing leaves Fred Astaire amazingly untired. His 140 pounds are wiry. He perspires little, even indoors. The calves of his legs and his thighs do not seem overdeveloped. The muscles are long, not bunched. He takes no especial care of his legs and feet; no masseur or chiropodist works him over before or after the workout.

A week before each picture starts, he calls a recess in the rehearsals. Dancing makes him lose weight, and as much as five pounds will make his already thin face noticeably thinner to the camera.

HE never smokes during rehearsals, and seldom at any other time. But at showings of the "rushes" of his dance scenes, he invariably whispers hoarsely to anyone near him for a cigarette. Seeing the result of his work makes him nervous.

Although the attitude on the rehearsal stage is one of "strictly business," Astaire cannily relieves the tension both for himself and Pan and Borne by periodic flashes of humor. He titles every step in a dance. "That was the 'chicken stew'," he'll say, after an intricate

step, or "How did you like the 'taffy whirl'?" During a fast pirouette he may cry, "Help! can't stop!"

One day during the "Roberta" rehearsals a black spider appeared on the floor. It appeared the next day at the same spot, and again the next day, and the next. Each day Astaire addressed it solemnly. "If you want to dance with us," he would say gravely, "you'll have to start on your left foot," "You can stay, old fellow, but your friend must go."

THE dance routine of that week he named "the spider twist." Another day, Pan Berman, RKO executive, received a hurried call from Astaire. "Come right on over," Fred breathed excitedly, "I've got a great new finish to the dance!"

Berman rushed over to the stage. "Here it is," said Fred—and did an "off to Buffalo," the vaudeville hoofer's old standby!

Hermes Pan said he and Hal and Fred had a great entrance gag for rehearsals, which always set them off in a merry mood.

When they hear Fred close the door of the stage, Hal picks out the first two bars of the bugle call, "Assembly."

Whereupon Fred answers by tapping the last two bars with his feet. Then they know it is Fred arriving.

"What if you make a mistake and play 'Taps'?" I asked.

"Taps?" said Hermes, "Sure, that's how he does it—heel and toe."



Mr. Brisson won't ever become a good cameraman unless he learns to keep his eyes on the subject! Carl was about to take Paulette Goddard's picture at the El Mirador pool, in Palm Springs, when another cameraman caught his eye



Read This Table of Contents

DECIDE HOW YOU WANT TO LOOK
GET AND EXERCISE FOR GENERAL REDUCING
WHEN FAT IS LOCALIZED—Too Much Hips, Lumps of Fat on the Hips, Reducing Abdomen, Reducing the Breasts, Firming the Breasts, Fat Pudgy Arms, Slenderizing the Legs and Ankles, Correcting Bow-legs, Slimming the Thighs and Upper Legs, Reducing Fat on the Back, Squeezing off Fat, Where There's a Will, There's a Way—to Reduce
REDUCING FOR THE ANEMIC
GAIN FIFTEEN OR MORE POUNDS A MONTH
IF YOU'RE THIN IN PLACES—Enlarge Your Chest, Develop Your Legs
PEOPLE WHO SIT ALL DAY—"Desk Chair Spread," Drooping Shoulders, Luncheon Warnings!
THE "IN-BETWEEN" FIGURE
KEEP THAT PERFECT FIGURE
CLOTHES TIPS FOR STRUCTURAL DEFECTS
FIRM, LOVELY FACE
CORRECTING FACIAL AND NECK CONTOURS—Off with That Double Chin! Enlarging a Receding Chin, Slenderizing the Face and Jowls, Refining Your Nose, Smoothing Out a Thin, Crepy Neck, "Old Woman's Bump"
IN BEAUTY DIET AND ENERGY DIET
AUTIFUL HANDS AND FEET
QUIRE POISE AND GRACE—OVERCOME NERVOUSNESS
ADVICE FOR THE ADOLESCENT—To Mothers—To Girls
THE WOMAN PAST FORTY

Screen and Stage Stars Buy Up First Edition of Beauty Secret Book

The instant response given to Madame Sylvia's remarkable book *No More Alibis* was overwhelming. The entire first edition was practically exhausted overnight. Additional printings have taxed our presses to the breaking point. The glamorous stars of the screen and stage eagerly snatched up the first copies of this amazing book.

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Sylvia of Hollywood

You cannot have good looks, a beautiful figure nor a charming personality by merely wishing for them. But beauty should be yours—and it can be if you follow the expert advice and suggestions of Madame Sylvia as given in *No More Alibis*.

Glance at the table of contents listed on this page. Notice how completely and thoroughly Sylvia covers every phase of beauty culture. And bear in mind that all of Sylvia's instructions are simple to follow. You need not buy any equipment whatsoever. You can carry out all of Sylvia's beauty treatment right in the privacy of your own home.

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Don't Love Me

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

silly. And yet, for some reason, Sam Werks was as terrifying in an intangible and inescapable way as the worst ogre I have ever encountered in a nightmare. I had that same feeling of running without getting anywhere, which is characteristic of my most fantastic dreams.

CHAPTER VIII

Much to my surprise the signal for 218 did not flash again. Cooper, I knew, was asleep but I felt sure that Sam Werks would find some legitimate-seeming excuse to get me within range of his almost hypnotic influence again.

I was so shaken by what had happened, and so frightened by what I feared might happen, that I arranged with Dorothy Anderson, the other student nurse on my corridor, to service 218 for the balance of the night. I was safeguarding myself against further trouble—or at least I thought I was. The way it turned out I actually let myself in for the most trouble I've had in all my life so far. As a matter of fact, I am still having it.

Dorothy laughed at me when I suggested that she take my pet patient. "Honeymoon over?" she asked.

"Don't ask me why," I pleaded, "I can't explain it. Give me a break, will you?"

"O. K. What medication?"

"None, unless called. Werks is practically well and Cooper may sleep right through."

"I hope so. If he wakes up and thinks I'm you, darling, what'll I do?"

"Let your conscience be your guide, little one."

"Sorry—no conscience."

"Then remember who watches even sparrows like you, and mind your step."

WE were in the floor kitchen. The wind outside was howling, and while we stood there it began to hail. Some of the hail stones came down the tin-lined ventilator over the stove. It sounded like rifle fire against the deeper booming of the wind.

Dorothy shrugged her shoulders as the thunder of the storm drowned our voices. When there was a lull she said, "Not at all the kind of night one would choose to spend in a row-boat in Lake Michigan."

"Who would?"

"The coast-guard's out. I thought you knew. They told us at supper. There's a freighter pounding on the third bar north of the channel." She started away. "Not that it matters."

I knew how much it did matter. Dorothy was engaged to No. 1 surfman of the Muskegon Patrol. Nurses always seem to get their affections tied up with men who have only a temporary lease on life. Fools all of them—nurses, I mean—including me.

I followed her out. A couple of room signals were flashing. No wonder. It was the kind of a night to make anybody jittery, sick or well. 218 was black.

We made the rounds, passing out bed-pans, hot water bags and whatever else seemed to be needed. The storm kept up all night and so did we. All the nurses on our shift had a busy evening. In the maternity ward several babies checked in who weren't expected until the next day.

The ambulance went out at 3:15 and brought us in a coast guard surfman with frozen feet. It wasn't Dorothy's Dick.

"I almost wish it was," she told me. "He'd be safer here and we could save part of him."

The lad knew her. "Dick's all right," he said. "The wreck broke up an hour ago. We saved all but two of the crew."

The staff surgeon examined his feet and decided to take off three toes. We sent him up to the operating theaters. Tough on the kid—it was before breakfast. We got him some cigarettes, though.

It was after that we got our first chance to sit down and rest a little.

Dorothy was looking over the call record.

"Darn funny we didn't hear from 218 during all that riot. Every other room's on the sheet."

"Heavy sleepers, I guess."

"Just for luck I'll take a look," Dorothy was already on her feet and starting down the corridor. I wouldn't have thought to stop her anyway.



A Londoner now. Fay Wray is making "Alias Bulldog Drummond" for Gaumont British

I saw her step in the door.

It was about a minute after that I heard her stifled scream.

I wasn't the only one who heard it, either. Sister Mary Clemente, at her desk, all the other girls on the floor and an interne making the rounds came rushing to our corridor to find out what was the matter.

We were all standing near to 218 when Dorothy came out. She had the back of her hand over her mouth as if she were still holding back a scream.

SISTER MARY CLEMENTE went to her and put an arm around her. "What is it, my child?" she asked gently.

"One of the patients in 218 is dead. I thought he was asleep and I touched his forehead with my hand. It was quite cold—he's been dead some time."

"218?" questioned Sister Mary Clemente. "Which patient?"

"The one near the window—" Dorothy faltered.

"Gregory Cooper!" Sister Mary Clemente exclaimed, and turned toward me.

CHAPTER IX

In Sister Mary Clemente's eyes was a look which I was to see duplicated in the stare of everyone whom I encountered for all the remaining days that I spent in Muskegon. It was a look of mingled inquiry and reproach. She and all the world seemed to think that I should be able to tell how Gregory Cooper had died and why.

The police and the coroner did not enter into the investigation. That was conducted by the hospital staff but the story leaked out to the papers anyway. It was such a sensational follow-up to the account of my operating room wedding that the story could not be entirely quashed. They printed a half-tone photograph of me on the front page of the Muskegon Telegram but it wasn't a very good likeness and the Telegram's engraving department is not up to a very good grade of stuff. Their reproductions looked smudged.

That was the only thing I had to be thankful for, though. From the very beginning no one gave me the benefit of any doubt.

Perhaps they were right but I was youthfully bitter about it at the time and I felt like a rabbit headed for a blank wall with all the world suddenly turned to dogs in hot pursuit not two jumps behind.

GREGORY COOPER died of an overdose of sodium phenobarbital. I had been the last nurse to administer medication to him—the records showed that. I had free access to the pharmaceutical supplies in the dispensary. That covered opportunity—I could have done it. And on the score of motive I had even Sister Mary Clemente reluctantly against me. She forced herself to recall and testify that the day after my marriage to Gregory Cooper I had remarked that it was an "unlucky break" to find that he was alive. That, coupled with the fact that I would inherit Gregory Cooper's savings of about \$10,000 seemed a very damning piece of evidence. And, finally, the fact that I had arranged with Dorothy Anderson to answer all calls from 218 during the night of Gregory Cooper's death was construed as a deliberate attempt to have someone else make the discovery. Dorothy looked at me curiously as she told about my actions that night. It was as if she didn't quite believe I was guilty but yet she couldn't find any other explanation for my conduct.

As I have said, the investigation was unofficial. But with the evidence against me which came out it would have become a matter for the attention of the police if it had not been for Sam Werks.

The investigation was nearly concluded when he sent word by a nurse that he would like to appear before the board.

They sent a wheel chair for him. He was able to walk all right if he had to but they were being especially considerate.

When the nurse brought him in he grinned, and winked at me.

Sam, as I've said, was a lawyer and I know that he thought he was too smart for the group

people he found assembled there in the administration office.

"I took charge of affairs just as if he had asked to do so.

"I can straighten this out in a minute, gentlemen," he said and then turned to the Superintendent as he added, "—and

I looked around the group, gathering the individual eyes together into one collective eye an old legal trick with juries—and

slowly and easily.

"I could have saved you a lot of trouble in the first place but I never dreamed you would suspect the sweet girl of any complicity in the death of her late husband. You need not tell me why you have reached your erroneous conclusion. I can understand that. She did not love Mr. Cooper. I knew that and he knew it, too. She stood to inherit his money. He did give him a sedative on the night he died. But it is impossible to conceive that a sweet, lovable young woman such as Mrs. Gregory Cooper, or Nurse O'Hare, as I prefer to think of her, could have been actuated by any murderous impulse. You know that and so do I."

I paused to see the effect of his words. He went on. "That estimate of her character would not, I suppose, entirely clear her in a court of law. But there is something else—something which I have been reluctant to tell. It now seems necessary."

There was no doubt now that he was holding his audience. Everyone, including myself, leaned forward a little. What did he have to disclose.

"As you know, occupied, still do occupy, the bed in Room 218. I was there the night Gregory Cooper died. And I am, as you staff of nurses will tell you, a confirmed insomniac. This is partly because of my physical infirmities and partly because of an overactive mind which stays on duty even when I would like to seek the solace of oblivion.

"So I saw what happened."

I paused and coughed. Someone handed me a glass of water.

Nurse O'Hare gave Mr. Cooper a sedative capsule, which I believe was indicated by the doctor on the foot of his bed. He pretended to swallow it but, instead, spit it out, after she had left the room. As he had done the same thing with several other capsules administered earlier by the day nurse I did not think anything of it. If he wanted to stay awake that was none of my business. Actually I was rather pleased because I had no prospect of sleeping myself and I was glad of company.

"We talked for a long time—a little about his affairs, I'm his executor, you know—but mostly of philosophy, religion and similar subjects about which we had widely differing beliefs. But I knew that he wanted to talk to me about something else. Finally it came out. 'Sa' he said, 'I guess I made a mistake when I got Rachel to marry me. She don't give a damn about me, does she?' I tried to convince him that he was wrong but I didn't have any success because actually I knew that he was right. While we were still arguing he seemed to be getting sleepy. 'I'm going to call it a day, Sa' he said. 'And if you try to wake me up I'll haunt you,' I thought he was joking and I did not actually watch him. But out of the corner of my eye I saw him take from the pocket of his pajama coat the capsule which he had secreted from Nurse O'Hare together with two other similar capsules which the day nurse thought she had given him.

"He reached for the glass of water on the



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stand between our beds. 'I shall sleep more soundly tonight than ever in my life,' he said with a kind of a grin as he placed the capsules in his mouth and swallowed them with a gulp of water.

"I suppose I should have called for help. But actually I did not know how powerful that sedative was. Neither did I know positively what his intentions were. Perhaps he only meant that he really would sleep more soundly than usual. While I was thinking over his words, I fell asleep myself.

"Later, when Nurse Anderson discovered that he was dead, I did not tell what I knew. To me it seemed that if Gregory Cooper wanted to make a graceful, painless exit it was his affair, not mine. I did not dream that Nurse O'Hare would be implicated in any way—that she would ever be accused of neglect of duty. As soon as I heard that she was in danger, I asked for an opportunity to tell the truth. I have told it and I am very tired. May I be permitted to retire?"

CHAPTER X

Sam Werks had told his story with convincing lack of frills. He was believed and I was dismissed from the deliberations of the board.

Later, however, Sister Mary Clemente sent for me.

I went to her in one of the private offices.

"Rachel," she said gently, "how much do you care about becoming a graduate nurse?"

I LOOKED at her intently before replying.

Her expression was an open book for me to read. She didn't like the message she had been ordered to give to me. Why make it harder for her? She was, and is, one of the sweetest women I've ever known.

Still I had to gulp once before I said, "I was going to ask to be released from my apprenticeship."

She was so relieved that it was worth it.

"You've a lot of money now," she said, taking my hand. "See that you do good with it."

She let me go with many parting words of advice, none of it, I fear, of much use to a girl who has had to fight for emotional serenity as hard as I. She loved me, I knew that, and I loved her, but we were so different that she

couldn't understand the sort of traps that lay in my path and the devious trails I would have to follow in order to avoid them.

That was the end of my hospital career. I got out of the dormitory and moved to a furnished room downtown in the Neumeister Building. As I have mentioned I had no real friends and no family. I thought that wouldn't matter much but actually I was terribly lonesome.

Just for companionship, if for nothing else, I tried up and down the length of Western Avenue to get a job—at Daniel's Book Shop, Hardy's Department Store, The Occidental Hotel, The Colonial Tea Room—everywhere. I even applied for domestic service.

But no one seemed to want me. There were too many people out of work already before I joined the ranks of the unemployed and, besides that, I suspected that my newspaper publicity hadn't helped any. Perhaps they thought, too, that I had been fired from the hospital. That was too close to the truth for comfort.

I was actually pretty nearly out of funds when Sam Werks came to my rescue. He had been discharged from the hospital. He limped still—he always had and always would—but he was otherwise all right.

Sam sent for me to come to his office.

"Well, Rachel," he said kindly. "I'm glad to see you again. I missed you at the hospital but I thought about you a great deal and I even managed to conduct your inheritance business from my bed. Through my affiliations in Detroit I have had Gregory Cooper's will probated and the settlement will be made almost any day now."

Sam was all business. I liked him that way. Perhaps I had misjudged him at the hospital. Even there he had gone to bat for me when I certainly had no other prospect of escaping from a serious situation.

I thanked him for what he had done.

"Nothing at all," he denied graciously.

"You have my eternal gratitude."

He thought of that for a moment. "Sometime I may make some claim on it—not now. In the meantime, until your inheritance arrives, you must let me finance you."

I started to protest.

"This is merely an advance on your inheritance," he said. "You are my client, an heiress. I shall get a good fee for handling your business. How much do you want?"

I accepted a few dollars. And when they were gone I reluctantly went to ask him more. He gave it to me without any question. I couldn't just understand Sam Werks in a phase. He was kind, considerate and expeditious. Never a word was said between us which could be construed as anything but business. And unless I went to his office I not see him at all. I wondered, cynically, myself if I had lost my kick and decided to consider an application to the old lady at home.

CHAPTER XI

An attorney from Detroit arrived one morning after supper with the papers for my signature. I attended to that in Sam Werks' office and the attorney turned over a bank draft for the amount—\$10,000, less court costs. Werks gave the Detroit lawyer a check for his share of the fee and the latter left to catch the eleven o'clock Pere Marquette train for Chicago where he said he had some business.

When he had gone Sam handed me the bank draft.

"But I owe you a lot for your fee," I said.

"O. K. You can pay me as soon as you open a bank account of your own, or—" he added. As an afterthought, "if you like I can deposit the draft to my account and give you a check for the difference."

That sounded like a better arrangement so I endorsed the draft over to him. I didn't know anything about such things then and he had to show me how.

"Write on this end of the draft," he said, and dictated the words, "Pay only to the order of Samuel Werks."

Then he gave me his check for \$9,463.17. I know the exact amount because I have it.

For me at that time it seemed to represent a very large sum of money. I was slightly dazzled by the mere sound of so many figures. I thanked Sam profusely.



How screen gangsters scare each other. Peter Lorre, noted German actor who is in Hollywood to make "Crime and Punishment," and Edward G. Robinson, public enemy of "The Whole Town's Talking," putting each other in a spot

"Without you," I said, "I never would haveceived this."

"That's true," he said, "but I couldn't see a beautiful girl go to jail for life—could I?" I had even started to go when his remark penetrated my whirling consciousness. I turned back toward him. "Jail for life?" repeated vaguely.

"Yes. In most states it's the electric chair. You got off easy in Michigan."

"But," I faltered, "what has jail or the electric chair to do with me?"

"Not a thing, Rachel, as long as you and I stick to our stories."

I sat down weakly in a chair beside his desk. I knew I was in a trap of some sort although I wasn't certain yet just how I'd been caught. Sam looked at me queerly and then, without speaking, opened a drawer in his desk from which he obtained a bottle of whiskey. He poured me a drink.

It was terrible stuff—moonshine.

"You didn't really think," Sam said when I was through sputtering, "that I myself believed that story I told about Cooper taking that medicine on his own hook? I just told you to get you out of a jam. Listen, Rachel, you and I aren't as dumb as those doctors and that lady sitting on the staff of that hospital. You know, and so do I, that Cooper wasn't able to move the night he died—not enough to raise his hand. The doctors didn't think that."

I knew now what he was driving at. My question was merely sparring for time. "What do you mean?"

SAM opened a memorandum portfolio on his desk and handed me a typewritten sheet of paper.

"I wrote it out because I thought we might get to talking about this. Read it while I look over a brief I'm preparing for court tomorrow." I stared at the paper.

He sat, ostensibly reading and turning the pages of a manuscript. Actually I knew he was watching me covertly as I absorbed the contents of the most damnable document I have seen in my life. Outside, the noises of the city were subsiding. It was late and Muskegon is a factory town—it goes to bed at ten o'clock. A few automobiles rustled by and a train switch-engine down at the Yards footed signals. Otherwise it was still.

The paper in my hands trembled a little, but I could read what was written on it.

"Memorandum Concerning The Death of Gregory Cooper;

"Gregory Cooper died on the night of December 3, 193-, as the result of an overdose of sodium phenobarbital intentionally administered to him by his wife, Mrs. Rachel O'Hare Cooper, who was at that time a student nurse in the hospital at Muskegon, Michigan.

"I, Samuel Werks, occupying a bed in the same room at that hospital, was a witness to this act although at the time I was not aware that she was giving him a quantity of the drug which would be fatal to a man in his weakened condition.

"Later, when I realized what happened, I did not testify to the above facts because I feared that I would be similarly disposed of.

"This memorandum is merely for the record and will be deposited in my vault at the Hackley Union National Bank, marked, 'Not to be opened except in case of death.' Under such circumstances it will be advisable to investigate any connection between my demise and the activi-



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BY HER EYES THAT

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DOESN'T TELL ON HER FEET

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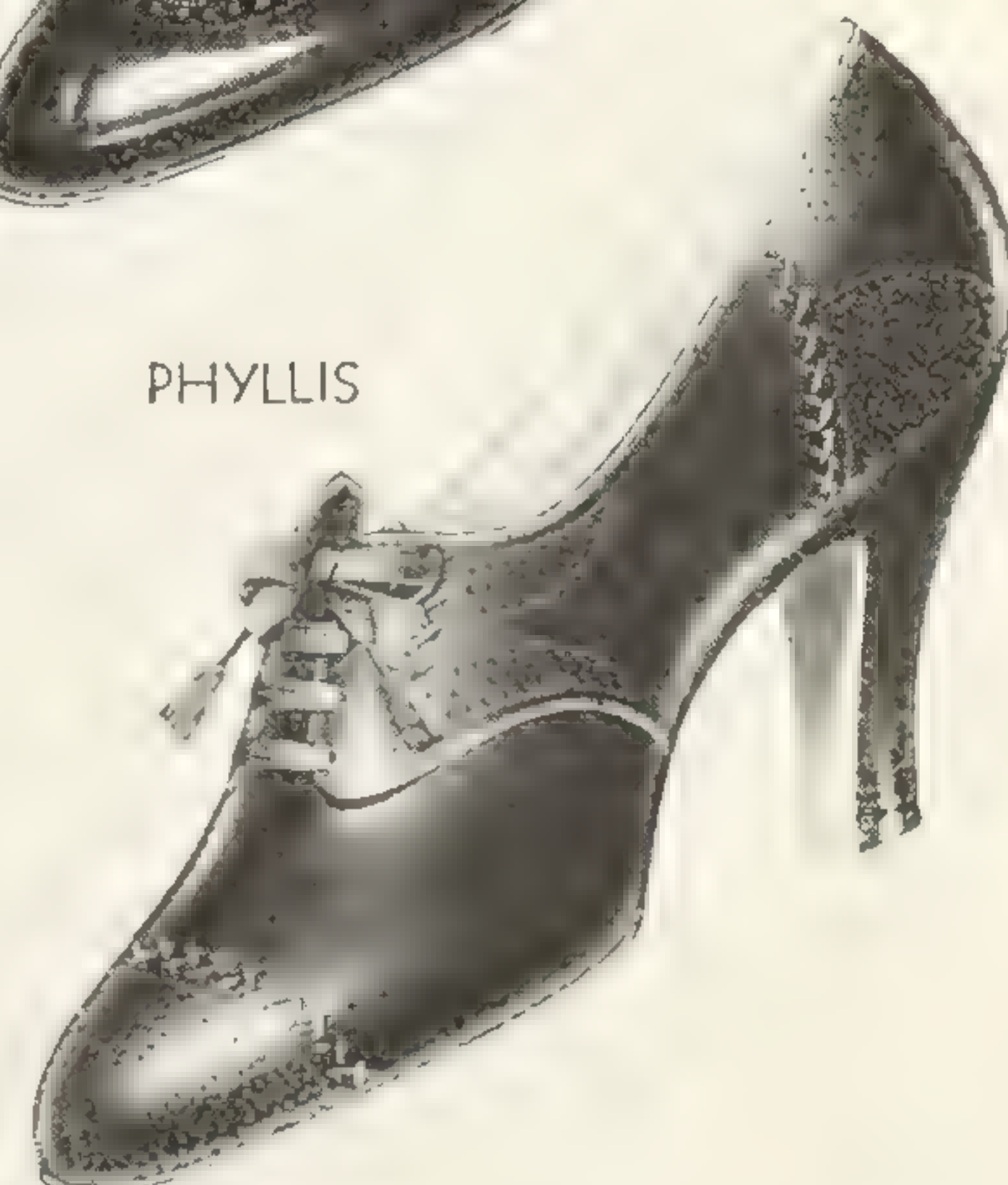
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• Vitality Health Shoes with their Charmed Circle of Smartness, Fit, Vitality and Economy keep feet happy, postures more erect and graceful, and faces brighter—free from the little tell-tale signs of "foot-fag."

SALLY



PHYLLIS



ties of the above mentioned Rachel O'Hare Cooper.

"(Signed) Samuel Werks."

I kept looking at the paper long after I had finished reading it. Across my memory like the flashing lights of explosives were passing the events of the past few weeks which had made it possible for this man to dare to write that document. Particularly I remembered my dislike of him as a patient in the hospital,—how I had hated to touch him and my instinctive revulsion at his kiss. I had thought at the time that he had sensed my antipathy. Now I know that he had—and that his damaged ego had cried aloud for a revenge that would humble me to my knees—and perhaps to his.

In the language of the old fashioned melodrama, Samuel Werks seemed to have me in his power.

An inspirational caution warned me to control my Irish temper. That would be playing the scene along the conventional lines that he was doubtless prepared for.

So I didn't stand up with flashing eyes and crumple the paper into a ball and throw it out the window. That would have been his cue to say that it was only a carbon copy of the real document, and I had noticed that myself.

Instead I got my expression fully under control and finally looked at him.

"Well," I said, "where do we go from here?"

He searched my eyes for a second to see what I meant. He guessed wrong. "I live at the Hamilton Apartments."

"Oh, did you think just because you wrote out this interesting short, short story which neither one of us believes that I would be anxious to move in with you?"

"Not move in—just call occasionally."

"I see. I had thought you were proposing an honorable marriage so that you could get my money."

"My dear Rachel, don't be stupid." He held up the Detroit bank draft. "I already have your money. That check I gave you in exchange isn't good unless I deposit this in the same bank and I'm thinking seriously of shifting my account. No, I am not the grasping character you think. I want you for yourself alone."

THE man was clever—diabolically so. He was wasted on the law. The scenario departments of a dozen studios in Hollywood yawn for talents such as his.

But I had no admiration for his trickiness then. I was furious and the blood of my ancestors finally began to boil.

"Give me back that draft!" I ordered.

"O. K." Samuel Werks held it out to me. "It isn't any good to you. You've endorsed it to me. You can't cash it."

I realized now what a fool I had been to sign over the draft. For a second I thought he had me. Then in a flash I realized that he had made an equally foolish blunder in letting me hold that draft in my hands again.

I began tearing it to bits.

"Rachel!" he groaned, starting toward me.

"Keep your clammy hands off me."

"You don't know what you're doing."

"Sure I do. I'm spoiling a lowdown, dirty shyster trick." I stuffed the pieces of paper in my pocket. "You thought I'd come and live with you just to get back part of Cooper's money. Well, I won't. And try to figure this out, too. I never wanted his money anyway at any time."

He was edging around the table after me. I picked up a light chair.

"Rachel," he said, "we'll get married."

"That's what you think. Keep away!" I warned.

He didn't. I hit him with the chair—not on the head where he was expecting it and was prepared to ward it off but on his lame hip where I knew what it would do to him.

I was right. He gave one groan and passed out right in the middle of his office rug. I was almost sorry I had to hurt him so much—but not quite.

I leaned over to make sure he was not dead. The heart was still working. His wallet fell out of his coat pocket when I threw it back to get at his chest. There was seventy-seven dollars in the wallet. It seemed to me that it belonged fairly to me in lieu of the ten thousand he had cheated me out of.

Still, I did him another good turn for good measure. I put his desk telephone on the floor beside him. Whenever he came to he could call the hospital to come and get him.

As I left the office I calculated roughly that



Robert Armstrong may play rough characters on the screen, but he likes his Sealyham to have good manners. You've probably just seen Bob in "Sweet Music"

he would regain consciousness in about twenty minutes.

In a little less than that time I was on board the midnight bus for Chicago.

CHAPTER XII

I kept on going for as far as I could without leaving the continent. That landed me in Los Angeles.

So help me, I had no idea of trying to get a job in the movies. All I wanted was never to see Muskegon again and not to let anyone from home ever find out what had become of me.

Perhaps I was afraid of being arrested for the murder of Gregory Cooper, but I don't believe that was entirely the reason for my flight. On sober second thought it did not seem likely that Sam Werks would make any statement to the authorities along the lines of that memorandum he had shown me. That was only a trick to frighten an unsophisticated girl. But I didn't in the least doubt that he had deposited the original of that document in his safety deposit box in the bank vault. That was entirely in keeping with his sup-

pressed sadistic temperament. It would amuse him, dead, to speculate on my struggles to escape from the web he had bequeathed me.

If and when Sam died—even if he were killed by a falling building—it behooved me to have an air-tight alibi for the occasion.

I guess that my principal reason for fleeing was because I was completely fed up with the way life had treated me in Muskegon since I had grown up. Perhaps in some other surroundings I could find an existence which was not quite so much in the sex spotlight. Hearing for Southern California was not so dumb as it sounds. It isn't nearly so conspicuous to be built like Jean Harlow in a town where Harlow really lives as it is in a community where there is an obvious lack of Harlow types.

When I got to Los Angeles I had to get a job. There were very few of Sam's seventy-seven dollars left. I answered advertisements for nursemaids. I thought my hospital training would come in handy there. And besides I adore children. But my appearance was against me. One lady told me frankly that she didn't care to compete for her husband's favors in her own household.

Then I tried the beauty parlors. I nearly connected in one of them but when the manager found out I had no experience she reluctantly turned me away. But she gave me the address of a training school down on Main Street where I could learn the trade and promised me a job if I could make the grade.

That's where I went. I paid five dollars in advance for the first week's tuition and trusted that something would happen before I needed to put up another installment.

The work was not very difficult. I managed to absorb the theory all right. But the practical application was more difficult. You see in a school of that sort the students practice on each other—giving facials, permanent waves, manicures, etc. My old trouble got in my way. None of the girls liked to work with me. I found myself virtually an outsider in the closed shop.

THERE was one other girl in the same predicament as myself but for an entirely different reason. Her name was Louella Whitemeat and her complexion was a very deep shade of African black. She was the niece of a wealthy negress who had invented a process for uncurling kinky hair. Louella was taking the complete beauty course with the idea that she would become a national demonstrator of her aunt's boon to decided brunettes.

I took pity on Louella—or she took pity on me—I'm not sure exactly which way it was. Anyway I let her practice on me. She was profoundly grateful and became from the very beginning of our association the only true friend of my own sex that I had ever known.

Louella admired everything about me and tried to imitate me in all she did—rather large order considering that she weighed 180 in her ebony hide.

She was especially delighted with my complexion which is very fair and she was devotedly possessed to bleach my hair.

"Honey, Miss Rachel, you ain't doin' yo'self justice. To my notion a woman should be a white or all black. You jes' let Louella show you."

Well, I gave in finally. What did I care what color my hair was? Louella promised to do a fine job.

She did but she got her formulas mixed somehow. Maybe she put some of the non-curling fluid in the bleach. How do I know? Anyway the result was a very peculiar shade of white—there was a little blue in it.

My first impression was that I was ruined for life. I didn't look like me at all. And furthermore, I didn't look like anybody else either. Louella was horror-stricken herself. "Hey, Miss Rachel, I made a miscue somewhere. But I'll fix it. You lemme start again."

"While I live," I told her grimly, getting out of the operating chair. "If this mop doesn't turn some other color by tomorrow morning I'm going to cut it all off and start low in again."

"Then, honey, Miss Rachel, kin I cut it off?"

By this time the other girls had gathered around curiously. I suppose they were glad that I had turned into a white-headed hag. I had no mind to furnish any amusement to the gossips so I grabbed my hat and called it a day. I left poor old Louella to their tender mercies.

Down on the street, at the door of the Hotel which was only a half block away, a sight-seeing bus was just starting out. I boarded it, grateful for the semi-seclusion it afforded—I actually didn't have the nerve to go through town looking like a freak out of a museum. I was conspicuous enough anyway with that bluish white hair—! Oh yes, I saw every fifth woman has "sapphire" blonde hair now. This was three years ago.

I had headed for Hollywood and made it straight up inside the gates of Inter-Stellar Corporation Studios.

Believe it or not I had never seen the inside of a motion picture studio up to that time and I never had the least desire to do so.

Now that I was there and the other newcomers were getting off to gawp around I decided to have a look myself.

A office boy, acting as guide, was saying, "To your right is Stage 12 where all the process work is made," and I followed the hay-riders.

I HADN'T gone a hundred yards when another office boy came running after us. He stopped beside me.

"Say," he said, "can you spare a minute?"

"Yes," I admitted, wondering what it was about.

"Then come over to the administration building. Mr. Mueller wants to see you."

It shook my head. "I don't know anybody by the name of Mueller."

He looked at me impatiently. "Sure you don't know Louis Mueller—he's president of Inter-Stellar—you know—Uncle Lou."

I was still mystified.

"Never mind, lame brains. Come on any way."

So I followed him across the studio streets past the office building and finally past a few red-headed secretaries into the most sumptuous private office I had ever seen.

A little man, bald and blinky, with the sweetest but kindest eyes in the world, sat behind a desk that might have been a machine replacement. Another man, a tall thin fellow with a hawklike expression on his face, stood beside the desk. He had his back half turned to me and he was evidently expostulating with the little man.

"Ask you, Lou, is don't be hasty."

He waved the other man aside.

"For two years I've had a dozen men look over Europe for a girl like this and when she looks under my window and I see her you know, don't be hasty!"

Then began the amazing series of adventures which I shall describe in the next—the May—PHOTOPLAY.)



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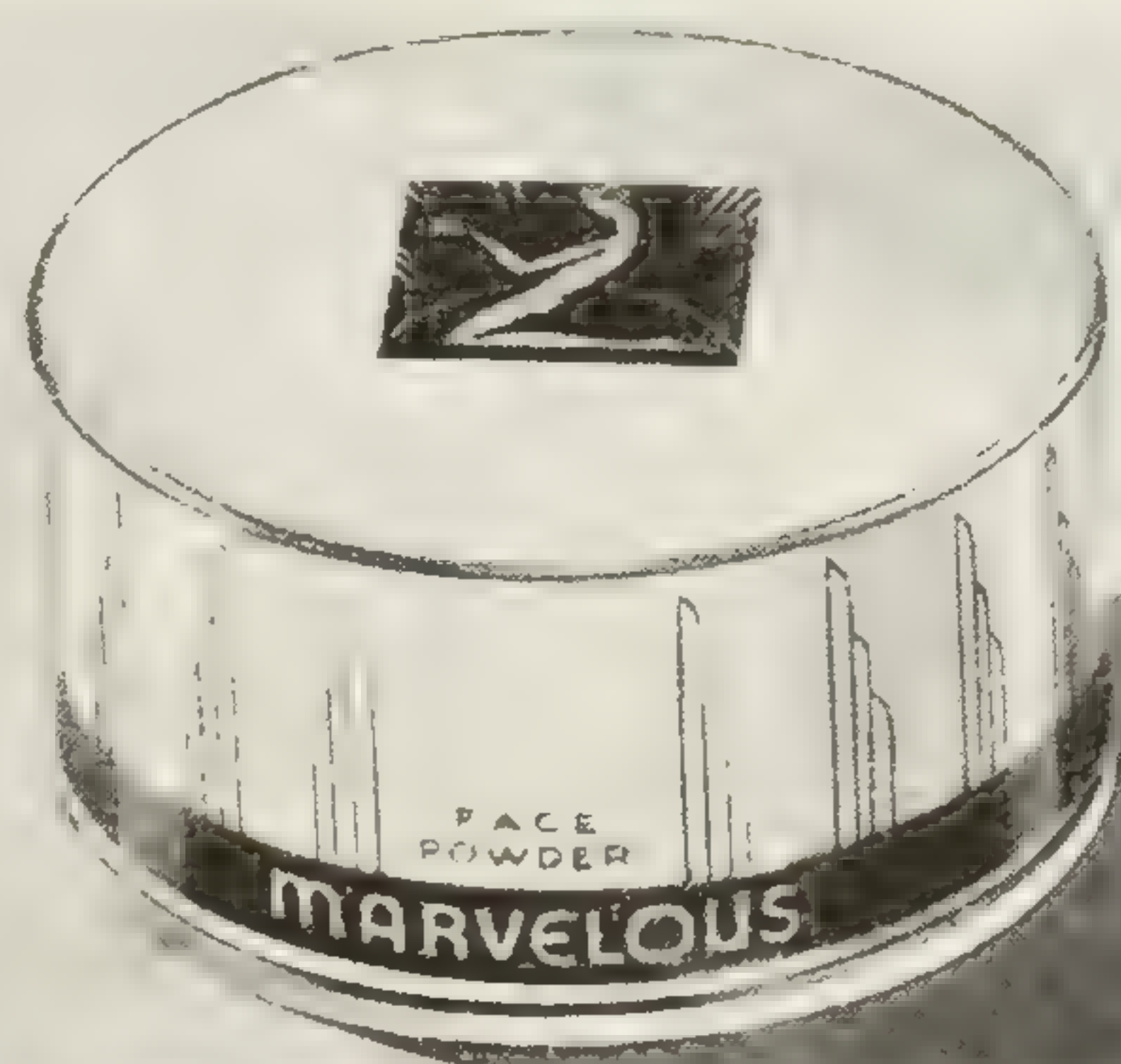
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**MAKES FACE POWDER STAY
ON FROM 4 to 6 HOURS**

(by actual test)

MARVELOUS Face Powder 55¢

Where Is My Wandering Playwright?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

sitting pretty. Nugent was a definitely proven and valuable asset to my business. He was an actor-playwright who knew his way around in the theater. "The Poor Nut" was only his second play. "Kempy," his first, had also been a success. It was reasonable for me to assume that in the future he would write and act in a number of plays which I would produce. It was also logical to believe that a fair percentage of these still unwritten plays would be hits, that the profits from the hits would far exceed the losses on the flops.

No dice. In 1928 I lost my first blue chip to a new and ruthless competitor who suddenly appeared to sit in on the showman's game which I had found to be so exciting and so profitable. This new player was the producer of talking pictures. He had a world market for his goods as against the limited number of customers left to me on Broadway and in a few of the other major Rialtos of the road. This talking picture producer could and did offer Nugent fifteen hundred dollars a week for a year of his services as a writer, actor and director. Nugent, sensibly enough, decided to take the assurance of seventy-eight thousand dollars for a year's work as against the known and dangerous gamble of a Broadway production. Nugent has remained in Hollywood since 1928 and is today one of the town's top directors. As one pal to another I have been sincerely delighted with his success. As a Broadway showman, however, I haven't been able to regard his Hollywood career with any particular enthusiasm for since Nugent was claimed by the sure reward of a weekly talking picture pay check I have not received from him a single play script which I could produce on Broadway.

WITH the usual gambler's optimism I went looking for another blue chip when my first was taken from me. I found it, this time in the person of Edwin Burke and a comedy he had written which he called "This Thing Called Love." Burke is a sensitive soul who was practically bruised into writing a play for Broadway. He had been first an actor in the theater, then a director and then the author of eighty-four vaudeville sketches. All of these sketches, from one to eighty-three, were hits. Number eighty-four was a flop. Burke, ashamed and disconsolate, immediately decided that vaudeville was a business which could not be depended upon and forthwith wrote his first full length play. I gloated a bit as I studied past performances and figured that I could count at least eighty-three more plays from Burke before despair at his own ineptitude would turn his creative talent to another task.

So what happened? So "This Thing Called Love" was a hit, picture sale and all—from which Burke collected a small fortune in author's royalties. So Burke, in 1928, was signed by Fox Films as a writer and has been collecting large annual fortunes from that firm ever since. So Burke, one of the grand people of this world in my personal book, hasn't written a play since he went to Hollywood. So it began to dawn on me that the talking picture boys were successfully playing me for a good natured sucker.

I knew then that the cards were stacked

against me, but the game was still the only one that was being played in my town. I sat in for some more of the same. I got it, exactly the same.

This time I riffled through the hundreds of manuscripts that passed over my desk and finally drew one that gave me more personal pleasure, as a player in the game of showmanship, than any other I had handled. This one was a script which had been around and about. Its covers were a bit frayed with travel in search of production. Every producer on Broadway had had a look at it and as smart a showman as John Golden had tried the play and found it wanting in an Atlantic City production.

After looking at the play on a try-out stage Golden decided that it wouldn't do for Broadway.

That script gave me ideas. I passed these notions along to the author. They jelled. I produced the play. It was a hit, "Kibitzer" by name. There was a season on Broadway, another on the road and a \$50,000 picture sale. Jo Swerling, the author, signed as a writer with Columbia Pictures after "Kibitzer" was produced in New York. Since that time there have been no plays by Jo Swerling on a Broadway stage.

A less personal example. Anyone challenged to name the five most successful Broadway managers would certainly include Sam Harris and John Golden in that select group. They belong, by the record of many years of successful showmanship. But let's take a look at the record since 1928, that year when the talkies first began their raid on Broadway.

Since 1928 John Golden has had three smash hits. They were "Let Us Be Gay," "As Husbands Go" and "When Ladies Meet." All three were written by Rachel Crothers. Miss Crothers, one of the smartest writing craftsmen of the theater, didn't go to Hollywood until 1934. Catch on? Since 1928 Sam Harris has had his usual series of S. R. O. productions. They have included "June Moon," "Once in a Lifetime," "Of Thee I Sing," "Dinner at Eight," "As Thousands Cheer" and "Merrily We Roll Along." All of these

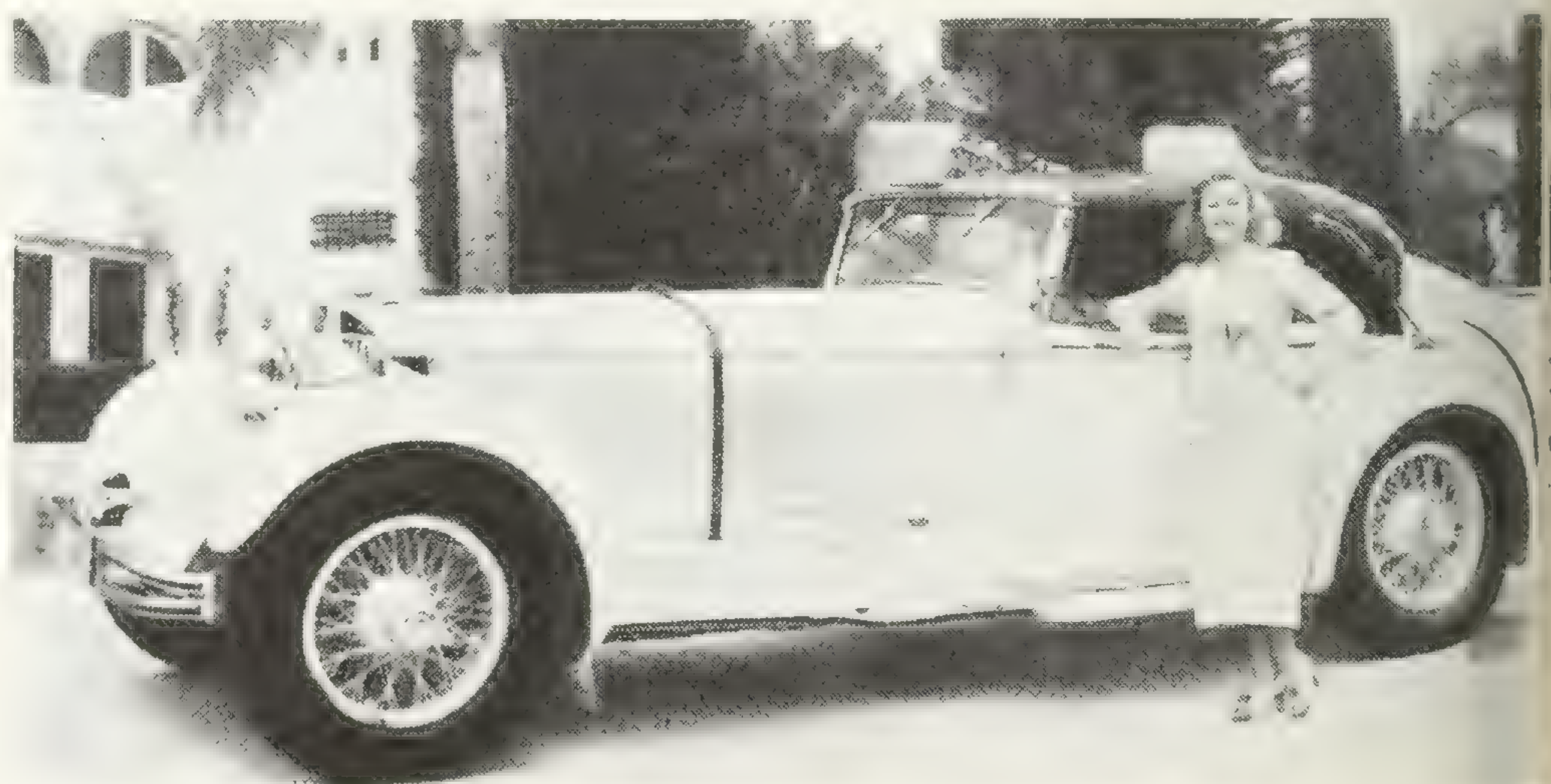
with the exception of "As Thousands Cheer" had the benefit of George S. Kaufman collaborator and as a director. Kaufman refused fabulous sums to desert Broadway for Hollywood. Catch on? I did. As a result I am now in Hollywood engaged in this movie show business that is known as talking pictures.

A final example. There are, according to rumors which reach the Pacific Coast, smash hits on Broadway today. One of them is Sidney Howard's dramatization of Sir Lewis's "Dodsworth." Howard reversed the usual process. He deserted Hollywood for Broadway. Another is "Merrily We Roll Along." This is the work of the previously mentioned Kaufman and Moss Hart, and who returned to Broadway after only a brief appearance in the Hollywood gold fields. The third is "The Farmer Takes a Wife," by F. Elser and Marc Connelly. Connelly makes only occasional appearances, and then only for short and special assignments, in a Hollywood producer's office. "Valley Forge," by Maxwell Anderson. Anderson is also only a part time contributor to Hollywood's demand for writing talent.

THE fifth and sixth plays among this class are "The Children's Hour" by Lillian Hellman and "Personal Appearance" by Lawrence Riley. Both of these latter authors are represented on Broadway this season for the first time in their writing careers. They have written plays which are Broadway successes.

And where are these wandering playwrights discovered at last and exploited by the part search and the production skill of their New York managers? The answer to a silly question is that both Miss Hellman and Mr. Riley, smart folks that they are, now receive each week a large check for services rendered to the talking picture impresarios.

There isn't any doubt that such as Miss Hellman and Mr. Riley are smart. Do, however, ask me my opinion of the probable result of an I. Q. test of the modern Broadway showman. Many of the boys are old pal mine.



This is the elongated mass of concentrated horse power that Lilian Harvey wanted to park somewhere and forget about not long before she sailed back to London

There's Gold in Those Frills

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56]

he \$250,000 for them, figures not inflated. He has long suffered with a phobia against practical singer-bread picture clothes as worn on some of our nicest actresses. "Thinks of the garment worn on the screen has such profound influence on the fashions of the world that they should be practical and in impeccable taste. 'Why steer 'em wrong'?" asks Bernie—why indeed? We never have known a dressmaker who is also an ace designer of fabrics. The brocaded metal cloth used in several gowns worn by Irene Dunne and Ginger Rogers cost twenty-five dollars a yard, and don't spare the colors, said Bernie.

He has changed Irene Dunne's coiffure, too. "When I rushed I looked at with Bernie and the director (Bill Seiter) she looks the way Irene always should have looked, and never has before, quite. Like a girl whose family had brides with braided tails for five generations and slept on hand-woven linen. And never heard a bad word.

He wears a head-ornament in the "Smoke Rings in Your Eyes" number that cost six thousand dollars. That doesn't make her a lady, in case you misunderstand me—but the fact that the jewels are real all helps the feeling we have that a lady wears none but authentic jewels, laces, or furs. If she can't afford real ones, she doesn't wear any.

Bernie will not stand for faking. He refuses to pass off dyed skunk for sable, although it is done every day. One actress in "Roberta" wears a full length wrap of silver fox, which cost \$19,000. Bernie designed hats, gloves and slippers.

Even a special shade and gauge of stock-in was ordered for each costume.

Now he is about to receive the loving-cup from the American Retailer's Association for designing the most out-standing gowns in any picture, and a party will be spread for him at the Biltmore the like of which has seldom been seen in our modest village. Twenty-five hundred buyers from every fine establishment in the country will come flying out to bow to Bernie and the "Roberta" creations, and he will blush quite a little, and wish they were doing it to some other guy.

When he will do Hepburn's clothes for "Break of Hearts." He has gone beautifully mad about the girl because she has what it takes to wear the kind of clothes he likes to pick up.

He has been captured by RKO on a contract, with the agreement that he may go to New York every six months.

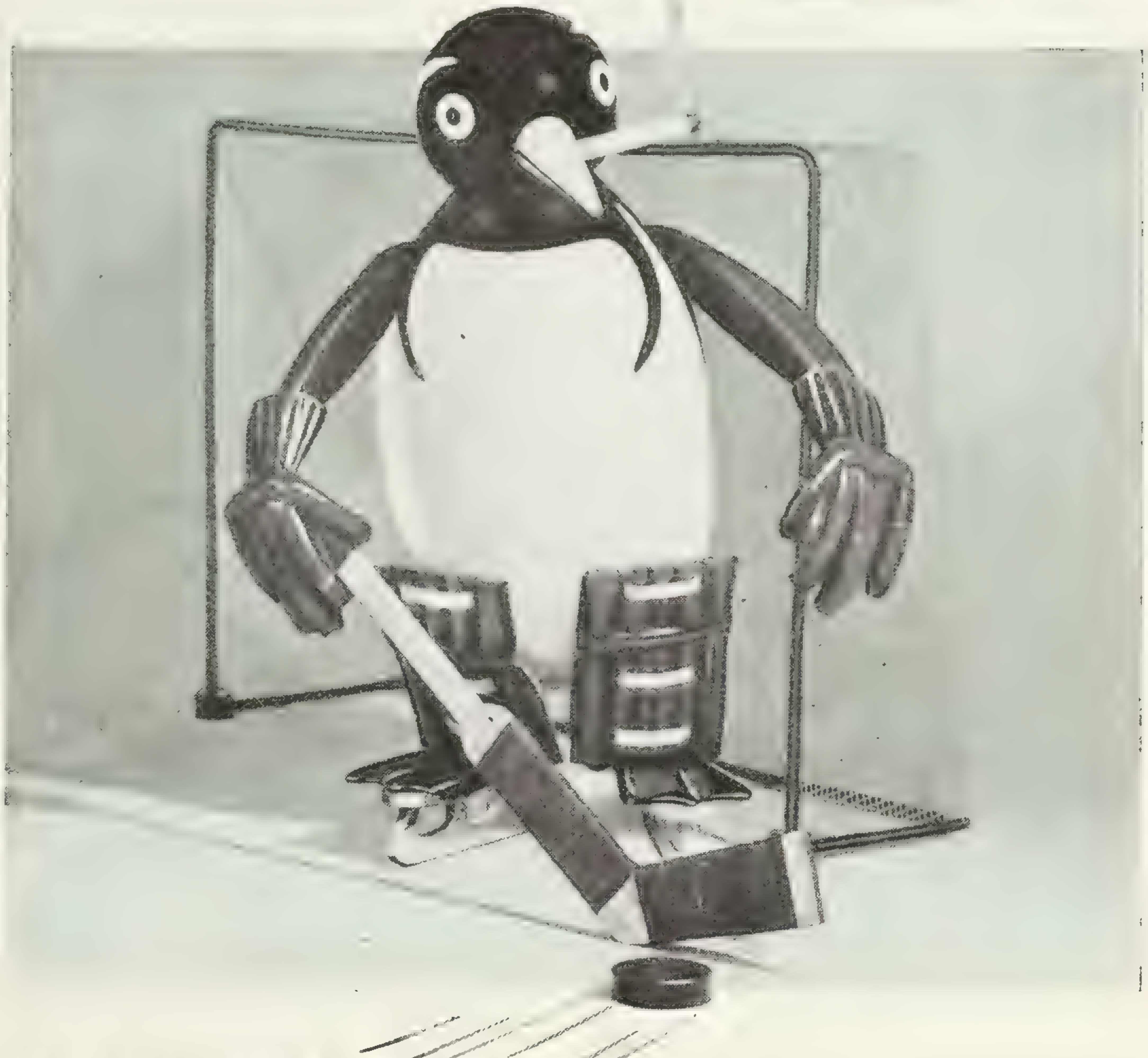
The reason Bernie turned out to be a dress-maker, in spite of his nice leathery look, is because his mother was one for years in New York and the whole family had an obsession against his getting in the business. So after school was over, Bernie spent the first two years trying *not* to be a dress-maker, and had the hundred jobs, starting with office boy for Eddie Small. There is really nothing you can mention that he didn't do and do very badly. So he gave in and became a designer.

And so, with a quivering sigh of regret, I leave Bernie to you . . . and invite you to look at some of his "Roberta" creations on pages 62 and 63.

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HIGH CIGARETTES . . . NOW AT POPULAR PRICES . . . ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

They Gave This Little Girl a Hand

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

There was something so *real* about her, so different from most of the "little girls" around the great white way. Her hair was real and her smile was real and her charm was real. You could see that she hoped you would like her, that she had fun tap-dancing, but she didn't make any of those synthetic attempts at fascination of which we had grown so weary.

While she danced, Texas came over and sat down at the table where Jimmy Quirk and May Allison and Richard Dix and I were having supper.

There never was and there never will be anyone just like Texas Guinan. Her place on Broadway's page is a large one. She had been, of course, a chorus girl and a musical comedy star, in tights. She had been a movie star in wild westerns. She called every celebrity in New York by his or her first name, her house on 8th Street was so crowded with what-nots and frilled pillows you couldn't move but the intelligentsia fought to get inside. She was hard-boiled and a little rough around the edges, but she was Broadway's heart of gold just the same and everybody loved her.

THERE can't be any question that Texas was very, very important in the life of Ruby Keeler.

"She's the nicest girl I've ever had," Texas said, while she sipped a tall glass of Vichy water—Tex sold prohibition booze but nobody ever saw her take a drink of it—"and she's got great talent. You watch—she'll go places. Level-headed little thing, honest and regular and on the level in everything. But she's Irish. She'll be great if she just doesn't go and fall in love with the wrong guy. Now, she doesn't care anything about 'em—but she's the kind once she falls in love, she'll be sunk completely."

Texas was right—when Ruby Keeler fell in love, nothing else in the world mattered.

Sitting there while little Ruby danced with inspired feet, Texas told us something of her history.

An Irish girl, born in Halifax, Nova Scotia. The oldest in a family of six girls and one boy.

Probably there never has been a more typical Irish Catholic family than Ruby Keeler's. They were a complete world unto themselves. They laughed, wept, suffered, fought, played and worked together. They were poor and they had always been poor and thought very little about it one way or the other. That didn't keep the household from enjoying life right up to the hilt and having a swell, uproarious time. The babies came fast and as Ruby was the oldest she carried baby sisters around on one hip and pushed perambulators and helped wash little shirts, like any other good Irish girl in a big Irish family.

"Ruby's a great comfort to me," her mother always said to the other Irish mothers who came in for a cup of tea in the clean little house in New York, into which they had moved when Ruby was only three.

Of course she was a little beauty, but the family thought very little about that. When people raved about her to Mrs. Keeler, the mother said shortly, "She's well enough when she's clean," and pinned Ruby's handkerchief onto her clean little dress and sent her off to school.

Dancers, I think, are born not made.

The little Keeler girl was born with dancing feet.

So, with her dancing feet and her beauty, it was almost inevitable that when the time came for her to go to work, she sought the chorus. She was thirteen then.

From that first stage job she went to the El Fey Club, under Texas Guinan. And she was there almost three years. And in many ways those three years were all-important to her.

Of course she had it in her, or it wouldn't have come out. But if she had happened to be tap-dancing in some other night club in those mad days of New York's most glittering night life, she might have had a very different experience.

Texas brought her girls out on the floor and exhibited them to the mobs in her night club. But she was like an old maid school teacher in her rules and regulations where they were concerned and I know that to be the truth. She watched over them every minute and believe me, Texas knew what to watch for. I don't think there was any gent young or old on Broadway who ever got up early enough to fool Tex.

One of the girls who danced for Texas for years and who is now very happily married to a famous writer, once said to me, "Texas was a tyrant, that's all. She knew where you were every minute. If any man wanted to take you out, he had to account to Texas first. When she took us on trips, she actually put us to bed every night and locked us in. She was like a mother to us all."

"More than that, Texas knew the world so well, and she never let us lose our sense of values. She took what she wanted from Broadway, but it never fooled her. She made us work, too, if we had any talent. You couldn't just get by on your looks, with Texas. You had to practice and rehearse and improve, or she'd raise the roof."

Ruby was Texas' favorite.

When she first came to the El Fey Club she was a friendly, natural little thing, adaptable as are all Irish girls, full of fun, and both innocent and ignorant about many phases of life. In the three years there she gained poise, she gained knowledge, she worked at her dancing and under Texas, who probably knew more about personality than anyone else in the world, she developed her personality. But essentially, she remained the same.

Now, believe me that those things do not happen to all little girls on Broadway, dancing in night clubs, living the life of a night club girl.

Three things were responsible. Ruby herself—the natural, clean, simple kid that she was. Her Irish training, and Irish mothers are severe with their daughters and expect a great deal of them, and Texas Guinan, who was Ruby's second mother.

DURING those three years, Ruby had plenty of beaux. That was to be expected. They gave this little girl a great big hand in every way and she could have married millions, she could have had millions without marriage, she could have fallen for any number of young college boys or newspapermen.

The history of Broadway which is pretty accurate as a rule, tells one love story of Ruby Keeler without which no portrait of her could

be complete and which in some ways explains a lot of things about Ruby Keeler, who is today, in my estimation, one of the great screen personalities and one of the great future stars.

He was a gang leader. A racketeer of the type that Lew Ayres used to play on the screen. He was handsome and young and had made a fortune out of the rackets that flourished, with public consent, during the insane and mistaken era of prohibition. Everybody liked him. Women were crazy about him, all kinds of women, admired his smooth good looks, his smiling eye, and the menace that was behind it all.

But he never looked at but one woman. From the moment he first saw her dancing in the El Fey Club, which since it belonged to Larry Fay was naturally a hang-out for the "big shots" of the Capone days, he idolized Ruby Keeler. He wanted to marry her. For years he carried the torch for her and he watched over her as such men do watch over a "good girl." It would have gone hard, very hard, with anyone who made a false move in Ruby's direction and everybody on Broadway knew it.

Ruby liked him—she liked any number of young men who took her out and came to see her dance. But she didn't love any of them. The boys who knew their Night Club Era in those days tell me that Ruby Keeler never was linked with any one man. Never was anybody's "girl." She loved life, and dancing and laughter, and she had fun, and she flirted but she never fell for anybody.

AND the "Big Shot" knew she didn't love him, but he gave her his adoration and protection just the same. He wanted Ruby to be happy, that was all. If he couldn't make her happy, he just wanted to be sure nobody made her unhappy. It is a touching little episode in the hard, dreadful picture of those times, the love of this good-looking boy bandit for the little dancer in the night club, the love that was unselfish and decent and faithful.

Then Ruby went to California on a trip with Texas and met Al Jolson.

Ruby Keeler fell in love with Al Jolson. At first sight, she fell in love utterly and completely and thoroughly. She knew then, and told one of her best friends, that she would never love anybody else, that if Al didn't love her too, life wouldn't mean very much again.

It rather startled Texas and Broadway.

Jolson was very rich and very famous. But they knew Ruby too well to think that counted with her. It never had. And Al Jolson wasn't exactly the man they would have cast as the Prince Charming to sweep pretty little Ruby so completely off her feet. But there could be no question about Ruby's love.

Perhaps it took Jolson a little longer. He was wise, he knew women, and he didn't particularly wish to fall in love nor to marry again. He had the sophisticated Broadway-ite's distrust of women. Most of the girls he knew were attractive, they were beautiful, but—women spelled trouble, heartache, anguish.

But Ruby must have been irresistible. No one, I think could mistake her sincerity. The quality of it shines through her work even on the screen. A simple sincerity that makes her different from most of the girls in pictures to-

lay. It is that sincerity which makes her a fine artist, a unique personality.

In my day, I have trod "Flirtation Walk" and, to be frank, been kissed under the Kissing Rock. I have also known a good many officer's daughters. I do not know any other screen actress today who could have played the General's daughter and made me believe it the way Ruby Keeler did in "Flirtation Walk." She was, first of all, a lady. You knew it. She looked and moved and spoke like the girls who go to West Point, to hops. The little girl out of Texas Guinan's night club looked more like a lady, behaved with more real charm and gracious manner than a lot of the Hollywood girls who didn't come out of night clubs.

It amazed me.

I hope they'll give Ruby Keeler a chance to do something big someday soon. I think she might easily be another Ruth Chatterton. The charm is there, and the heart quality.

There was a time when Ruby Keeler was spoken of always as Al Jolson's wife.

Now the wits around Hollywood kid Al by telling him that if he doesn't watch out, he'll become Ruby Keeler's husband.

He became Ruby Keeler's husband not so very long after they met, and they sailed away to Europe on a honeymoon, and Broadway says that the "Big Shot" went down and watched the boat sail and gave them both his blessing. He wanted Ruby to be happy—and she was.

BROADWAY is not apt to predict success and happiness for marriage.

Broadway love hasn't always ended happily.

But Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler appear to be the shining exception.

Perhaps the answer is in the quiet, companionable life they lead.

Funny, Ruby hasn't been in a night club but once since she left the El Fey, where she danced every night for nearly three years. She says she doesn't like night clubs.

I sat just behind Al and Ruby at the fights in Hollywood one night. She was wrapped in a beige polo coat, a small soft hat was pulled down over her brown hair, she had on very little make-up. She sat very close to Al, her shoulder pressed against his, and every few minutes she looked up into his face with those enormous eyes. And he would smile down at her and pat her hand.

You seldom see the Jolsons in Hollywood. They never go to parties, they never go to restaurants. They stay at home, and they play golf, and they are always together. Every Tuesday and Friday night they go to the fights and sit side by side in the front row. Their Toluca Lake residence is very lovely and is what Ruby calls "home."

They have travelled a great deal since their marriage, and almost always together, and the telephone company does a land office business when professional reasons keep them the width of the continent apart.

When she married Al Jolson, Ruby—who had been a big hit in "Whoopee" gave up her career. She wanted just to be Mrs. Al Jolson and for quite a long time that's what she was.

But it didn't keep her busy, and Al was working, and he didn't object. So, after turning down any number of offers, she went to Warner Brothers for "42nd Street" and became a star before the picture was released.

For herself, for her dancing, for her art as an actress, for her development and her amazing ability to remain natural and to survive the Night Club Era, for being a successful wife to a temperamental artist—

I think we ought to give this little girl a hand.



"My throat and I are pals, since I changed to Old Golds" SAYS *Barbara Stanwyck*

WARNER BROS. STAR

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AMERICA'S SMOOTHEST CIGARETTE



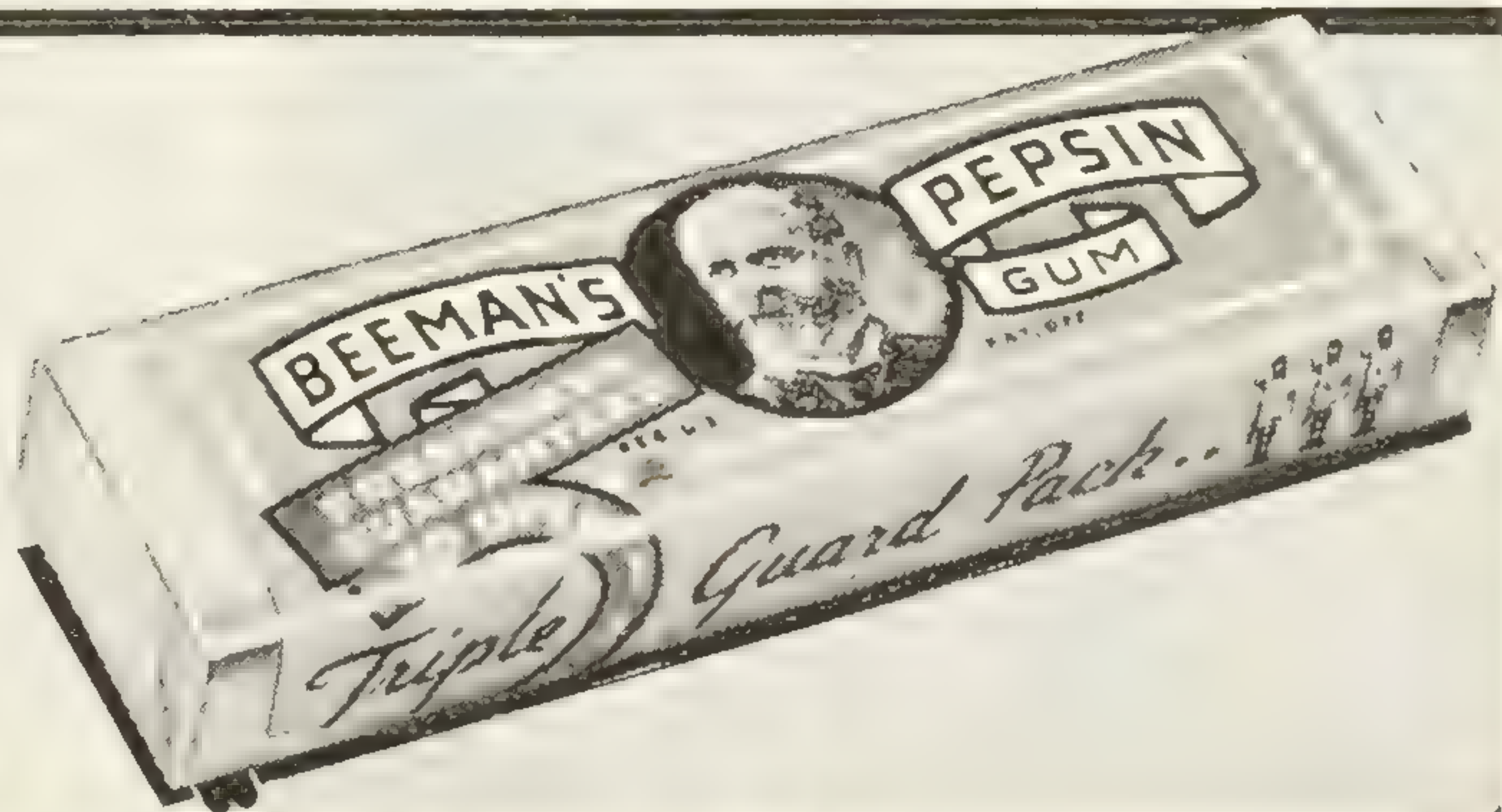
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Hollywood, My Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

asparagus dropped from his grasp, falling into the plate with a dull *squish*. As Bing and I crushed our napkins to our mouths, Bill arose from the table in injured Fieldsian dignity. He made a courtly bow.

"Madame," he said gallantly, "you are mistaken. I am not the funny man. I AM Baby LeRoy."

AUTOGRAPH books in hand, the stout young lady and her friends watched the departure of the indignant comedian with loud regrets. "Now he's mad," confided the stout young lady, "and I knew he was W. C. Fields all the time. Well, anyway, you can autograph our books, Bing. We got you once before, but we might just as well have you again. Land sakes, what are you eatin'? Don't you know you'll get fat if you eat like that at noon? You movie stars have to watch your figgers, you know. 'Course you're a crooner, and you have the radio, and I read in a magazine that you don't care so much anyway."

She might have rambled on indefinitely if she hadn't suddenly spied me. She pointed an accusing finger.—"Is that your stand-in?" she demanded of Bing.

"Oh, him," says Bing. "No, he's only a writer."

Good old Bing. The stout young lady never looked at me again. Nobody looks at writers anyway.

Back in front of the Fields' dressing room we tarried for a moment while Bing warbled feelingly:

"Mr. Fields regrets he'll be unable to lunch today, Madame . . ."

Inside we found dear old Bill in the throes of indigestion. He was lying on his chaise lounge, sipping a spot of brandy.

"Have a nip, boys, have a nip. Hamlet,

bring the boys a nip." We protested—mildly. "Best thing in the world for you, boys, best thing in the world for you after a terrible experience like that. Yes, indeedy!"

As we sipped our libations, Bill continued with feeling:

"Never again for me, boys. I'm through. A movie actor hasn't got as much privacy as a gold fish. No, indeedy. Henceforth, Fields eats right here." W. C. was most emphatic.

I remonstrated. "Why, Bill, you're really too sensitive. You'll ruin an old Hollywood custom. For twenty years now, watching actors eat has been one of our most alluring sports for tourists. They love it. It's just like going on a scavenger hunt. It's exciting, Bill, and more fun."

Like all comedians, Bill failed to see the humor of the game. Let's look at the other side—the tourists!

JUST imagine a jolly little crowd of boys and girls sitting around the hotel room with nothing to do. They've seen all the mansions where the movie stars live; Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone on the beach one day; Wally Beery buying Carol Ann a doll in the Broadway; a Chinese theater opening and Sid Grauman; Peter the Hermit; a woman who looked like Greta Garbo in dark glasses getting out of an old Lincoln; the Hollywood Bowl; Clark Gable petting his horse at the race track; those cute little drive-in eating places where you sit in your car; Mae West on the boulevard wearing white pajamas, a white coat and a white tam; the Japanese gardens; C. B. DeMille's yacht at Catalina; the Friday night fights; Jean Harlow and William Powell dancing at the Cocoanut Grove; Marlene Dietrich strolling in her masculine pants—what in the world can we do now? What else is there to see?



Baby Jane gets pretty tired waiting for grown-ups to rehearse their lines. She considered standing on the soap box and orating against it. But decided it was much wiser, after all, to sit down and rest and look pleasant about it all

It's a disconsolate crowd until the life of the party leaps to his feet with a yell. "I have it!" he cries. "Let's go watch the actors eat."

Ever since I can remember this has been the clarion call of the tourist. What sport! A pack of hunters get no more thrill out of the chase when the hounds have the fox cornered than do the Hollywood tourists when they find their quarry in the midst of his or her fodder.

To deprive them of this game would be a sin. Why, I know of folks who have been coming out to Hollywood for years, who can remember that in the good old days Norma and Constance Talmadge feasted on weiner schnitzel and chicken paprika at the Hoffman Round Table, that Mabel Normand, Mack Sennett and Roscoe Arbuckle ate filet mignon steak sandwiches in the wee morning hours at Vernon, that Doug Fairbanks and Bill Hart never ate lunch in order to keep their athletic figures, that Charlie Chaplin, Mickey Neilan, Richard Dix, Norman Kerry, Lew Cody and the rest of the boys usually dined at Al Levy's, and that Phyllis Haver and Marie Prevost went on a pineapple-and-lamb-chop diet when they became famous bathing beauties.

A DEAR old lady from Sharon, Pennsylvania, told me that she got to know Bob at Levy's, Jerry at Vernon, Albert at the Alexandria and Fritz at the Hoffman Round Table very well indeed, and that they always gave her the low-down on what the actors liked to eat, their table manners and such. Fancy that!

But, like so many things, times have changed for the worse.

Even the studios have clamped down severely on the tourists.

With the advent of sound, the visitors had to be kept off the stages. The harassed executives only gave out passes to the studio restaurants to salve the wounded feelings of exhibitors' friends from back home.

Soon the tourists outnumbered the actors. It got so that the hungry actors coming off the sets had to stand around and watch the tourists eat, instead. Today, it's almost as tough an assignment for a visiting fireman to crash a studio restaurant at noon as it is to get Greta Garbo's autograph in a scavenger hunt.

Hollywood restaurants do a thriving business with the tourists. Spots like the Brown Derby, Al Levy's Tavern and Sardi's in the heart of Hollywood are usually jammed to the doors every noon with sporting tourists who are willing to pay to watch the actors eat, and actors who don't mind eating to be seen. Those who haven't the price, or, having it, won't part with it, add to these delightfully informal affairs by milling around outside the entrances. Even such swanky spots as the Vendome in Hollywood, the Victor Hugo and Brown Derby in Beverly Hills get their share of the trade, but there is no "standing room only" permitted.

This eat-to-see-and-be-seen business is so good that Hollywood ticket brokers are thinking of selling tickets to the affairs.

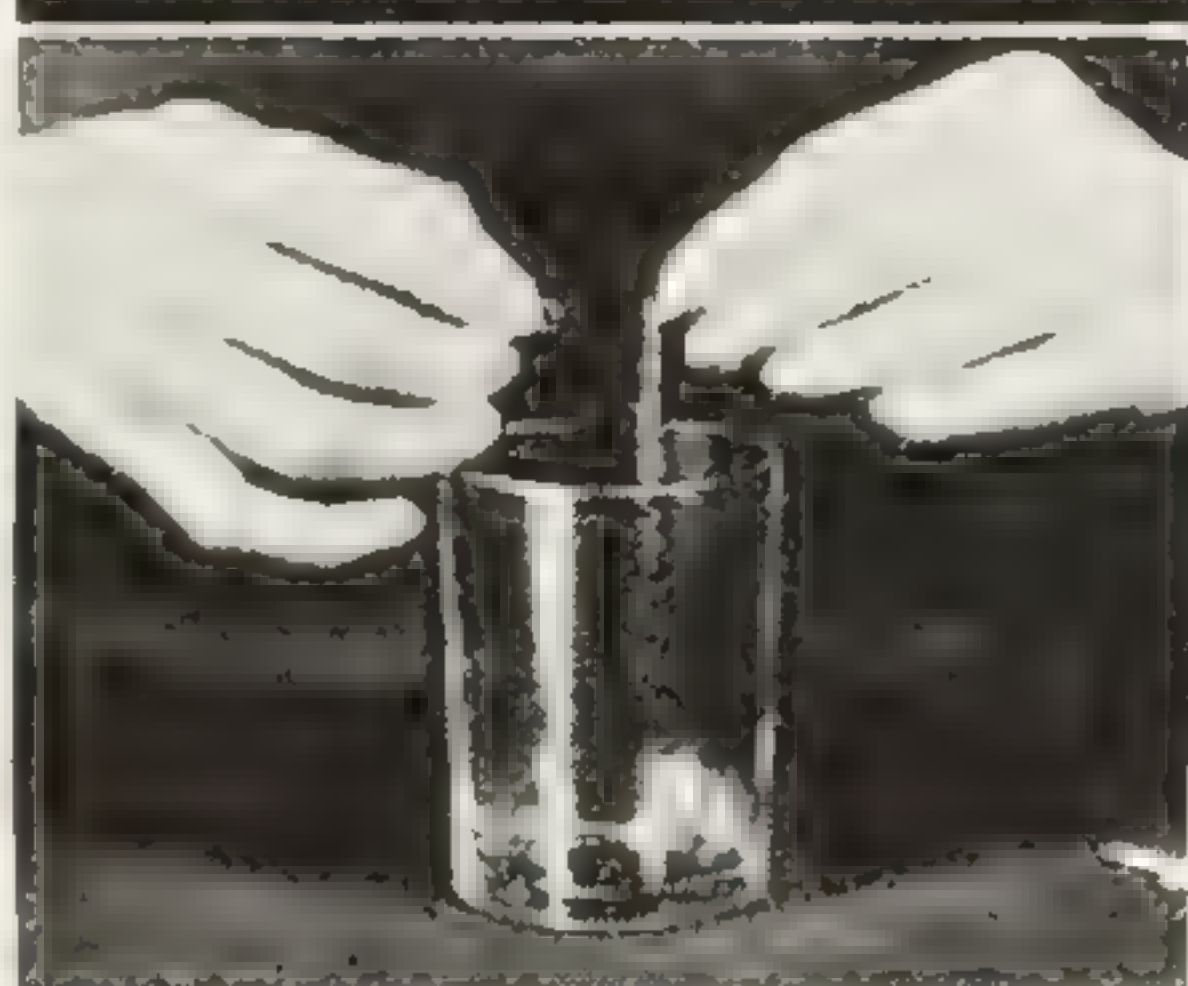
Hollywood restaurateurs are shrewd business men. While they never permit their star guests to be annoyed too much by excited sightseers, neither do they discourage the good old custom of watching your favorite star in the art of putting on the feed bag. Today, it's all done in such good taste. One is permitted to ask one's waiter: "Who's that dame over there in the booth with Dick Powell? The beautiful brunette, I mean?"

"That's Mary Brian," the deferential waiter assures you, "but please don't point."

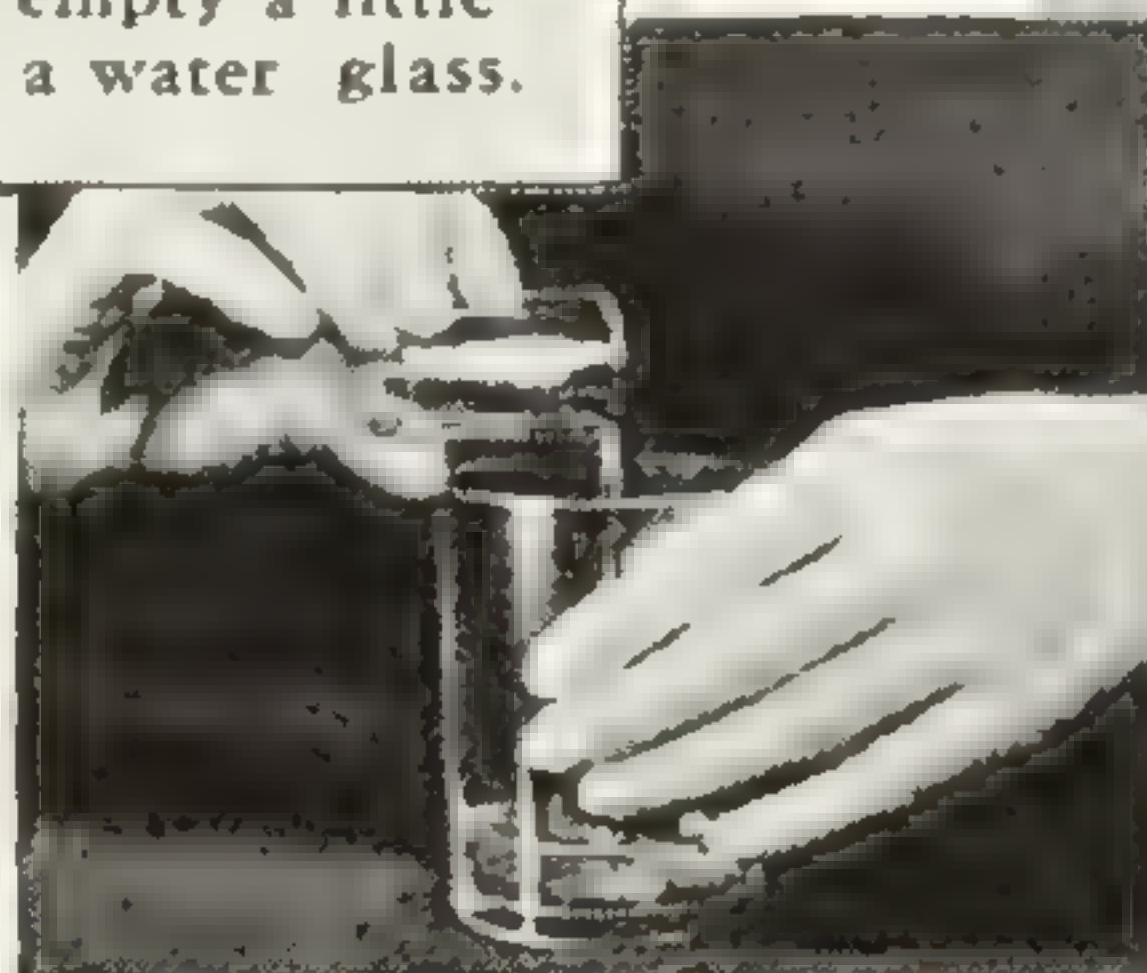
If you look like a good tip, the waiter may

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Will he remember your EYES?

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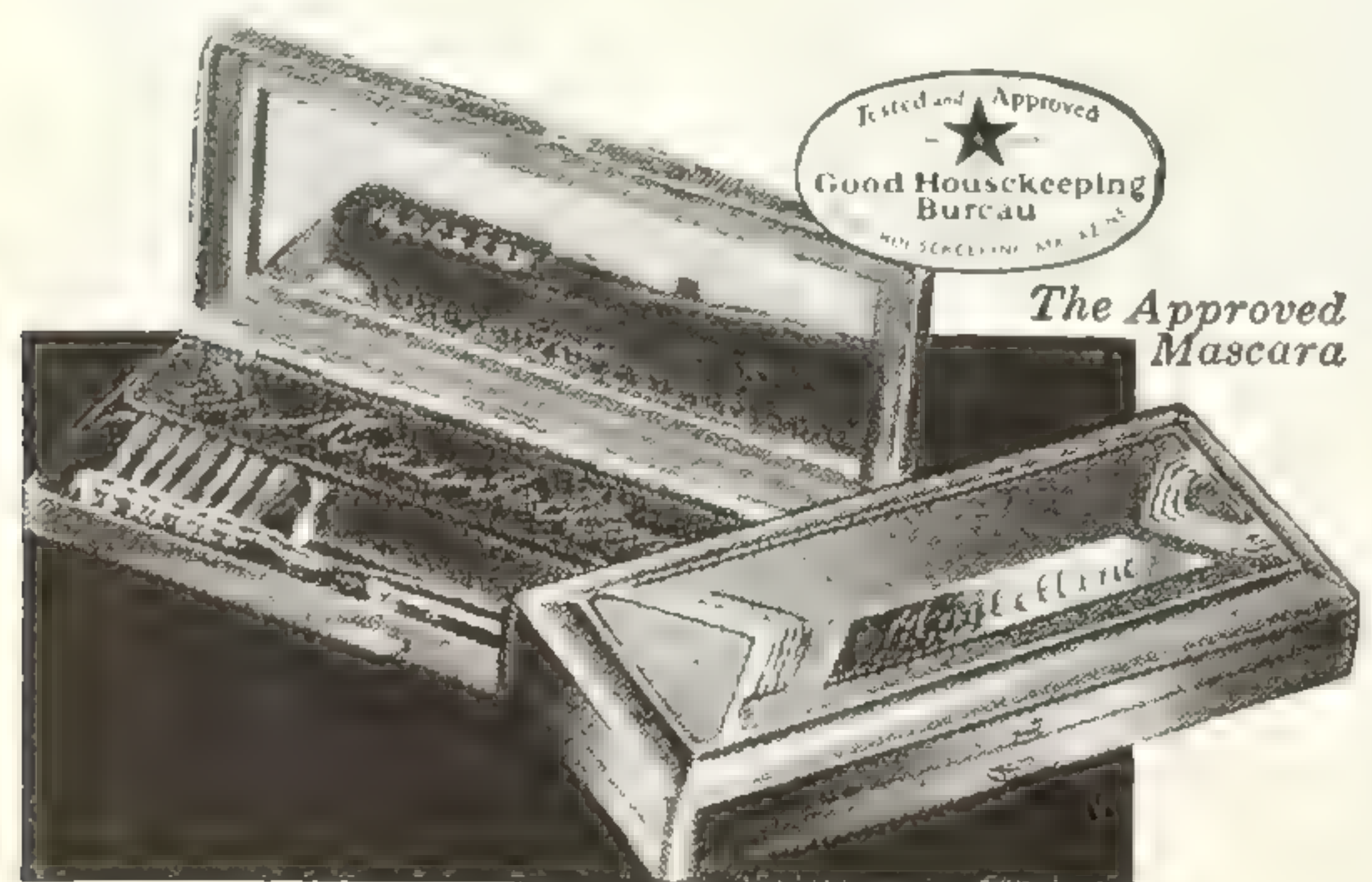
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partment stores.



even condescend to whisper, "That's Myrna Loy sitting two tables to the left," or, "Don't look now, but Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres are right back of you"—as he serves the entree.

That's how it's done in Hollywood today. Genteel, I calls it.

ON the theory of gastronomic sensitivity, Hollywood is today a house divided. Like Bill Fields, there are many stars who act like a stag at bay if set upon when eating in public. Those with the sensitive tummies have retired to the privacy of their dressing rooms for the midday meals.

Seldom do the tourists ever catch sight of Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Mae West, John Barrymore, Ruth Chatterton, Grace Moore, Claudette Colbert, Janet Gaynor, Will Rogers, or George Arliss in the studio restaurants. Garbo never.

Others, mostly the men, don't seem to mind. One can see Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby and George Raft at Paramount; Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery and Wally Beery at M-G-M.

Francis Lederer, Fred Astaire, Wheeler and Woolsey, Richard Dix at RKO; Jimmy Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Dick Powell, George Brent at Warners.

Warner Baxter, Edmund Lowe and Vic McLaglen at Fox; Dick Arlen, Charles Laughton, Maurice Chevalier, Adolphe Menjou and William Powell wherever they happen to be working.

But you'll find all of these patronizing the plain and fancy cooking in the studio commissaries almost any noon hour. Among the women, Marlene Dietrich, Myrna Loy, Joan Blondell, Irene Dunne, Ginger Rogers, Carole Lombard, Jeanette MacDonald, Jean Harlow and Kay Francis never seem to mind the on-lookers.

Above all, Hollywood's gift to the tourists is Jack Oakie.

He is Hollywood's Chamber of Commerce rolled right up into one guy. It's a great sight to watch Oakie emerge from an eating spot to greet the admiring tourists with his "Hyah, folks! How y'doin'? You don't say so! You're from Sedalia. My ol' home town. How's Lem and the babies doin'? You don't tell me! They're as tall as I am. Well, well, it don't seem possible, ma'am. Why, you don't look old enough to have a boy and a girl in high school. Reckon Uncle Jack is gettin' old himself."

FLASHING that wide Oakie grin, the effervescent Jack reaches for the inevitable autograph book, signs with a flourish and makes his exit through the crowd, shouting: "Best regards, from Mrs. Oakie's boy, Jack. S'long, folks."

But, as I told Bill and Bing while we sipped our libations in the Fields dressing room, the tourists really don't have the fun they had in the good old Hollywood days when everything was free and easy. It was possible for a tourist to sit down at a table in a studio restaurant to lunch with a pretty extra girl, an Indian, a property man and a famous actor, at the same time.

We all rubbed shoulders in those grandly democratic days.

"That's to a feller's taste," opined Bill. "Now, when I eat asparagus I don't care to have a lot of people I don't know stand around watching me. No, indeedy."

Again I remonstrated. "That's where you have something to learn, Bill. You're an artist, a pantomimist. You should have seen a famous author the night she ate the asparagus

in the public restaurant. There, William, was a sight for the gods. Ah, how delicately she held the luscious stalks of asparagus, smothered in Hollandaise, between the thumb and fingers of her LONG WHITE GLOVES!

"Oh, for those good old days, boys. You were too young, Bing, and you were on Broadway, Bill. Those good old days when 'most everybody in Hollywood made Western pictures, and went on beautiful far-away locations. The chuck wagons with their steaming hot food—beef stew, potatoes, frijoles, hot bread and apple pie. And, the rallying cry: 'Come and get it!'"

Bill jumped up from his chaise lounge. His eyes gleamed with sudden fervor.

"That's the idea!" he cried. "Tomorrow, we go on location, boys. We'll take my trailer. Hamlet can cook the grub, and we'll come and get it."

Next morning early found Fields, Crosby and Conlon comfortably ensconced in the Fields trailer, bound for a desert location. We had everything, easy chairs, radio, magazines, food and the proper appetizers.

Came noon.

Lunch hour.

We were far, far from the rude and curious gaze of tourists, we thought.

We sought out a hidden nook beyond some huge canyon rocks. Here we made merry in our hour of privacy while the faithful Hamlet prepared the meal.

At a pre-arranged signal our host mounted a rock, beat on a pan in the approved ranch fashion and invited us in stentorian tones to "Come and get it!"

We did.

WE dove into the stew and the beans. Boy, it was swell. Beat the studio commissary or the Brown Derby a mile. This is the life.

Bing and I heard a sudden gasp. We looked up at Bill. He was transfixed, dumfounded, flabbergasted and tongue-tied. We turned. Right back of us stood two girls and two men, all grins and eagerness.

"This is right nice of you picture folks," said the spokesman, whose name turned out to be Roy.

"'Course we've had our lunch as the girls thought it would be nice to drive up here and picnic."

One of the girls, Elsie I think it was, broke in hurriedly. "Oh, we know who you are. We've been taking in Hollywood. We're from Arkansas, you know, and you're almost the only stars we didn't get to see. You're Bing Crosby and you're the funny man, W. C. Fields—and, and..."

I interrupted. "No," I said sternly, "I am not his stand-in. I'm a writer." That crack let me out, as usual.

"Well, anyway," she rattled on, "we can't eat any more lunch, but we want your autographs, and we'll sit here and just watch you eat."

Let's draw a merciful curtain over the return trip in the trailer.

I've been around.

I've heard stevedores in 'Frisco, roustabouts in New Orleans, lumberjacks in Canada, and mule-skinners in Mexico express themselves forcibly and fluently. And oh how forcibly and fluently!

BUT, for sheer beauty of feeling, colorful vehemence, and emphatic expression, I select Bill Fields' sole contribution to the camp conversation as the tourists moved in:

"Well, I'll be damned!"

Meandering Mitzi

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

on them! You may now go into a corner and make shame!

I have discovered the best thing possible for me of my temperament: buy jewels! At least, that's what Marlene Dietrich does with her money, and if it's good enough for her, it's good enough . . . et cetera! Well, anyway, I stretched my shell-pink ears the other evening and caught a bit of conversation between the super-special beauty and a friend, who, like me, was dazzled by Miss Dietrich's new bauble; a diamond necklace with a cabachon emerald in the center that I'm certain must weigh thirty carats!

Miss Dietrich had a very logical bit of reasoning behind the purchase. "In Hollywood," she says, "everyone buys a beautiful thing. I would rather have jewels to wear. I enjoy them more, and they don't depreciate." Joan, you know that mansion I was considering, well, I'm deciding on a hunk of rubies instead!

Over at the M-G-M lot, some time back, there were two distinct schools of thought, those who felt the longish picture, "David Copperfield," should be released in two sections, and those that felt it should be cut. Instead, it went out as it was. I had the time of my life, once, watching them make a big scene right at the end, where *Uriah Heep's* villainy is exposed. Oooh, such villainy! I even got villainous myself. I spied several charming old-fashioned knick-knacks on the set that anyone would covet, and actually had to sit on my hands!

WHEN the picture was previewed, I got an invitation. It was like a gala opening, with evening clothes, microphones, cameras and crowds. And a corking cinema!

Speaking of good pictures, I grow tender at the thought of "Sequoia." I not only saw it reviewed, but I went up into the mountains for a couple of weeks and lived with the company while they were making it. I needed a holiday at the time, and there's nothing nicer than the giant redwoods of Sequoia National Park, especially when a lot of your friends are

there on location. Every day we went out with the puma and the deer, away up in the wilds, and there we shot if the cloud formations were right, and there we sat if they weren't. Sometimes, too, one of the animals didn't want to work, so again we would sit and commune with nature. We did an awful lot of the latter, but the glorious air and scenery made it easy.

AHH! The night life was wicked! We sat around the stove in the main room of the rickety hotel, swapped stories, wrote letters, and called our families long distance! Ten o'clock, lights went out. Came the dawn and we were shivering on our way to some mountain top, there to wait and hope that both our four-legged friends and a few fluffy little clouds would do a sister act. They usually didn't, and that's why the picture took two years to be completed. But didn't it turn out lovely? I'd like to wrap it up and take it home!

And another very pretty picture, "A Midsummer Night's Dream." I loved the presentation in the Hollywood Bowl ('member, I wrote you?), so of course I had to see it in the making at Warners. I picked a daisy of a day. Bronislava Nijinsky, sister of the dance genius Nijinsky, was directing a fanciful ballet that included dark *Oberon* and his horde of weird creatures, and startling contrast, delicate, lovely dancing fairies with silver wings and glistening bodies. The awesome, majestic *Oberon*, with trees sprouting from his head, had a floating, black, cloudy train from under which captive golden spirits darted. He drove a chariot drawn by his frightful looking subjects who had sickly green or death white faces. I was throwing shudders right and left when suddenly, as the scene finished, they removed their "faces" and I discovered they were clever masks of thin, skin-tight rubber!

Next moment, another surprise. A tiny, sparkling bit of a fairy, who, a moment before, was sipping nectar from a clover top, came running up, calling, "Mama, mama! My panties is falling off!"

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SCREEN MEMORIES FROM PHOTOPLAY

15 Years Ago



ALICE BRADY

THE studios were causing a revolution among the ivory-ticklers in the movie theaters by sending musical synopses with each film. Now "Hearts and Flowers" must give way to a Liszt sonata, and the movie pianist was told that a Chopin nocturne, and not "Sheridan's Ride" must be played during the love scene in the fifth reel. The synopses called for from thirty to forty changes of score per film. The favorites whose portraits were carried in this issue included Doris May, Agnes Ayres, Marie Walcamp, Margery Daw, Mildred Harris and Alice Brady. Alice is the only one still prominent in films. The current romance was Priscilla Dean and screen actor Wheeler Oakman. They were married, divorced and she has married again since then. Jim Kirkwood has stopped

directing to return to the screen as an actor. His come-back success was "The Luck of the Irish." A page of hat models showed Constance Binney making her own creations. My! the ladies wore funny big hats in those days. Will the 1935 models look that silly in 1950? A story on Mary Pickford described her philanthropic work for an orphanage. In "The Shadow Stage" Miss Pickford's film "Pollyanna" was given a very favorable review. Among the other best pictures of the month were: "Overland Red," with Harry Carey; Alla Nazimova in "Stronger Than Death;" E. K. Lincoln in "Desert Gold;" "Six Best Cellars," with Bryant Washburn. "Double Speed," starring Wally Reed and Wanda Hawley.

On the cover was Pearl White.

10 Years Ago



CONSTANCE BENNETT

ELINOR GLYN was in Hollywood supervising the filming of her story "Man and the Maid." She complained that she couldn't properly cast the "maid" because she needed a blonde with tragic, sorrowful eyes for the rôle, and all the Hollywood blondes looked too happy! Gloria Swanson had just married her Marquis, and all Hollywood was a-quiver over the title. PHOTOPLAY carried a story on it: "What next, Gloria?" You know the answer. Incidentally, the Marquis' present wife, Constance Bennett, was just beginning to win film recognition because of her performance in "The Goose Hangs High." A little bobbed haired girl was headed for movie fame because Cecil B. DeMille had chosen her as the most beautiful girl in America. Her name was Sally Rand. She was wearing a pink

tulle and silver lace frock, trimmed with enough white plumes to make a dozen fans. But she had not gone in for fan dancing then.

Gossips said that Pola Negri had at last fallen in love for good and all. The man was Rod la Rocque, but the romance was short. Rod later married Vilma Banky. In the same issue Pola said that the screen's greatest actor was Ramon Novarro. A

story described Marguerite Clark's happy home life. She married Harry Williams and had settled down in Patterson, La. Best films of the month included: Emil Janning's "The Last Laugh;" Wallace Beery and Bull Montana in the big-game hunting film, "The Lost World;" Jack Holt and Lois Wilson in "The Thundering Herd;" and "Charley's Aunt," with Sydney Chaplin.

5 Years Ago



JEAN HARLOW

THE film thrill of the month was "Anna Christie." First, because the great Garbo spoke for the first time. Second, because a woman who thought she was through stole the first two reels from Garbo. Marie Dressler, of course. And the larceny was no criticism of Garbo's acting, but a rare, superb performance on the part of Dressler. Garbo, by the way, must have been much more affable in those days. For, on the cooking page was a recipe for Swedish salad, contributed, believe it or not, by Miss Garbo. The current romance was Loretta Young and Grant Withers. They had eloped, and Miss Young's mother was trying to get an annulment. She failed, but they were divorced later anyhow. A story told how four million dollars and the lives of four men had been spent on "Hell's

Angels," by Mr. Howard Hughes. People thought he was crazy because he had cast in the feminine lead a girl no one had ever heard of. Her name was Jean Harlow. An item stated that the biggest box office money-makers for the previous year had been Clara Bow and Lon Chaney—in spite of the fact that Clara's chins were multiplying and Chaney refused to appear in talkies. It

was prophesied that he-man Gary Cooper would replace Bill Hart as Western favorite! Best films of the month were: Winifred Westover in "Lummox;" John McCormack in "Song O' My Heart;" Joan Crawford and Johnny Mack Brown in "Montana Moon." Lupe Velez, Jean Hersholt in "Hell Harbor;" "Such Men Are Dangerous," with Hedda Hopper.

The girl on the cover: Norma Shearer.

He's a Simon-Pure Count

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

was playing his home town that they needed the services of a promising young thespian at, say, well, say four lira a day—then about eighty cents.

This elongated youngster told that theatrical manager he was twenty-one, and conveniently forgot to mention that his father was the well-known, stern old noble of the district.

So he got a promise of his eighty cents per day, and sailed that night with the company steamed, in that Zara, his home town, in Dalmatia, had but one method of transportation, a boat on the Adriatic Sea.

But Sebenico, the company's next stop, was only two and one-half hours from Zara, and the following afternoon, during Tullio's first rehearsal, the show manager—a typical ham actor, Carminati assures us—burst into the theater, with a telegram in one hand and a comb of hair in the other.

"You — you ungrateful one!" he yelled, shaking the telegram at the new recruit. "You have ruined me! I am betrayed, and the count will never forgive me! You—you go home, immediately!"

"When I finally quieted him and got my own part out of my throat," explains Carminati, "I learned that the telegram was from my father, and that there was another wire at the hotel for me.

THAT telegram for me was brief and to the point. It said that unless I came home at once, the police would come for me.

"As my sister was to be married shortly, I did not want to hurt her. So I returned home on the next boat.

"Six weeks later my sister was married. She and her husband left that night. The following night, I ran away again."

This time Tullio had an accomplice in the person of an old servant who had been with the family for forty years: a maid called Kate—pronounced *Kata* by Carminati. She helped him pack a small bundle, loaned him money and got him out of the house in time to catch the midnight boat to Ancona—eight hours away.

But eight hours distance was a small matter to the long arm of the house of di Brambilla, and as the youthful Tullio stepped off the boat another telegram from his father was handed him. This one contained no summons for instant return. Instead, it read:

"You have done what was forbidden you to do. You did it forever. Remember that my house is closed to you and always will be closed to you. You will never be forgiven and you will be disinherited."

"And I was never again under my father's roof," added Carminati. Yet, for years, he has supported the entire family.

After reading that telegram the boy felt hopelessly alone, hurt, and a trifle fearful. But although he had travelled to Ancona to join the same theatrical company that had before hired him, he did not approach any member of it until he had gone to a hotel and answered his father's wire.

In the letter he wrote home he did not ask his father to forgive him. He wrote that he was doing what he should do. That he did not expect to be taken into the home again; that he could not return, even if asked. He wanted, he said, to make something of himself, to be an actor. Then he promised his father he

would never do anything to cause the family shame; and he would try to be a good actor and would never ask help of anyone.

A strange promise, but one which Carminati claims he never has broken.

After mailing the letter to his father, Tullio looked up his actor-manager again—only to find him afraid of the lad from Zara.

"No—No! Leave us!" dramatically cried this frightened ham. "You almost ruined us all. I would never hire you again. Go away!"

But the disinherited di Brambilla showed his telegram and explained that from that moment on he was his own master, and that his father would never again interfere.

It happened that this theatrical company had real need of a willing young man—especially one with such a background. So, to use Carminati's own words, "He was very nice to me always. But he was a very bad actor—and all I learned from him were the things I should not have done.

"For six months," continued Carminati, "I travelled with that company—playing all the small cities in Italy—until we reached a town just outside the city of Bologna, the theatrical center of Italy and my goal. There I left the company and went on in to Bologna.

"I secured a very small room, for which I paid the equivalent of sixteen cents a day. It was bare and cheerless, containing nothing but a small black iron bed with a straw mattress, one chair and a tiny washstand.

That was to be the headquarters from which I conducted my campaign to storm the theater. Economy was its single virtue. But a precious one to a youngster whose savings were as small as those I had been able to accumulate. I realized there was small chance of my money lasting until I found work.

"But I had personal belongings such as a young man of my former station would possess upon which I borrowed. And long before my six months stay there was completed every cent so borrowed was spent.

"During the last fifteen days of those six months I was living on bread and cheese alone. No wine, no meat—just bread and cheese.

"Then came the end of the bread and cheese, and the day I stayed in my room for fear walking and fresh air would increase my hunger.

THE first day of my seclusion my old landlady knocked on my door and asked me if I needed anything. I told her no; that I was staying in because I did not feel well. But she was a bit dubious.

"The next day, when I still stayed in my room, her doubt grew to suspicion. She was believing me less and less.

"The third day, when she came to make my bed, she asked me to please wait in the drawing room while she did her work. When I went back into my room I found she had left a loaf of bread on my bed. I ate it, and quickly."

At this point Carminati paused in his story to raise his glass, and to murmur: "To that landlady." Then he continued:

"It seemed that was the turning point in my life. For after eating the bread I went out, and met another actor with whom I had been friendly before my money gave out. He was going to the theater to meet Ermeti Novelli—one of Italy's most famous actors—and in-

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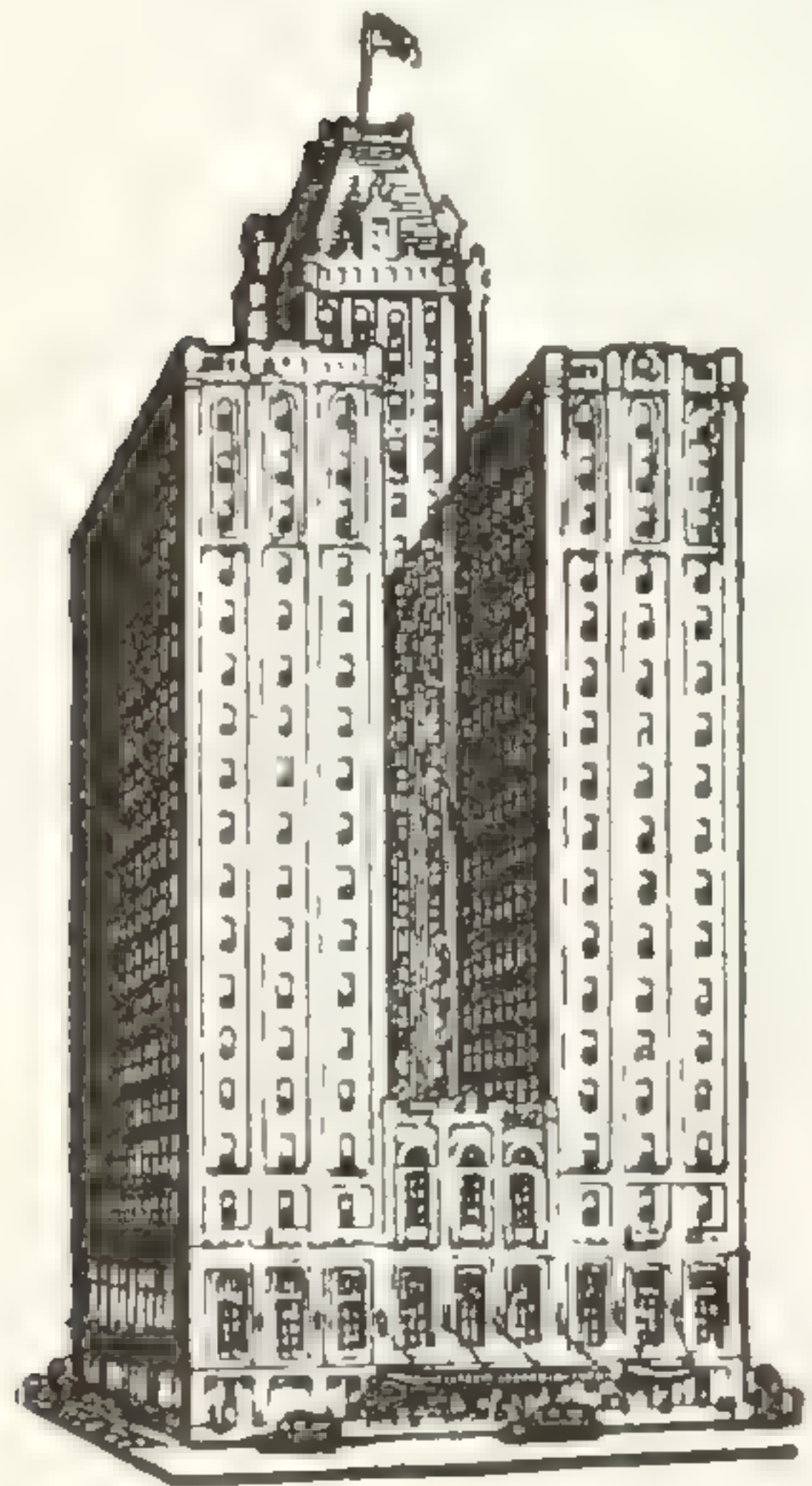
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vited me to accompany him. I accepted eagerly, feeling that I would at least have an opportunity to see this great man.

"We got there just at rehearsal time, and met Novelli in front of the theater.

"I was almost tongue-tied when introduced to him. I was young—not yet seventeen and looked rather starved. So Novelli asked me what I was doing. I told him I was trying to be an actor.

"He asked me: 'Why don't you join my company?' When I could not answer, and just stared at him, he added: 'Well, well—what about it? I'm not going to kill you.'

"I stammered my eagerness to work under him, and he turned to his wife, who had just left some friends to join us, and said to her: 'Now, my dear, we have a new young actor with us.'

"When Novelli found out who I was, he became interested in me, and pushed me ahead for he had heard of the young man who had run away from home to seek fame on the stage."

From that point on the career of Tullio Carminati slipped into high gear, with the young runaway winning a coveted rôle with the most famous producing company in Milano within eighteen months of his meeting with Novelli.

It was opposite Tina di Lorenzo that Carminati opened with this company in "The Closed Door" in Rome in 1913—and with Eleanora Duse that he played the same part and directed and staged the play in 1922.

It was also in Rome that he made his first picture in 1914, for the then enormous sum of five thousand lira—at a time when he detested working before the camera.

In 1915 he made a special patriotic silent picture called "Romanticisms," which dealt with the Italian provinces under Austrian rule. The picture was shown on September 21st, a great Italian holiday, and was a tremendous success. Since, until last year, when they wanted Carminati to make its talking version, it was shown on every September 21st all over Italy, being practically a national institution for eighteen years.

So great was this actor's popularity in Italy, that he not only started the producing company of Carminati Films in Rome in 1919, making three pictures a year, but also had his own theatrical company and own theater.

It was while Carminati was Duse's leading man and director in 1922 that Joseph Schenck urged him to come to America to make pictures—but it was not until 1926 that he arrived in Hollywood to make "The Bat," "The Duchess of Buffalo," with Constance Talmadge; "Stage Madness" with Lou Tellegen and Virginia Valli; "Honeymoon Hate," with Florence Vidor, and then his final silent picture "Three Sinners," with Pola Negri, Baclanova, Warner Baxter and Paul Lukas.

Then came the talkies—and Carminati's accent (which is now worth a fortune to him) put him out of pictures.

Carminati, however, was not content to take the motion picture producers' word for it that the American public would not take kindly to his accent, and to prove it went on the stage in "The Command To Love," and followed that with "Strictly Dishonorable," which he played for eighteen months in New York and then took to London.

It was while trying to find a girl lead for "Strictly Dishonorable" that Carminati received a phone call from Madge Kennedy, asking him to play in "Prima Donna"—later made into "One Night Of Love."

While playing in "Christopher Columbus" in 1932 he was seen by a certain casting director, and called to Hollywood to make "Gallant Lady" with Ann Harding—a talkie in which his accent registered an enormous hit and started a motion picture career which pulled him out of "Music In The Air" on the New York stage to come out to make "Moulin Rouge" with Constance Bennett and Franchot Tone.

At that time the New York representative of the studio informed him he would have to take a screen test before going West.

"No," said Carminati, "I take no test. You know how I photograph and you have seen me act. Why should I take a test?" And so pictures had to accept him "as is" or not at all.

Arriving, untested, in Hollywood, he was offered a contract by Darryl Zanuck which he refused.

"I want no contract," he announced bluntly. "I want to pick my pictures."

And then came his chance to pick "One Night Of Love" with Grace Moore, which he admits he would not have done had it not been for the fact that Victor Schertzinger, who had directed him at Fox, was to make the picture.

There is little more to tell, except that on his return to England Carminati was almost mobbed by enthusiastic fans who considered him the very last word in his portrayal of *Monteverdi*, the maker of stars, in "One Night Of Love"—and that when he made the talking version of "The Wedding March" in Rome last summer he was compelled to make several re-takes, as his Italian had taken on an American accent.

Which is a laugh, considering.

And now, Carminati, the internationalist, has just completed his work in "Let's Live Tonight," with an international cast, including Lilian Harvey, Janet Beecher, Tala Birell, Hugh Williams, Louis Alberni, and Arthur Treacher—all from across the water, and is at work on Paramount's "Two On A Tower."

It was while Carminati was singing "Love Passes By" in "Let's Live Tonight" that the representative of a phonograph company heard him and signed Tullio right there and then to make records for his company.

The manner in which Carminati summoned sufficient courage to join the song bird class is interesting.

ALTHOUGH he studied voice and piano as a boy he never had any notion of singing professionally, and when cast as the grand opera singer in the stage play "Strictly Dishonorable" he didn't dare sing, but only hummed.

The applause he received from the audience after each humming finally gave him courage to sing the words. But, though he sang in "Gallant Lady" and in "Music In The Air" on the New York stage, and although the average New Yorker who saw him in "Strictly Dishonorable" referred to him as an opera singer, it has been within the last six months that Carminati decided to sing in films.

And now for the final impression of the man—the flavor of his personality, so to speak.

In this case that flavor is a blend—of sincerity and diplomacy, if you can imagine that. A blend of an eager individual who can smile graciously into the face of the man who has kept him an hour late for an appointment, whisper gentle nothings over the phone while his head rocks from a recent dental blasting, and considers solemnly the suggestion of a near half-wit.

All of which we have seen Tullio Carminati do.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

resses were enlarged to house the enormous theatrical hoopskirts; when Bing Crosby had relieved Burnsides and a moustache to match a dove-colored coat and gaitered trousers; and when the question of who got photographer Earl Struss had been amicably settled.

Struss, ace cinematographer who won the Academy award for his work in "Farewell to Arms," photographed both Mae West in "She's the Nineties" and Bing Crosby in "Here Is My Heart." Each star requested him for his next picture. Bing's "Mississippi" started first and Struss went to work. A few weeks later Mae started "How Am I Doin'." She immediately bid for the cameraman. The Paramount "front office" juggled the delicate situation like hot chestnuts until Mr. Crosby, every inch a Southern gentleman, gallantly withdrew. Struss left "Mississippi" and went West.

Mae, as a reciprocal gesture, sent Libby, her colored maid who heretofore has worked in every West picture, over to join the cast of "Mississippi."

The greatest worry of production officials, an anticipated running feud between W. C. Fields and Director Eddie Sutherland, proved to be a false alarm.

Sutherland, Blanche Ring's son and Tommy Leighton's nephew, started his screen career in the quintuple capacity of stunt man, star double, juvenile actor, assistant cameraman and pop boy in an ancient Helen Holmes thrill-serial.

When Fields was in Hollywood before, he and the director were constantly at daggers drawn.

But what loomed as a quarrel resulted in a pre-feast. "Bill" even helped Eddie to celebrate his thirty-ninth birthday. Eddie cut a large cake donated to him by the cast. But Bill doesn't like sweets, so he had another ant julep.

The Wedding Night

AM GOLDWYN-UNITED ARTISTS

ANNA STEN and Gary Cooper met for the first time on the set and were as shy as average school-children at an ice-cream social. The shooting schedule called for love scenes immediately.

"But I can't make love with a man I hardly know," protested Miss Sten. Nobody ever thought of that one before in Hollywood, but Mr. Goldwyn obligingly rearranged things to give them two weeks to work up to it.

Gary is no stranger to Goldwyn. Eight years ago he chose Cooper from a hundred leggy cowboys seeking the part of Abe Lee in "The Winning of Barbara Worth," and paid him fifty dollars a week. Gary returned for "The Wedding Night" at more than one hundred times the salary.

Anna Sten is a simple and sincere Russian girl who has had all kinds of wild eccentricities attributed to her. Possibly Hollywood doesn't have a savvy genuine simplicity in a star. Her discriminating feeling for art and music is as much a part of her as the broad Slavic face. When the Russian Ballet came to town, Anna Sten moved in and had a field day. She started out in life as a ballet dancer. She wears only old clothes every day, and is never recognized on her rare public appearances. Anna always works with huge linen screens

around her set; no one is permitted inside except director, actors, and camera-men. This is no affectation or Garbo-imitation, she explains, but because she is self-conscious over her difficulties with the English language and cannot work with grinning faces in the background.

The story of "The Wedding Night" concerns a Polish girl, *Manya*, living on a tobacco farm in Connecticut, where there is a spot of old Poland transported to America. *Manya* accepts the ultimatums of her parents as final, is affianced to Ralph Bellamy, another Pole, to whom her father is giving ground and horses as dowry. (Imagine having to toss in a horse with Anna Sten!) Arrives Gary Cooper, tired novelist married needing a plot for a new best-seller. His wife refuses to bury herself in the country. Gary writes his book about Polish traditions and customs in the heart of Yankee New England—and about *Manya*. Romance develops apace. Then *impasse*. A big Polish wedding, drunken bridegroom who resents *Manya's* friendship (misinterpreted) with the novelist, resolves to kill him. *Manya* rushes into the fight, is thrown down flight of stairs and dies. There was no other possible way to end the story—*Manya* was for no man.

Anna told me the story with a wealth of detail, feeling carefully for the right word, flushed with victory when she found it. Some times her expressions are brilliantly accurate. For instance, she referred to Gary's superfluous wife in the picture as his "official handicap." That's calling it!

Anna wears the same shoes she first wore in "Nana"—high, heavy-laced, flat-heeled affairs, bought for four ninety five in a bargain basement. She has worn them in her three American pictures now, and is as superstitious concerning them as Charlie Chaplin is over his celebrated old kicks.

The Polish farm house set furnished Goldwyn, Sten, Vidor, Cooper, Bellamy and several others with fresh milk and eggs every day. If that sounds a trifle fantastic, remember this is a Goldwyn picture—the Goldwyn who spent a million dollars to make a star of Sten and never counts the cost for realism. An egg may be just an egg to you, but Goldwyn had to have his Polish hens lay Polish eggs on the Polish farm. . . . He stabled dozens of chickens, geese and pigeons, five horses, three goats and two cows *right on the set* for the duration of the picture. He felt if they were brought in daily they would feel strange and frightened and the placid calmness of the farm yard would be destroyed. They have to feel at home for Goldwyn. So the chickens and cows settled down and gave and gave. They laid eggs for the whole studio. (Nothing symbolical in this, we trust.)

"Naughty Marietta"

-M-G-M

W. S. (THIN MAN) VAN DYKE says he knows as much about music as he does about electricity—which is enough to leave it alone. So he put the thrills in this Victor Herbert operetta and left the trills to Herbert Stothart, musical supervisor.

It is a thundering big melodious adventure picture with pirates, soldiers, marriage auctions, levees, forts, old New Orleans, Indians, convents, cannon battles, castles, Casquette

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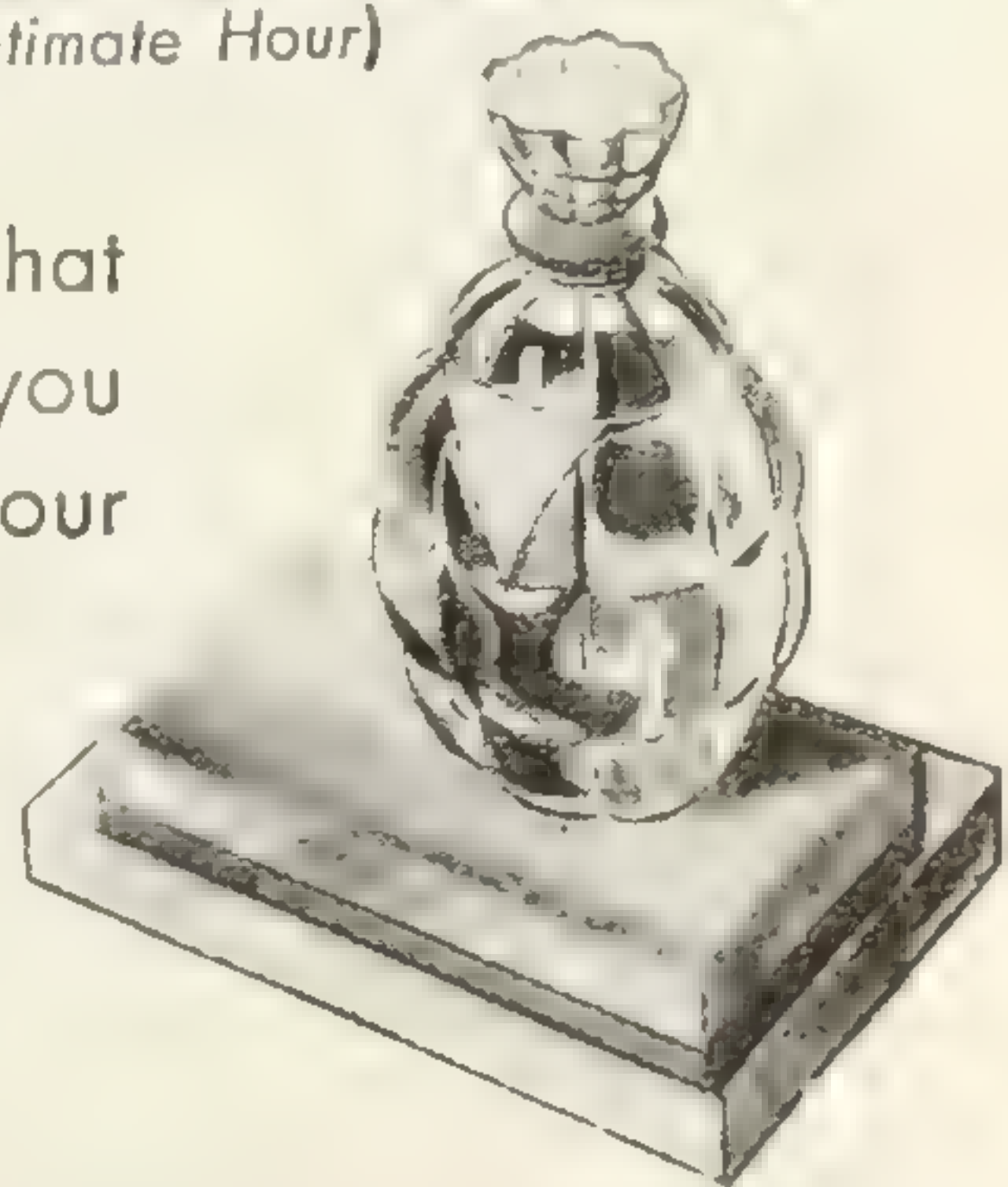
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girls, Paris, Everglades, Louis XV, a South American bugle-bird, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy with long hair, and "Ah Sweet Mystery of Life At Last I've Found You."

Perhaps you had forgotten that Victor Herbert wrote this beautiful but overworked song for "Naughty Marietta." You may even think you are hearing it for the first time in the glorious duet sung by MacDonald and Eddy, two of the most beautiful voices ever recorded in a studio.

There is a slight disparity between the finished scene witnessed by you, and the scene as taken. You see the players in their finery, making lovely gestures, as of singing. The actual warbling took place on an unused set with the orchestra in shirt-sleeves, Jeanette in a careless little 2.98 number and bedroom slippers, Nelson with his back hair down and a pair of tortoise glasses. They stood before two little microphones, put everything they had into the song, and that means *everything*. No one alive can sing out and make pretty faces at the same time—so this method spares you the vision of tonsil close-ups and distended vocal cords. But it is rather eerie when you think of it—the voice matched to the face later on.

ALL the original music was used, but there is a new book into which they have tossed everything but the Russian Revolution. Jeanette begins as a French princess about to be married to the mean old Spanish grandee, and she doesn't like it. (You've heard that one before.) Her maid is about to leave for the new Louisiana as a "Casquette Girl"—a girl provided by the King with dowry and *casquette* to become the wife of a colonist in the new country, where she is auctioned to the highest bidder. You are 'way ahead of us, but the princess goes in place of the maid, is rescued from a pirate ship by the handsome Captain Warrington, escapes auctioning by telling the governor she is a "bad" girl, her identity is discovered—and you guess the rest. But figure in a wealth of color, action, music and thrills. This is a Van Dyke picture.

A glass aviary in the French palace set contained five hundred birds. More than a thousand actors were used in the picture, and the embarkation scene at Havre shows a mile of street and people.

The research involved disclosed that the first American traffic laws originated in the City of New Orleans. "Sedan chairs must clear each other by one metre"—doubtless to prevent hot-headed settlers from leaning out to stab each other.

"Marietta" is a gorgeous eyeful, and easy on the ears as well.

The Scarlet Pimpernel

—GAUMONT BRITISH

ALEXANDER KORDA made this one, and it will rank in your memory along with his "Henry the VIII." For it is bright with pageantry, high with adventure, rich in romance. And Leslie Howard as the clever, courageous young Englishman who poses as a fop while he rescues French noblemen from the guillotine, is at his best. Merle Oberon is lovely as his wife.

Carnival

—COLUMBIA

LEE TRACY has definitely graduated from reporter rôles and become a father. Here he is an anxious but efficient parent against a carnival background, and persecuted by authorities who try to take the child away. With

the aid of *Fingers*, a gentleman pickpocket played by Jimmy Durante, the baby, John Richard Walters, by name, becomes one of the most intriguing youngsters of the new crop on the screen. Difficulties will be solved if the child has a mother, and strangely enough Lee overlooks the possibilities of his puppet-show assistant, Sally Eilers, until the last gasp. His organized search for a mama is hysterically funny. This is a good evening's entertainment with a few heart-throbs tossed in for measure.

Wings in the Dark

—PARAMOUNT

AN aviation story with a heart. Cary Grant gives his best performance to date as the aviator all set for a great flight when he is blinded by an explosion. Myrna Loy is pretty swell as the stunt-flyer who provides thrills at the county fairs and risks her neck to get Cary out of hock. She gives him a "Seeing Eye" dog, played by the beautiful and intelligent Lightning, grandson of Strongheart. And she accepts a distance-flight for twenty-five thousand dollars which will save Cary's ship, on which he has his invention for blind flying. She is lost in a heavy fog near the landing field—Cary goes up and leads her to safety, using his invention. There are some real heart-stirring thrills, not the harrowing crack-up kind. Roscoe Karns as Myrna's manager, is in one of his best spots. Hobart Cavanaugh as a Scotch mechanic, is a joy. Technically the picture is an achievement, and the performances are top-hole.

Rumba

—PARAMOUNT

GEORGE RAFT still has the smoothest hair, the highest cut trouser waistline and the tightest collars in Hollywood. Carole Lombard still has the most flexible scalp. Together they still have the least conviction of any screen romantic team in their love scenes.

"Rumba" has a less interesting story than "Bolero." Raft again is a dancer. Carole, a wealthy society girl, falls for him. They seem to misunderstand each other until the very end.

"Rumba" has better dance scenes than "Bolero," at which most of the picture is aimed. It has almost as good music, although Ralph Rainger is no Ravel.

You'll like the native rumba numbers better than the efforts of George and Carole.

Jack Ahoy

—GAUMONT BRITISH

THE humor in this comedy isn't smart enough for a good comedian like Britain's Jack Hulbert. American audiences are apt to find the situations and gags too old to be funny. But if you can laugh at old jokes, the picture is good and you'll enjoy Hulbert.

The Iron Duke

—GAUMONT BRITISH

YOU may never have thought of Wellington, Conqueror of Napoleon, as the witty, heart-warming Mr. Arliss. But you will be delighted with Mr. Arliss as *Wellington*. If he makes the "Iron Duke," an amiable and kindly man, at least he creates a charming portrait, and no one but stickling historians will object. The story of Wellington's triumph is told carefully, thoughtfully, cleverly, though not brilliantly. There is little fire. Even the Battle of Waterloo is pictured in a placid, gentlemanly

with more conversation than bloodshed. This is an interesting picture and one you consider worthwhile.

The Ghost Walks

WINCIBLE

GOOD independent picture with unique story. A playwright, John Miljan, gives a slant to theatrical producer Richard Carle by placing him in the midst of a dress-rehearsal of his new melodrama, in a haunted house. A real maniac is at large in the house and it involves things no end, but Miljan sells the play to the producer, eventually. June Evers, Johnny Arthur, Henry Kolker, and others are the actors.

Women Must Dress

MONOGRAM

NICE little human interest drama, written by Dorothy Reid, widow of the still-beloved Wally. The theme is the separation and hate reunion of a long married couple and the effect of a false philosophy upon their daughter's love. Interestingly handled. Minna Bell as the wife is outstanding.

The Whole Town's Talking

COLUMBIA

EDWARD G. ROBINSON as two other men gives his finest performance in a brilliant picture. Jean Arthur covers herself with discretion as a lady called *Bill*, who has grace under pressure—a genteel way of saying she is stuck on the up-take. She is just the girl that a self-effacing clerk named *Arthur Ferguson* would fall for. Believe it or go see for yourself, Edward G. is the clerk, and to the contrary. He is also *Killer Mannion*, a dangerous public enemy. *Jones* has the police department in jitters with his resemblance to the *Killer* until they give him a police pass. *Union* moves in on *Jones* and demands the pass—to use at night. From there, the excitement is intense, and right there for you. It cannot be conveyed on paper. Robinson accomplishes the transition from clerk to gangster and back again without the aid of any spurious disguise except a pair of glasses. With voice and attitude, he is two remotely located men, and the double exposures are remarkably photographed. A scene in which the clerk gets bunned with his boss and a reporter worth the price of admission. Another with *Union* as *Jones* enjoying prison protection, will increase your circulation. The tempo has been paced and sustained, something happens every minute—and every character looks as if he grew up to play it.

After Office Hours

M-G-M

"It Happened One Night" out of "Forgetting All Others," this airy persiflage turns out plenty of laughs with Clark Gable in the driver's seat. Constance Bennett is dimmed by his brilliance but her satin trains and furs are decorative. Clark is a managing editor of a newspaper, who manages to be in a lot of difficult places due to Connie's sassiness and coquetry. She is in training to be a newspaper woman and already can hold her liquor. There isn't much story but a lot of smart lines in situations

Murder on a Money-moon

—RKO-RADIO

ANOTHER adventure of that intrepid female Sherlock Holmes, *Hildegard Withers*, whom Edna May Oliver has created so amusingly for the screen. And again James Gleason is the impulsive, slow witted *Inspector Piper*. Mostly about a murder aboard a Catalina Island bound seaplane.

My Heart is Calling

—GAUMONT BRITISH

If you like singing—lots of it—and continental atmosphere in your pictures, you will find this musical film a grand treat. Jan Kiepura, popular European tenor, is cast in the rôle of an opera star who encounters many difficulties before he finally finds a place to sing. Marta Eggerth, blonde Hungarian actress, is the heart interest. Sonnie Hale's fine comedy performance as Kiepura's manager is one of the highlights of the picture.

The Nut Farm

—MONOGRAM

THIS title may well have a *double-entendre*. While walnut acres is the prize which lured the principals of this farce to California, Hollywood is the real nut farm they buy. It is pleasant to see the stagey Hollywood slicker out-slicked in the end. Wallace Ford does a nice job and is funny enough at times. Betty Alden, Florence Roberts, Oscar Apfel.

Life Returns

—UNIVERSAL

DR. ROBERT E. CORNISH performs his miraculous operation restoring life after death. The patient is a dog, and this much of the picture is an extraordinary contribution in the interests of science. The long build-up is boring and unnecessary. The operation alone would have made a phenomenal short subject, but the introduction is just a waste of time and film.

Shadow of Doubt

—M-G-M

CONSTANCE COLLIER makes her bow, and so do we—to a grand old actress who gives a lift to this involved murder mystery. Ricardo Cortez is a right nice young man for a change, in love with Virginia Bruce who can act and look ravishing at the same time. Isabel Jewell, Regis Toomey, Arthur Byron, Betty Furness and others lend ample support.

Red Hot Tires

—FIRST NATIONAL

OF a seasoned vintage and reminiscent of the old Wallace Reid racing dramas, this is strictly program fare. If you care for automobile racing, there is plenty of it, and harrowing crack-ups galore. A murder trial is mixed in for good measure. Lyle Talbot is the hit-'em-hard guy and racing driver accused of butting the heavy off the track, but Mary Astor and Frankie Darro save the day. Roscoe Karns is Lyle's buddy, and Gavin Gordon is the bad boy.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 121]

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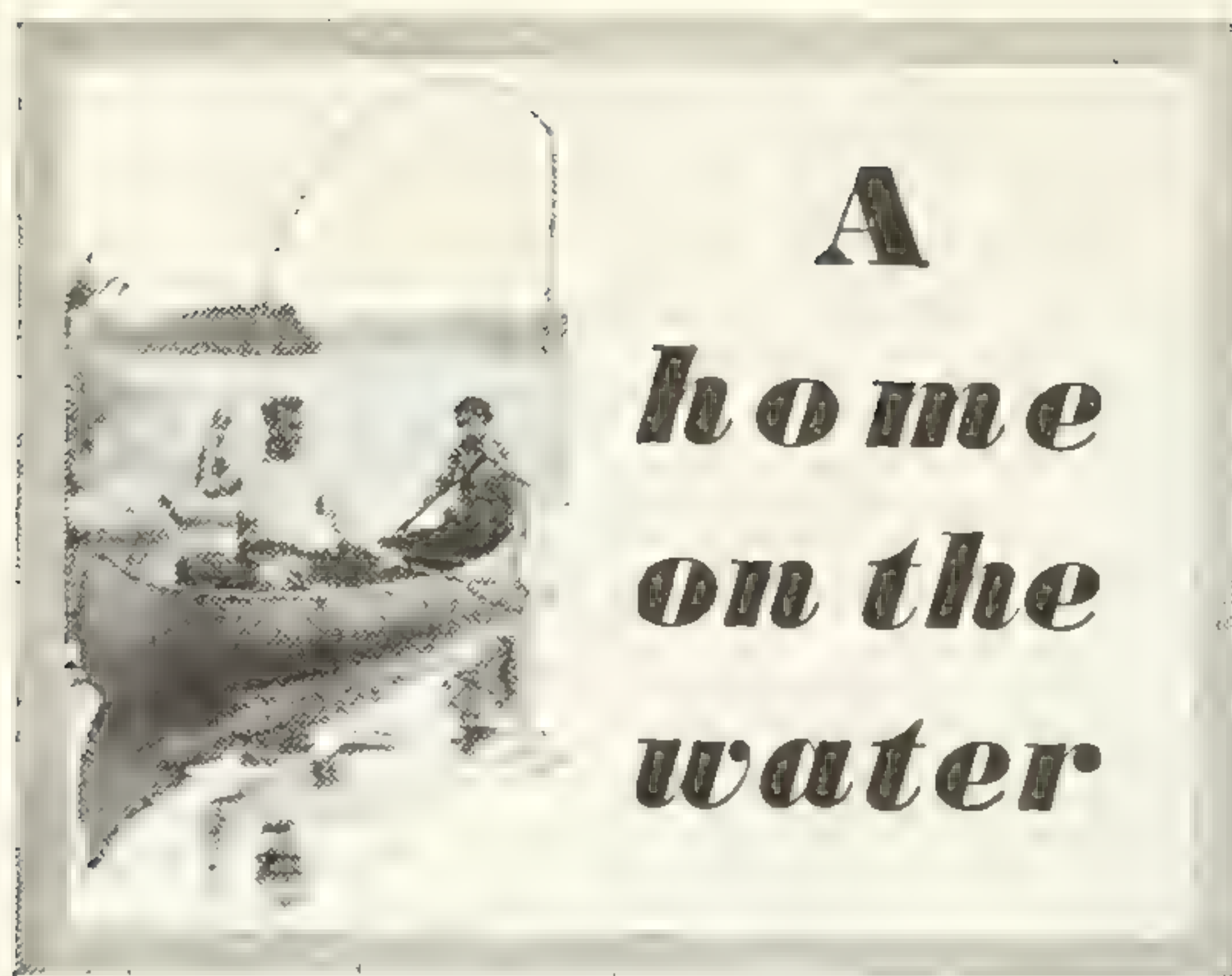
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Casts of Current Photoplays

COMPLETE FOR EVERY PICTURE REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

"AFTER OFFICE HOURS"—M-G-M.—From the story by Laurence Stallings and Dale Van Every. Screen play by Herman J. Mankiewicz. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: Sharon Norwood, Constance Bennett; Jim Branch, Clark Gable; Hank Parr, Stuart Erwin; Mrs. Norwood, Billie Burke; Tommy Bannister, Harvey Stephens; Mrs. Patterson, Katharine Alexander; Mr. Patterson, Hale Hamilton; Cap, Henry Travers; Italian, Henry Armetta; Jordan, Charles Richman; Barlow, Herbert Bunston.

"BORDERTOWN"—WARNERS.—Suggested by Carroll Graham's novel. Screen play by Robert Lord. Adapted by Laird Doyle and Wallace Smith. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: Johnny (Juanito) Ramirez, Paul Muni; Marie Roark, Bette Davis; Dale Elwell, Margaret Lindsay; Brook Manville, Gavin Gordon; Manuel Diego, Arthur Stone; Charlie Roark, Eugene Pallette; Dr. Carter, William Davidson; Mister Elwell, Henry O'Neill; Dale's Friend, Vivian Tobin; Mrs. Elwell, Nella Walker; Padre, Robert Barrat; Mrs. Rairez, Soledad Jimenez.

"CARNIVAL"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Robert Riskin. Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: Chick Thompson, Lee Tracy; Daisy, Sally Eilers; Fingers, Jimmy Durante; Poochy, Dickie Walters; Mac, Thomas Jackson; Miss Holbrook, Florence Rice; Detective, Fred Kelsey; Nurse, Lucille Ball.

"FOLIES BERGERE"—20TH CENTURY-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the play by Rudolph Lothar and Hans Adler. Screen play by Bess Meredyth and Hal Long. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: Fernand, the Baron Cassini, Maurice Chevalier; Eugene Charlier, Maurice Chevalier; Mimi, Ann Sothern; Genevieve, the Baroness Cassini, Merle Oberon; Francois, Eric Blore; Morrisot, Ferdinand Munier; Rene, the Marquis de Lac, Walter Byron; Gustave, Lumsden Hare; Henri, Robert Greig; Perishot, Ferdinand Gottschalk; Monsieur Paulet, Halliwell Hobbes; Premier of France, Georges Renavant; Victor, Phillip Dare; Joseph, Frank McGlynn, Sr.; Toinette, Barbara Leonard; Stage Manager, Olin Howland.

"GHOST WALKS, THE"—INVINCIBLE.—From the story by Charles Belden. Screen play by Charles Belden. Directed by Frank Strayer. The cast: Prescott Ames, John Miljan; Gloria Shaw, June Collyer; Wood, Richard Carle; The Professor, Spencer Charters; Erskine, Johnny Arthur; Dr. Kent, Henry Kolker; Terry, Donald Kirke; Beatrice, Eve Southern; Carroway, Douglas Gerrard; Jarvis, Wilson Benge; Head Guard, Jack Shutta.

"IRON DUKE, THE"—GAUMONT BRITISH.—From the story by I. Dalrymple. Directed by Victor Saville. The cast: Duke of Wellington, George Arliss; Duchess of Wellington, Ellaline Terriss; Madame, Duchess d'Angouleme, Gladys Cooper; Hill, A. E. Matthews; Louis XVIII, Allan Aynesworth; Lady Frances, Lesley Wareing; Marshall Ney, Edmund Willard; Duchess of Richmond, Norma Varden; Uxbridge, Felix Aylmer; Castlereagh, Gerald Lawrence; Talcyrand, Gibb McLaughlin; Metternich, Farren Souter; Webster, Walter Sondes; King of Prussia, Frederick Leister; Czar of Russia, Gyles Isham; Denise, Annie Esmond; Lady Francis' Maid, Paddie Maismith; 1st Orderly, Ernest Jay; 1st Delegate, G. H. Mulcaster; 2nd Delegate, Frank Freeman; Blucher, Franklyn Dyall; Bates, Emlyn Williams; D'Artois, Campbell Gullan; Pozzo di Borgo, Norman Shelley.

"JACK AHOY"—GAUMONT BRITISH.—From the story by Sidney Gilliat and John Orton. Directed by Walter Forde. The cast: Jack Ponsonby, Jack Hulbert; Patricia, Nancy O'Neil; Admiral Fraser, Alfred Drayton; Conchita, Tamara Desni; Larios, Henry Peterson; Dodger, Sam Wilkinson.

"LIFE RETURNS"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Dr. Eugene Frenke and James Hoban. Screen play by Arthur Horman and John F. Goodrich. Directed by Dr. Eugene Frenke. The cast: John Kendrick, Onslow Stevens; Danny, George Breakston; Dr. Louise Stone, Lois Wilson; Mrs. Kendrick, Valerie Hobson; Dog Catcher, Stanley Fields; Dr. James, Frank Reicher; Mr. Arnold, Richard Carle; Interne, Dean Benton; Nurse, Lois January; Mickey, Richard Quine; Mrs. Vandergriff, Mabel Turner; Judge, George McQuarrie; Dr. Henderson, Otis Harlan and Dr. Robert E. Cornish.

"MISSISSIPPI"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Booth Tarkington. Adapted by Henry Myers. Screen play by Herbert Fields and Hugh Wiley. Directed by Edward A. Sutherland. The cast: Tom Grayson, Bing Crosby; Commodore Jackson, W. C. Fields; Lucy Rumford, Joan Bennett; Mexico, Queenie Smith; Elvira Rumford, Gail Patrick; Gen. Rumford, Claude Gillingwater; Major Patterson, John Miljan; Captain Blackie, Fred Kohler, Sr.; Rumbo, John

Larkin; Lavinia, Libby Taylor; Henpecked husband, Arthur Hoyt; Wife, Grace Hayle; Stage Manager, Harry Meyers, and Molasses and January.

"MURDER ON A HONEYMOON"—RKO RADIO.—From the story "Puzzle of the Peppercorn Tree" by Stuart Palmer. Directed by Lloyd Corrigan. The cast: Hildegard Withers, Edna May Oliver; Inspector Piper, James Gleason; Phyllis Lane, Lola Lane; Kay Deving, Dorothy Libaire; Marvin Deving, Harry Ellerbe; Joseph B. Tale, Le Carroll; Captain Beegle, DeWitt Jennings; Lou Madden, Matt McHugh; French, Chic Chandler; Kelsey, George Meeker; Forrest, Brooks Benedict; Amc Brill, Spencer Charters; Charley, Sleep 'N' Eat; Patrick Mack, Morgan Wallace; Dr. O'Rourke, Arthur Hoyt.

"MY HEART IS CALLING"—GAUMONT BRITISH.—From the story by Ernst Marischka. Adapted by Sidney Gilliat. Directed by Carmin Gallone. The cast: Mario Delmonte, Jan Kiepura; Carla, Marta Eggerth; Alphonse Rosee, Sonnie Hale; Director Arvelle of the Monte Carlo Opera, Hugh Wakefield; Ferrier, Ernest Thesiger; Manageress of Dress Salon, Marie Lohr; Margot, Jeanne Stuart; Pag Boy, John Singer; Parry Jones, Anthony Hankey; Mickey Brantford, Frederick Preisley; Hilde V. Stolz, Anton Imkamp.

"NAUGHTY MARIETTA"—M-G-M.—Based on the operetta by Victor Herbert. Screen play by John Lee Mahin. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: Marietta, Jeanette MacDonald; Warrington, Nelson Eddy; Governor, Frank Morgan; Zeke, Edward Brophy; Rudolpho, Akim Tamiroff; Under Douglas Dumbille; Julie, Cecilia Parker; Mde D'Annard, Elsa Lanchester; Don Carlos, Walter Kingsford; Herr Schuman, Joseph Cawthorne; Frau Schuman, Greta Meyer; Abe, Harold Huber; Bob, Girl, Mary Doran; Bird Store Dealer, William Burgess; Duenna, Mary Foy; Giovanni, Stewart Hall; Marietta (the maid), Helen Shipman.

"NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN, A"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements. Screen Play by Leopold Atlas and Robert Tasker. Directed by Edward Laemmle. The cast: Kiri, Arlen, Charles Bickford; Nina Thorne, Helen Vinson; John Barrett, Onslow Stevens; Marleybone, Dudley Rigges; Clayton Bradford, Sidney Blackmer; Terr, Bradford, John Darrow; Joshua, John Larkin; The judge, George Irving; Stevens, Haydon Stevens.

"NUT FARM, THE"—MONOGRAM.—From the play by John G. Brownell. Screen play by George Wagner. Directed by Melville Brown. The cast: Willie, Wallace Ford; Agatha, Joan Gale; Bob, Oscar Apfel; Holland, Bradley Page; Helen, Betty Alden; Ma, Florence Roberts; Sliscomb, Spencer Charters; Biddeford, Lorin Raker; Van Norton, Arnold Gray.

"RED HOT TIRES"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the screen play by Tristram Tupper. Directed by G. Ross Lederman. The cast: Wallace Storm, Lyle Talbot; Patricia Sanford, Mary Astor; Bud Keene, Roscoe Karns; Johnny, Frankie Darro; Robert Griffin, Gavin Gordon; Maggie, Mary Treen; Martin Sanford, Henry Kolker; Curly Taylor, Bradley Page; Hanson, Arthur Aylesworth; Judge Alcott, Howard Hickman; Truck Driver, Clarence Muse.

"RUMBA"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Guy Endore and Seena Owen. Screen play by Howard J. Green. Directed by Marion Gering. The cast: Joe Martin, George Raft; Diana Harrison, Carole Lombard; Flash, Lynne Overman; Carmelita Margo, Hobart Fletcher; Monroe Owsley, Goldie Allen; Iris Adrian; Henry B. Harrison, Samuel S. Hinds; Patsy, Gail Patrick; Solanger, Jameson Thomas; Maria, Soledad Jimenez; Carlos, Paul Porcasi; Dance Director, Raymond McKee; Tony, Akim Tamiroff; Watkins, Eldred Tidbury.

"THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL"—GAUMONT BRITISH.—Story by Robert Sherwood and Arthur Wimperis. Directed by Harold Young. The cast: Sir Percy Blakeney, Leslie Howard; Marguerite, Lady Blakeney, Merle Oberon; Suzanne de Tournay, Joan Gardner; Comte de Tournay, O. B. Clarence; Chauvelin, "The Butcher," Raymond Massey; Armand St. Just, Walter Rilla; Sir Andrew Foulkes, Anthony Bushell; Robespierre, Ernest Milton; A Priest, Bramwell Fletcher; Romney, Melville Cooper; H. R. H., the Prince Regent, Nigel Bruce; Comtesse de Tournay, Mabel Terry-Lewis; Rene de Grammont, Edmund Breon; Lord Granville, Allan Jeayes; Bibot, Edmund Willard; Vicomte de Tournay, Roy Meredith.

"SHADOW OF DOUBT"—M-G-M.—From the story by Arthur Somers Roche. Screen play by Wells Root. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: Sim Ricardo Cortez; Trenna, Virginia Bruce; Aunt Melissa, Constance Collier; Inez, Isabel Jewell; Bellwood

ur Byron; Lisa, Betty Furness; Reed Ryan, Regis
ney; Morse, Ivan Simpson; Hayworth, Bradley
; Wilcox, Edward Brophy; Mr. Granby, Samuel
inds; Mark Torrey, Richard Tucker; Ehrhardt,
ard Siegel; L. T. Sackville, Paul Hurst.

UNDER PRESSURE"—Fox.—From the story
Edward Doherty. Screen play by Howard
ing, Noel Pierce, Finley P. Dunne, Jr. Directed
Raoul Walsh and Irving Cummings. The cast:
bo, Victor McLaglen; Shocker, Edmund Lowe;
y, Marjorie Rambeau; Nipper Moran, Charles
ford; Pat, Florence Rice; Corky, James Donlan;
vel, Warner Richmond; Doctor, Siegfried Ru-
n.

WEDDING NIGHT, THE"—SAM GOLDWYN-
ED ARTISTS.—From the story by Edwin Knopf.
en play by Edith Fitzgerald. Directed by King
r. The cast: Tony Barrell, Gary Cooper; Many,
a Sten; Dora, Helen Vinson; Fredrik, Ralph
amy; Nowak, Siegfried Rumann; Kaise, Esther
; Sobieski, Leonid Snegoff; Mrs. Sobieski, Elinor
velhoft; Grandmother, Milla Davenport; Helena,
es Anderson; Hezzie, Hilda Vaughn; Jenkins,
ter Brennan; Anna, Hedi Shoppe; Taka, Otto
omoka; Frederika, Violet Axzelle; Uncle, Ed
e; Man at Party, Robert Louis Stevenson 2nd.

WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING, THE"—COLUM-
—From the story by W. R. Burnett. Screen play
to Swerling and Robert Riskin. Directed by
Ford. The cast: Arthur Jones, Edward G.
Rinson; Killer Mannion, Edward G. Robinson;
l, Jean Arthur; Boyle, Arthur Hohl; Healy,
lace Ford; Spencer, Arthur Byron; Hoyt, Donald
Mk; "J.G." Carpenter, Paul Harvey; Buggs Martin,
Brophy; Seaver, Etienne Girardot; Howe, James

Donlan; Warden, J. Farrell MacDonald; Henchman,
John Wray; Aunt Agatha, Effie Ellsler.

"WINGS IN THE DARK"—PARAMOUNT.—From
the story by Nell Shipman and Philip D. Hurn.
Screen play by Jack Kirkland and Frank Partos.
Directed by James Flood. The cast: Sheila Mason,
Myrna Loy; Ken Gordon, Cary Grant; Nick Wil-
liams, Roscoe Karns; Mac, Hobart Cavanaugh; Tops
Harmon, Dean Jagger; Yipp Morgan, Bert Hanlon;
Joy Burns, James Burtis; Jako Brashear, Russell
Hopton; Kennell Club Secty, Samuel S. Hinds; The
Doctor, Arnold Korff; Sheila's 1st Mechanic, Matt
McHugh; Radio Announcer, Graham McNamee;
Cameraman, Alfred Delcambre.

"WINNING TICKET, THE"—M-G-M.—From
the story by Robert Pirosh and George Seaton.
Screen play by Ralph Spence and Richard Schayer.
Directed by Charles F. Riesner. The cast: Joe
Tomasello, Leo Carrillo; Nora, Louise Fazenda;
Eddie, Ted Healy; Mary, Irene Herve; Jimmy,
James Ellison; Tony, Luis Alberni; Mr. Powers,
Purnell Pratt; Guiseppe, Akim Tamiroff; Noreen,
Betty Jane Graham; Joey, Billy Watson; Lefty Cos-
tello, Johnny Indrisano; Mickey, Ronald Fitzpatrick.

"WOMEN MUST DRESS"—MONOGRAM.—
Story by Edmund Joseph and Dorothy Reid.
Directed by Reginald Barker. The cast: Linda,
Minna Gombell; Philip, Gavin Gordon; David,
Hardie Albright; Brad Whitney, Robert Light; Eve,
Lenita Lane; Peg, Zeffie Tilbury; Janet, Suzanne
Kaaren; Pete, Arthur Lake; Jerry Bronson, Allan
Edwards; Mendoza, Paul Ellis; Bob, Charles Locher;
Jim Daniels, Gerald Young; Miss Peterson, Anne
Johnston; Kay, Harriet deBusman; Mona, Madelyn
Earle; Maid, Anne Kasper; Floor Nurse, Nell Rhodes;
Saleslady, Sandra Breau; Saleslady, Fay Hammar.

THE FAN CLUB CORNER

THE PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan
Clubs, progressing under the Macfadden
banner, plans big things for member Fan
Clubs in the future. Movie stars have recog-
nized the value of the Clubs and are giving
their wholehearted support to make them a
success. Norma Shearer, Rudy Vallee, Joel
McCrea, Lew Ayres, Ginger Rogers, Dick
Powell, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, John
Boles, Bing Crosby, Douglass Montgomery,
Ron Novarro, Minna Gombell, and Fran-
cisco T. Bone are but a few who take a deep per-
sonal interest in the Clubs named in their
honor.

If you do not belong to a Club, tell us the
name of your favorite and we will tell you how
to join. Clubs already formed but not char-
tered members of the PHOTOPLAY Association
of Fan Clubs, write us for particulars on join-
ing. Those desiring to form new clubs for
their favorites can also get particulars on this
subject by writing to us at 1926 Broadway, New York
City.

The Lanny Ross Legion has moved its
headquarters. Address its president, Mildred
Berk, c/o Allerton House, 130 East 57th
Street, New York City. Congratulations,
Mildred, on getting so many new members for
the Legion.

Donato A. Cedrone, president of the Tom
Brown Club, wrote in to say that he has a lot
of new members including some from Australia
and New Zealand. Others interested in Tom
Brown, write to Donato at 288 Nevada St.,
Newtonville, Mass.

NE ROURKE, president of the Douglass
Montgomery Club, has an extremely interest-
ing Club paper. She reports two hundred
and seventeen members and the Club is less
than a year old. Good work, Irene.

The Francis Lederer Club has changed its
headquarters. New members desiring to join
write to Beatrice Kramer, 4341 N. Albany
Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Members of the John Boles Music Club are
anxiously awaiting the release of John's latest

musical extravaganza, "Redheads on Parade."
Lillian Musgrave, president of the Club, would
like to hear from John Boles admirers. Write
her at 2700 N. Vincent Ave., Minneapolis,
Minn. The Club is in its third year and has a
vast number of members in England. Miss
Violet E. Kirk, 55 Rudloe Road, Clapham
Park, London, S. W. 12 has been appointed
representative of this Club in England.

The latest issue of the "Fan Club Fare"
official publication of the Fan Club Federa-
tion is very entertaining. It carries many
interesting articles, particularly an interview
with Walter Huston, starring on the New
York stage in "Dodsworth."

Members of the Joel McCrea Club voiced
their desire to have a large edition of the Club
paper "Joel's Joelers" every other month
instead of a small edition each month. Watch
for the next edition, it promises to be mag-
nificent.

"Brief Moment" Club paper, of the Barbara
Stanwyck Buddies, is just chock full of news.
Bonnie Bergstrom, president of the Club,
presents a very interesting interview with
Lina Basquette, her husband Teddy Hayes
and their son, Eddie. Old friends of Lina
will certainly enjoy reading it.

Jacqueline Lee, for two years president of
the Buddy Rogers Club, resigned to become
just a member and a devoted fan. She felt
that the club needed a new president and new
ideas. Marilyn Bonnell is the new president
and the new address is 2339 Lisbon Ave.,
Milwaukee, Wisc.

The Ginger Rogers Club paper is now called
"Ginger Gems." A contest was held and
Ginger selected the name herself from those
submitted.

Chaw Mank, 226 Mill Street, Staunton,
Ill., would like to hear from those interested
in joining the Movie Fans Friendship Club.
Chaw is particularly interested in hearing from
"shut-ins." He feels sure that his Club paper,
the MFFC News would help brighten their
days.

It's a good idea.

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- 3) Black Velvet
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Smart severity or simple elegance, the styles of today and tomorrow—created in Hollywood, the fashion center of the universe, are forecast first in

PHOTOPLAY
with the Fashion Forecast

Black Crepe ensemble with Surplice bodice effect.
Carole Lombard

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You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.



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Addresses of the Stars

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Paramount Studios

Iris Adrian
Max Baer
George Barbier
Ben Bernie
Douglas Blackley
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Lorraine Bridge
Carl Brisson
Mary Ellen Brown
Kathleen Burke
Burns and Allen
Alan Campbell
Kitty Carlisle
Dolores Casey
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Jack Cox
Larry "Buster" Crabbe
Eddie Craven
Bing Crosby
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Frances Drake
Mary Ellis
W. C. Fields
William Frawley
Paul Gerrits
Cary Grant
David Holt
Dean Jagger
Roscoe Karns
Jan Kiepura
Lois Kent
Elissa Landi
Charles Laughton
Billy Lee

Dixie Lee
Baby LeRoy
Carole Lombard
Pauline Lord
Ida Lupino
Helen Mack
Fred MacMurray
Marian Mansfield
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Raymond Milland
Joe Morrison
Lloyd Nolan
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
Joe Penner
George Raft
Lyda Roberti
Lanny Ross
Jean Rouverol
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Ann Sheridan
Sylvia Sydney
Alison Skipworth
Queenie Smith
Sir Guy Standing
Gladys Swarthout
Colin Tapley
Kent Taylor
Lee Tracy
Mae West
Henry Wilcoxon
Virginia Weidler
Howard Wilson
Toby Wing

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson
Astrid Allwyn
Rosemary Ames
Lew Ayres
Catalina Barrena
Mona Barrie
Warner Baxter
John Boles
John Bradford
Frances Carlon
Madeleine Carroll
Dave Chasen
Tito Coral
Jane Darwell
Alan Dinehart
James Dunn
Jack Durant
Alice Faye
Peggy Fears
Stepin Fetchit
Nick Foran
Norman Foster
Ketti Galian
Janet Gaynor
Harry Green
Jack Haley
Sterling Holloway
Rochelle Hudson
Roger Imhof

Walter Johnson
June Lang
Edmund Lowe
Victor McLaglen
Frank Melton
Frank Mitchell
Conchita Montenegro
Rosita Moreno
Herbert Mundin
Warner Oland
Valentin Parera
Pat Paterson
Ruth Peterson
John Qualen
Will Rogers
Gilbert Roland
Raul Roulien
Siegfried Rumann
Albert Shean
Berta Singerman
Shirley Temple
Spencer Tracy
Claire Trevor
Helen Twelvetrees
Blanca Vischer
Henry B. Walthall
Hugh Williams
Walter Woolf

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Glenn Anders
Fred Astaire
John Beal
Willie Best
Eric Blore
Alice Brady
Helen Broderick
Bruce Cabot
Chic Chandler
Richard Dix
Steffi Duna
Irene Dunne
Hazel Forbes
Skeets Gallagher
Wynne Gibson
Alan Hale
Margaret Hamilton
Ann Harding

Katharine Hepburn
Pert Kelton
Francis Lederer
Gene Lockhart
Joel McCrea
Raymond Middleton
Polly Moran
June Preston
Gregory Ratoff
Virginia Reid
Erik Rhodes
Barbara Robbins
Ginger Rogers
Ann Shirley
Frank Thomas, Jr.
Thelma Todd
Bert Wheeler
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Douglas Fairbanks

Miriam Hopkins
Mary Pickford
Anna Sten

20th Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

George Arliss
Ronald Colman

Fredric March
Loretta Young

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Robert Allen
Jean Arthur
Lucille Ball
James Blakeley
John Mack Brown
Jack Buckler
Nancy Carroll
Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Inez Courtney
Richard Cromwell
Allyn Drake
Douglas Dumbrille
Wallace Ford

Jack Holt
Victor Jory
Fred Keating
Peter Lorre
Marian Marsh
Tim McCoy
Geneva Mitchell
Grace Moore
George Murphy
Gene Raymond
Florence Rice
Billie Seward
Ann Sothorn
Raymond Walburn

CULVER CITY, CALIF.

Hal Roach Studios

Don Barclay
Billy Bletcher
Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy

Patsy Kelly
Stan Laurel
Billy Nelson
Our Gang
Douglas Wakefield

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Brian Aherne
Katharine Alexander
Elizabeth Allan
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Constance Bennett
Virginia Bruce
Ralph Bushman
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Leo Carrillo
Ruth Channing
Maurice Chevalier
Mady Christians
Constance Collier
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Louise Fazenda
Preston Foster
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Gladys George
C. Henry Gordon
Ruth Gordon
Russell Hardie
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Louise Henry
William Henry
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey
Isabel Jewell

Barbara Kent
June Knight
Otto Kruger
Elsa Lanchester
Evelyn Laye
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Cecilia Parker
Jean Parker
Nat Pendleton
Rosamond Pinchot
William Powell
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Shirley Ross
Rosalind Russell
Norma Shearer
Frank Shields
Sid Silvers
Martha Sleeper
Harvey Stephens
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
William Tannen
Robert Taylor
Pinkie Tomlin
Franchot Tone
Henry Wadsworth
Lucille Watson
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.

Universal Studios

Heather Angel
Henry Armetta
Baby Jane
Binnie Barnes
Noah Beery, Jr.
Dean Benton
Mary Brooks
June Clayworth
Carol Coombe
Philip Dakin
Ann Darling
Andy Devine
Sally Eilers
Valerie Hobson
Henry Hull
G. P. Huntley, Jr.
Lois January
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff

Frank Lawton
Bela Lugosi
Paul Lukas
Florine McKinney
Douglass Montgomery
Victor Moore
Chester Morris
Hugh O'Connell
Roger Pryor
Claude Rains
Onslow Stevens
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullivan
Francis L. Sullivan
Polly Walters
Irene Ware
Alice White
Clark Williams
Jane Wyatt

BURBANK, CALIF.

Warners-First National Studios

Ross Alexander
Johnnie Allen
Mary Astor
Arthur Aylesworth
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
Glen Boles
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Enrico Caruso, Jr.
Hobart Cavanaugh
Joseph Cawthorn
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Dorothy Dare
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Dolores Del Rio
Claire Dodd
Robert Donat
Ruth Donnelly
Maxine Doyle
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Florence Fair
Glenda Farrell
Errol Flynn
Grace Ford
Kay Francis
William Gargan
Hugh Herbert
Russell Hicks
Leslie Howard
Ian Hunter

Josephine Hutchinson
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Olive Jones
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Robert Light
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Helen Lowell
Aline MacMahon
Everett Marshall
June Martell
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Dick Powell
Phillip Reed
Philip Regan
Edward G. Robinson
Winifred Shaw
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Verree Teasdale
Genevieve Tobin
Dorothy Tree
Mary Treen
Harry Tyler
Rudy Vallee
Gordon Westcott
Warren William
Donald Woods

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Neil Hamilton, 351 N. Crescent Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.
Ned Sparks, 1765 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood

A Notorious Gentleman

UNIVERSAL

CHARLES BICKFORD kills Sidney Blackmer, with the aid of Dudley Digges. Charles lets suspicion fall on Helen Vinson, then on his nephew, John Darrow, who commits suicide over it. Attorney Onslow Stevens traps Charles. Full of suspense and entertainment.

The Winning Ticket

M-G-M

ED HEALY, Leo Carrillo, and Louise Fazenda put a lot of comedy into this story based on the disappearance of a winning sweepstake ticket. Somewhat forced, but you'll like the capers.

Under Pressure

FOX

NEW background in which McLaglen and Lowe go on with their feud. In this one, they go underground, as sand-hogs, boring a tunnel under New York's East River. The tunnel is the real hero.

Lordertown

WARNERS

OUTSTANDING performances by Bette Davis and Paul Muni make this picture worthwhile. The story is one of bitterness and disillusionment, about an earnest young lawyer who turns gambler when he loses his first big case, then falls prey to the schemings of a jealous woman. It may not be altogether pleasant fare, but it is powerful and gripping.

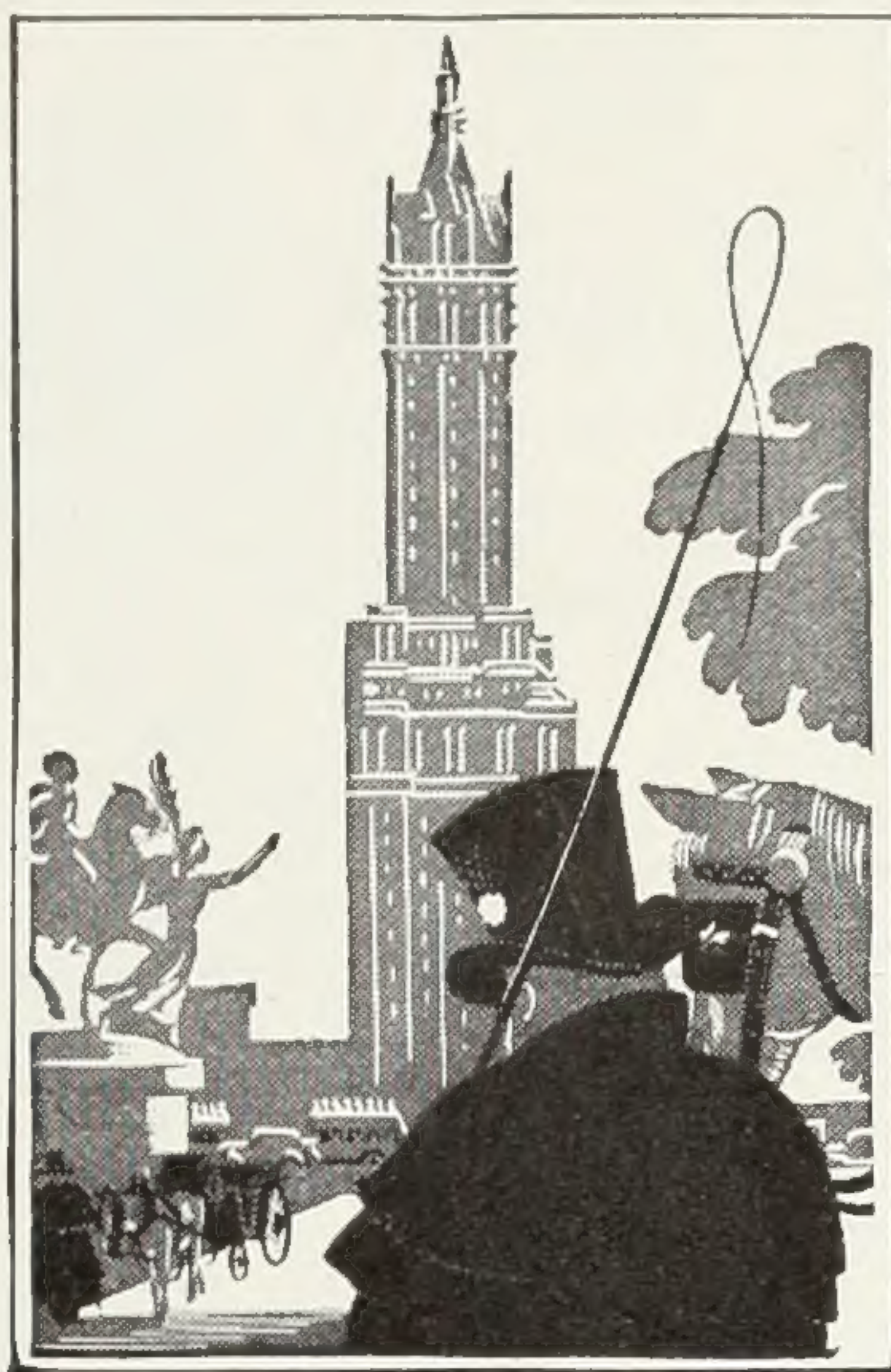
Cuisine Secrets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85]

home-made noodles, grate Parmesan cheese over the top and brown in the oven. The Tocadero serves this inviting dish in the small copper casserole in which it is browned.

Lobster Americaine: Boil a three-pound lobster for thirty minutes with salt and tabasco sauce. Remove meat from shell and cut in large dice. Place a small chopped onion, carrot and stalk of celery in a frying pan and brown in butter. Add the lobster. To that, add two ounces of cognac or brandy. Allow it to blend over a slow fire for three minutes, then add one quart of solid-pack tomatoes (size 2½ oz.), and cook for twenty-five minutes. Season with salt, pepper and spice (fresh tarragon or thyme). After the lobster is done, work in four ounces of butter to take up the sauce. Serve with rice.

Golden Gate Salad: One head of romaine cut in half, one orange, one grapefruit and one avocado are the ingredients. Peel and *supreme* the fruit, that is, remove all the membrane and seed. Peel and slice the avocado. Marinate the romaine in French dressing, place on salad plate and put one slice of orange, one of avocado, one of grapefruit in sequence until you have a portion. Place thin slices of tomato between fruit in ribbon fashion. Put the remainder of the avocado through a sieve and add to the French dressing to be poured over the finished salad. Dominick always adds the yolk of an egg to his French dressing, beating it vigorously.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

NIGHT ALARM—Majestic.—If you like to go to fires you'll get a three-alarm thrill from this story of a firebug and the mysterious blazes he starts. Bruce Cabot and Judith Allen head the cast. (Feb.)

NIGHT IS YOUNG, THE—M-G-M.—A small-scale "Merry Widow," with Ramon Novarro and Evelyn Laye singing agreeably and Charles Butterworth, Una Merkel and Eddie Horton for fun. (March)

NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS—Universal.—A whimsical and fantastic film about a scientist who discovered a formula for turning statues into men and men into statues. (March)

NORAH O'NEALE—Clifton-Hurst Prod.—Dublin's Abbey Players, famous on the stage, fail in their first movie. Lacks their spontaneity and charm on the stage. (Jan.)

ONE EXCITING ADVENTURE—Universal.—Striving for suavity robs story of much charm. Neil Hamilton reforms Binnie Barnes, who picks up diamonds hither and thither. Has laughs, and Paul Cavanagh, Eugene Pallette, Grant Mitchell. (Dec.)

ONE HOUR LATE—Paramount.—New-comer Joe Morrison steals the show. Helen Twelvetrees, Conrad Nagel, Arline Judge, all good in this spritely romance. But it's Joe and his sweet voice you'll remember. (Feb.)

OUTCAST LADY—M-G-M.—Every cast member—including Constance Bennett, Herbert Marshall, Ralph Forbes, Hugh Williams—does his utmost. But this rambling presentation of Michael Arlen's "Green Hat" hampers their efforts. (Nov.)

OVER NIGHT—Mundis Distributing Corp.—Crook melodrama, but no suspense. Story is telegraphed ahead. But, it has engaging Robert Donat and beautiful Pearl Argyle. (Dec.)

★ **PAINTED VEIL, THE**—M-G-M.—Garbo as the wife of a doctor (Herbert Marshall) in cholera-ridden China. A betrayed passion for George Brent teaches her her real love is her husband. Powerful drama. (Jan.)

★ **PECK'S BAD BOY**—Fox.—The story so many of us have enjoyed in days gone by, effectively screened. Jackie Cooper is the "bad boy," and Thomas Meighan is Mr. Peck. (Nov.)

PERFECT CLUE, THE—Majestic.—Not too expertly made, but this murder-drama-society play has its bright moments, most of them being contributed by Skeets Gallagher, the smooth performance of David Manners and Betty Blythe. (Feb.)

★ **PRESIDENT VANISHES, THE**—Walter Wanger-Paramount.—A sensational screen speculation of what would happen if the chief executive vanished in a crisis. Top-notch cast includes Arthur Byron, Edward Arnold, Janet Beecher, Osgood Perkins. Intriguing and vital film fare. (Feb.)

PRINCESS CHARMING—Gaumont-British.—Another version of the old story of the princess in distress. Only the lovely presence of Evelyn Laye and handsome Henry Wilcoxon make this pleasant enough entertainment. (March)

PRIVATE LIFE OF DON JUAN, THE—United Artists.—Douglas Fairbanks is good as the gay Lothario, who is finally forced to give up balcony climbing and settle down in the country with his patient wife. Benita Hume, Binnie Barnes, Merle Overon. (March)

PURSUED—Fox.—Too hilariously melodramatic to be true. Everyone, including cast—Rosemary Ames, Pert Kelton, Victor Jory, Russell Hardie—must have been kidding when they made this picture. (Nov.)

★ **PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS, THE**—Paramount.—Hinges on the long-gone custom used to eke out the firewood, "bundling"; a Hessian soldier and a Colonial lass in Revolutionary War days. Francis Lederer, Joan Bennett, Charles Ruggles, Mary Boland, Barbara Barondess. Very amusing. (Dec.)

READY FOR LOVE—Paramount.—Amusing, should please entire family. Richard Arlen, newspaper owner, mistakes Ida Lupino for the innamorata of the town's leading citizen. Marjorie Rambeau, Trent Durkin, Beulah Bondi. (Dec.)

REDHEAD—Monogram.—Grace Bradley doesn't subscribe to the theory you shouldn't marry a man to reform him. She does, and it works. Bruce Cabot the man. (Dec.)

RED MORNING—RKO-Radio.—The lovely presence of Steffi Duna is the only new thing in this picture. Francis McDonald gives a good performance. Otherwise it's the old stuff of savages sneaking through forests with poisoned spears, etc. (Feb.)

RETURN OF CHANDU, THE—Principal.—A Hindu secret society must have an Egyptian princess (Maria Alba) for a sacrifice. Spookily thrilling. Bela Lugosi is Chandu. Good for the kids. (Jan.)

★ **RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Miriam Hopkins does grand job in title rôle, as girl who wants Joel McCrea to love her for herself alone. Fay Wray. (Nov.)

ROCKY RHODES—Universal.—Good fare for Western devotees, with fist fights and lots of fast riding by Buck Jones. (Nov.)

★ **ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN**—RKO-Radio.—A well-nigh perfect screen play with Francis Lederer as the immigrant lad who falls in love with Ginger Rogers and wins her with the help of an Irish cop, J. Farrell MacDonald. Excellent cast, flawless direction. (Feb.)

RUGGLES OF RED GAP—Paramount.—Mary Boland, Charlie Ruggles, SaZu Pitts and Charles Laughton in a humorous, adventurous story about an English valet who comes to America, to Red Gap, and poses as a British Colonel. You'll enjoy it. (March)

ST. LOUIS KID, THE—Warners.—Jimmy Cagney, fast and breezy as the story, is a peppery truck driver in a milk strike. Patricia Ellis is the love motif. (Jan.)

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS—Liberty.—Life in a girl's reform school, in the raw. Sidney Fox, Lois Wilson, Paul Kelly try hard, but it's a wearisome yarn just the same. (Nov.)



Look alike? It's Warner Baxter and his stand-in, Frank MacGrath, at the track

SECRET BRIDE, THE—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck, Warren William, Grant Mitchell, Glenda Farrell and Arthur Byron are lost in the wordy maze of this film's plot. (March)

SECRETS OF HOLLYWOOD—Scott-Merrich Prod.—An hour of howls watching Eddie Lowe, Wally Beery, Enid Bennett, Florence Vidor and other veterans in their nickelodeon days. (Jan.)

★ **SEQUOIA**—M-G-M.—A beautiful and amazing picture in which the life stories of animals living in the high Sierras will stir you more than any human drama. Jean Parker, Russell Hardie. (Feb.)

SILVER STREAK, THE—RKO-Radio.—The new streamline train is hero of this picture, gallantly racing to Boulder Dam to save the lives of men and to win Sally Blane for Charles Starrett. William Farnum, Hardie Albright, Edgar Kennedy. (Feb.)

SING SING NIGHTS—Monogram.—An interesting and well-sustained screen puzzle centering about three people who confess singly to the murder of munitions smuggler Conway Tearle. (March)

6 DAY BIKE RIDER—First National.—Typical Joe E. Brown, plus thrilling racing and good gags. City slicker Gordon Westcott steals Joe E.'s girl, Maxine Doyle. But Joe E. outpedals Gordon and—Frank McHugh good. (Dec.)

STRANGE WIVES—Universal.—If you think in-laws are a joke, see Roger Pryor's predicament when he marries a Russian Princess (June Clayworth) and in walk in-laws Ralph Forbes, Cesar Romero, Esther Ralston, Walter Walker, Valerie Hobson. (Feb.)

STUDENT TOUR—M-G-M.—A floating college used for a musical background. Charles Butterworth, Jimmy Durante, Phil Regan, Maxine Doyle, Nelson Eddy, Monte Blue, Florine McKinney. (Dec.)

SUCCESSFUL FAILURE, A—Monogram.—William Collier becomes a philosopher of the bringing fame and welcome cash to his surprised family. Lucille Gleason, Russell Hopton, Glenda Shea, William Janney. (Dec.)

SWEET ADELINE—Warners.—Nice musical entertainment with sweet melodies, lovely lyrics. Jerome Kern, and charming Irene Dunne. Phil Regan and Hugh Herbert are excellent. (March)

SWEEPSTAKE ANNIE—Liberty.—A poor little girl wins a fortune in a sweepstakes and finds plenty of people to help her spend it! Quite an entertaining little drama, in spite of a few limps. (March)

THAT'S GRATITUDE—Columbia.—An amusing story, written, directed and acted by Frank Craven. Helen Ware, Arthur Byron, Mary Carlisle, Charles Sabin in good support. (Nov.)

THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW—Universal.—Frank Morgan turns in top-notch job as taken-for-granted father. Binnie Barnes, Lois Wilson. (Nov.)

365 NIGHTS IN HOLLYWOOD—Fox.—Justice to its locale. Jimmy Dunn, a has-been director, makes a comeback and wins leading lady Alice Faye. Frank Mitchell, Jack Durant bring spots. Grant Mitchell. (Dec.)

TOMORROW'S YOUTH—Monogram.—Dr. Philandering husband John Miljan. Wife Marie Sleeper. Other woman Gloria Shea. Near tragedy to son, Dickie Moore. He's touching. (Dec.)

TRAIL BEYOND, THE—Monogram.—Supposedly a Western, but—Anyhow, gorgeous scene beautifully photographed. John Wayne, Vera Hillie, Noah Beery, Robert Frazer, others. (Dec.)

TRANSATLANTIC MERRY-GO-ROUND—United Artists.—Its galaxy of stars the chief draw. There's a murder on shipboard, not so intriguing. Nancy Carroll and Gene Raymond the mantic interest. Radio stars abound. (Jan.)

UNFINISHED SYMPHONY, THE—Gaumont-British.—The musical score alone—Franz Schubert compositions played by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra—puts this on the must list for music lovers. The film story of the musician's life is interesting too. (March)

WAGON WHEELS—Paramount.—Familiar Zane Grey Western plot. But there is a good song—Gail Patrick. Randolph Scott is hero; Monte Blue the villain. (Nov.)

WAKE UP AND DREAM—Universal.—A fine day for June Knight, Roger Pryor and Henry Armetta, despite the late Russ Columbo's unsu passed vocalizing. (Nov.)

WEDNESDAY'S CHILD—RKO-Radio.—Moving preachment against divorce. Edward Arnold and Karen Morley. Frankie Thomas the child victim. Should see him; he was in the stage play. (Dec.)

★ **WE LIVE AGAIN**—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—Tolstoi's "Resurrection" again. But that simple story is given such a sincere humbleness it plumbs your heart. Anna Sten, Fredric March and an excellent supporting cast give it to you. (Dec.)

WEST OF THE PECOS—RKO-Radio.—A good Western, with lots of action of some clever comedy situations. Richard Dix as the cowboy hero, Marie Sleeper, Louise Beavers, Samuel Hinds and Sleepy Eat are all A-1. (Feb.)

★ **WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS**—M-G-M.—Expert adaptation of the James M. Barrie play, brilliantly acted by Helen Hayes, Brian Aherne and capable supporting cast. A sly, human fantasy, delightfully real. (Nov.)

WHEN A MAN SEES RED—Universal.—Her Buck Jones, as hard-riding and square shooting as ever, finds himself appointed guardian of pretty Peggy Campbell who inherits the ranch of which Buck is foreman. Lots of chases, trick riding and rescues. (Feb.)

★ **WHITE PARADE, THE**—Fox.—Nurses in training, with a Cinderella love story involving Loretta Young and John Boles. A heart-stirring picture. (Jan.)

WICKED WOMAN, A—M-G-M.—Good work by the cast lifts this into interesting entertainment. Mady Christians excellent as the woman who kills her husband to save her family. Charles Bickford, Jean Parker, Betty Furness top support. (Feb.)

WITHOUT CHILDREN—Liberty.—Bruce Cabot and Marguerite Churchill let a siren break up their home, but the youngsters, when they grow up, reunite them. The kids steal the show. (Jan.)

★ **YOU BELONG TO ME**—Paramount.—Master David Jack Holt manages to outshine troupers Lee Tracy, Helen Mack, Helen Morgan though they are all in top form. (Nov.)

YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL—Mascot.—Perhaps the array of 1934 Baby Wampas Stars and fact that it is Bill Haines' "comeback" will compensate for weakness of plot. (Nov.)